Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
OCTOBER 1988

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EDITION

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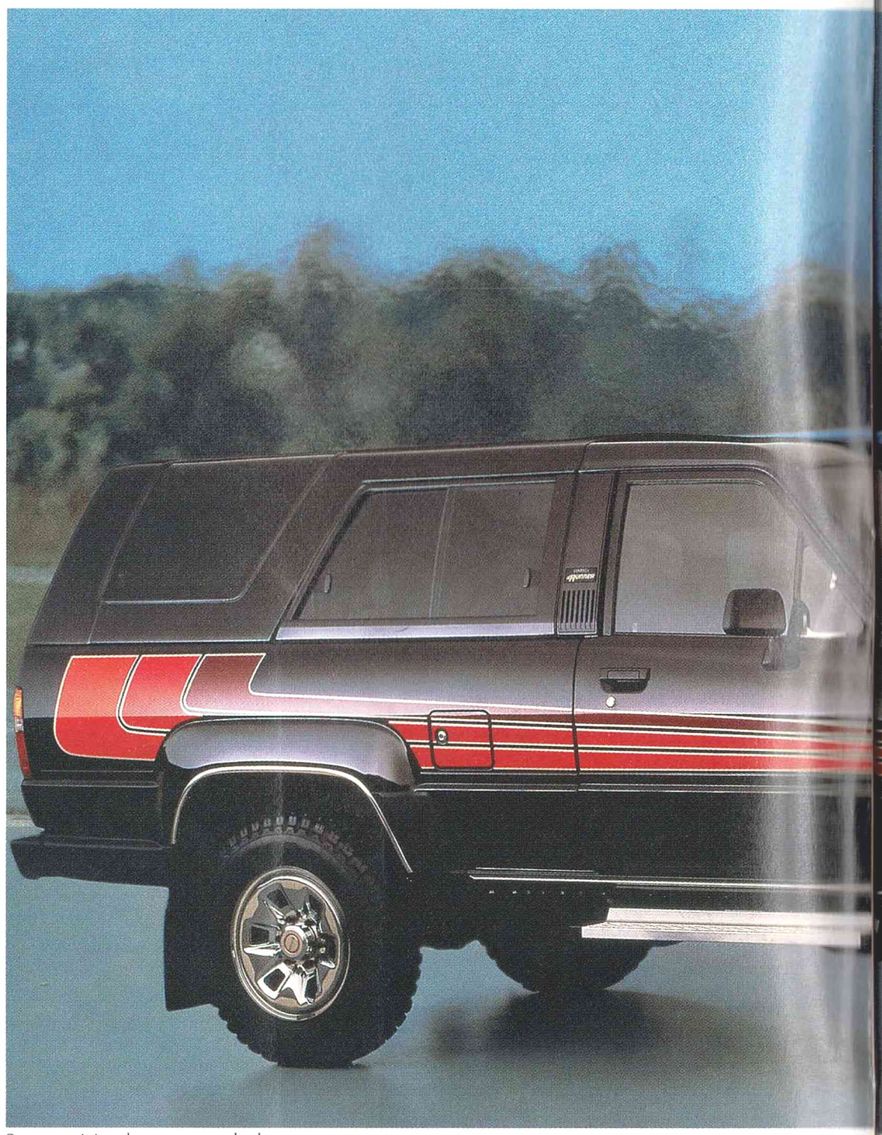

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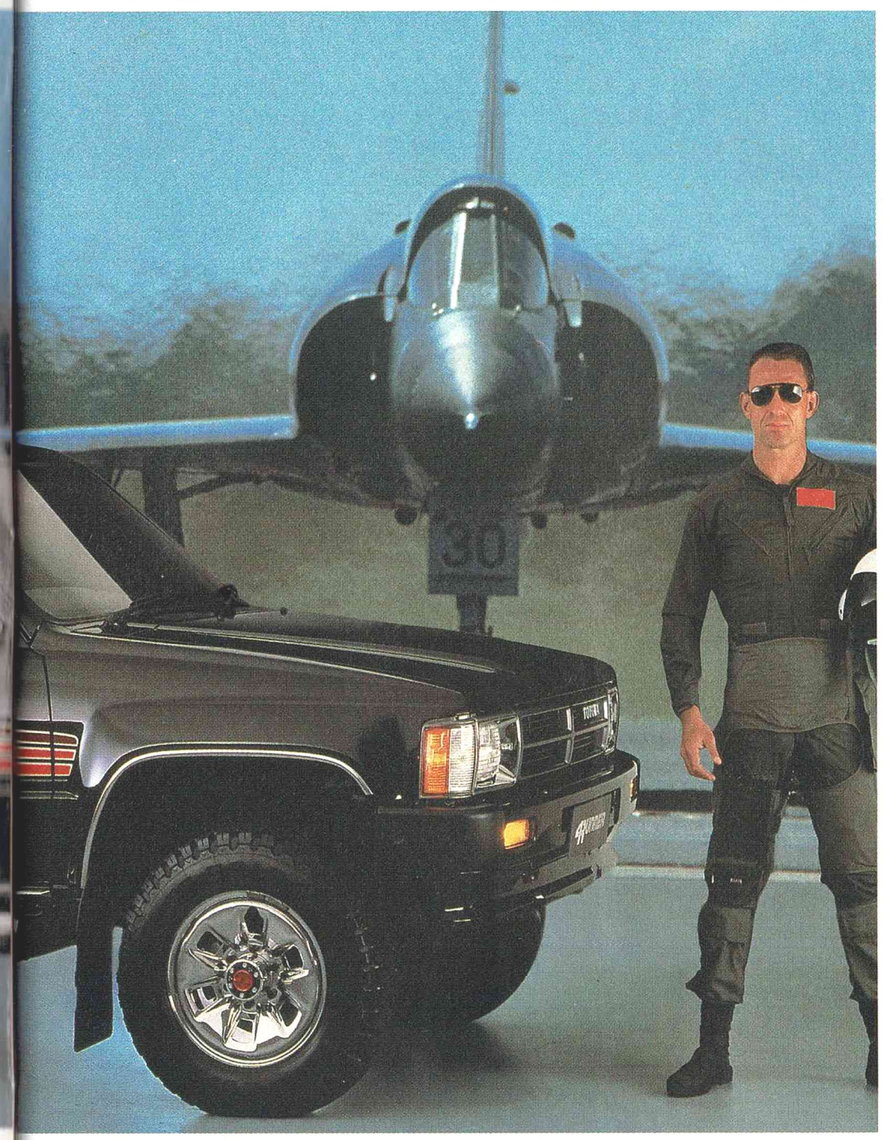

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Black Label Edition

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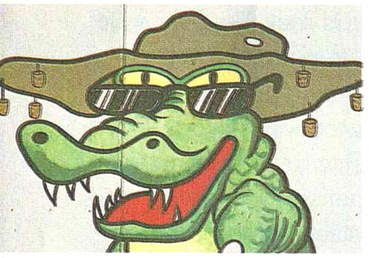
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The Year Of Dick Johnson

Home Body

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OCTOBER

GREG HUNTER

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HOUSECALL

GOING FOR BROKE
Every year thousands of Australians go down the financial gurgler. But under our very civilised laws, bankruptcy is far from a suicidal condition. As **David Quicksilver** explains on page 34, some of the shadier players in life's Monopoly game are using loopholes in the law to get out of jail free. Quicksilver presents a comprehensive guide to going out in style, with an accompanying illustration by **Nigel Buchanan.**

CROCOMANIA
Forget about kangaroos and koalas, dingoes and didjeridoos. The Aussie crocodile is now pulling in tourist dollars by the million, and up in the Territory locals are falling over themselves for a slice of the action. Senior Editor **Greg Hunter** and photographer **Wayne Miles** compiled a pictorial tribute to the commercial exploitation of the charismatic croc. Turn to page 80, and don't expect any sign of subtlety or good taste.

SECRETS OF SEDUCTION PART III
Our provocative *Penthouse* instructional series pauses this month at the altar of the aerobics instructress — that high priestess of the bod-conscious set, seemingly unattainable but actually within your sweaty grasp if you play your cards right. **Anita Newman** explains how to land this prize catch in an hilarious piece beginning on page 58 and illustrated by **Jon Berkeley.**

THE SPIDER'S WEB
In May 1985 *Penthouse* published a shocking exposé of the child sex conspiracy — a campaign by pedophiles aimed at gaining public acceptance of their perversion. **David Halpin's** follow-up investigation reveals that this sickening conspiracy is expanding its evil influence, picking up support from a wide range of social misfits while the police appear virtually powerless to act. **Frants Kantor's** illustration begins that story on page 74.

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN
There have been some great comebacks in Australian racing history, but few that would rival the triumphant return to the turf of Larry Olsen. **Neville Penton** tells how a fat and fortyish retired jockey transformed himself into a lean and mean riding machine, then pulled off a Melbourne Cup-Golden Slipper double against all odds. The Larry Olsen story begins on page 54.

THE SIREN'S SONG
He wanted to list the women's movement in the divorce papers — but then he decided it would be better to kill her instead. A modern fairytale from the talented pen of **Gary Langford,** illustrated by **Frants Kantor** and beginning on page 50.

THE YEAR OF DICK JOHNSON
Having exorcised the demons that plagued him in '87, Ford's master-blaster is back in the fast lane and looking for total dominance of the 1988 touring car circuit with a victory in the big one: the Bathurst 1000. Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** examines the chances of Johnson's rivals and concludes that only Lady Luck stands between the turbocharged Dick and glory. **Ray Simpson** contributed the photography on page 94.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Suffer the crims

I found the article Legal Murder (May) very one-sided. As far as I'm concerned it is not an issue how badly the perpetrators of vicious, heartless crimes suffer. As for the question whether capital punishment makes the community as bad as the criminal, I say no. Surely there is a big difference between murdering an innocent, worthwhile person and executing a callous, heartless thug? — *S. Harding, Cronulla, NSW*

Dr Paul Wilson, in his May article Legal Murder, offers a strange drug to "decay our morals", a social drug to feed our revulsion of executing murderers. He's right! We should be revolted. But we should be even more revolted by the brutality and senselessness of these killers towards their innocent victims. Dr Wilson drugs us into sympathising with the murderers as they contemplate the horrors of the gas chamber or the gallows. But morality demands we, as a civilised society, support the victims, show concern for what has happened, and be prepared to protect our society against future depravity and shocking violence.

Remove the drug of concern for the criminal and replace it with outrage over the brutal and needless death of the victim, and you have an excellent article *in favor* of the death penalty for premeditated and proven murder. Once executed, the killer cannot strike again. Thank you, Dr Wilson. — *Alvan Hawkes, Brisbane, Qld*

Convert

To be quite honest with you I've never really been impressed with your magazine. Sure, the girls are good looking and I've found some of the articles and letters entertaining, but I've never bought a magazine myself; I just look at the copies lying around at work.

You might be interested to know this has changed. I was on a big downer the other day — I'd had a huge blue with the Missus. I needed something to cheer me up and I figured a sexy girl would do the trick. Well bless my soul, I actually bought an issue of *Australian Penthouse* magazine, May '88. I flicked open the pages from the back and stopped at page 132, my eyes blinking in disbelief, my mouth dropping open. There in color was Joanne Szmereta. There is only one way to describe her: *perfect*.

Danielle: "beauty beyond belief"

I don't hold much hope of ever seeing a body like that in real life, but at least I've seen one. I hope to see more of her, so I've subscribed to your magazine. Thanks to *Penthouse* and thanks to Joanne for cheering me up.

Thank God for show-offs. — *Peter M. Riebeling, Hoppers Crossing, Vic*

Wrong side of the bed

I find your Forum pages disgusting. How can you justify the space for such a load of trash? The English and descriptions used are revolting.

Your writers are foul if they think their fantasies make for good reading. Who cares if they get laid or how?

I do not know how the staff on this magazine can sleep knowing they are responsible for the public presentation of smut — probably with their hands on it, as demonstrated in the explicit, degrading photo spreads of women's anatomy.

The money that feeds your staff is earned from the spread of porno disease. The result is Australians becoming a bunch of masturbators or rapists or sexual perverts. Why don't you clean up your act and issue condoms with the centrefold?

While there is money in smut you lot will keep printing it, no doubt. What a shame you have no morals. — *Jenny Tills, Casino, NSW*

Some of the darndest people are reading Forum. — Ed

Getting the point

I just want to express my heartfelt gratitude for your readiness to publish the Tao Of Sex series. I've been practising the exercises relating to the Golden Point — successfully, I might add — and feel extremely happy with the experiences, which are: full sexual expression, full energy afterwards.

Thanks again. — *Name and address withheld*

Variety the spice

My wife and I have been avid readers of *Penthouse* for some years now. Over this time we have seen some spectacularly beautiful girls gracing the inner pages. But the pictorials we look forward to finding are not the classic posed shots. It is the *variety* of shots that we would like to see more of. — *C.S.P., Melbourne, Vic*

Beyond belief

I've just finished reading your July edition and thought it was great. I'd like to congratulate Danielle Schneider (Bohemian Rhapsody) on her stunning pictorial. What a cover! What a woman! She is the hottest woman ever to appear in *Australian Penthouse*, and certainly gets my vote for the next Pet Of The Year. She is beauty beyond belief. — *L. Gribben, Brisbane, Qld*

Keep the standards up

I am not an admirer of porno trash but I am an appreciator of quality and artistic nude photography. I wish to congratulate you on the prevailing standard of your photography. The great majority (but not all) of your pictorials celebrate rather than denigrate the female form and the small stories that accompany photos of your models are used to honestly portray the girls' personalities rather than as avenues for cheap sex jokes. Please keep your standards up and, while I've got you there, keep up the high quality of the Australian fiction you print. I'm a big fan. — *S.R.G. Evans, North Rockhampton, Qld*

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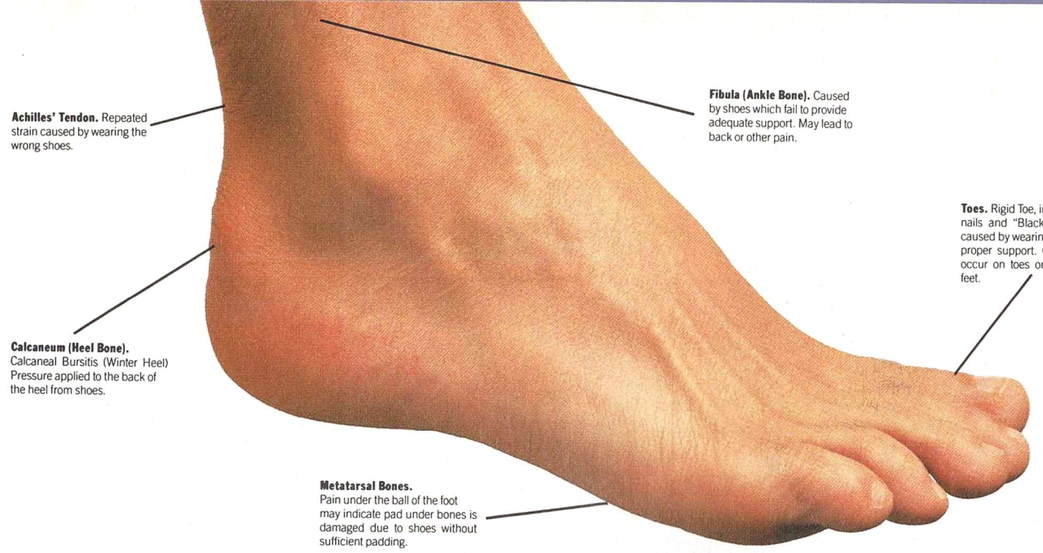
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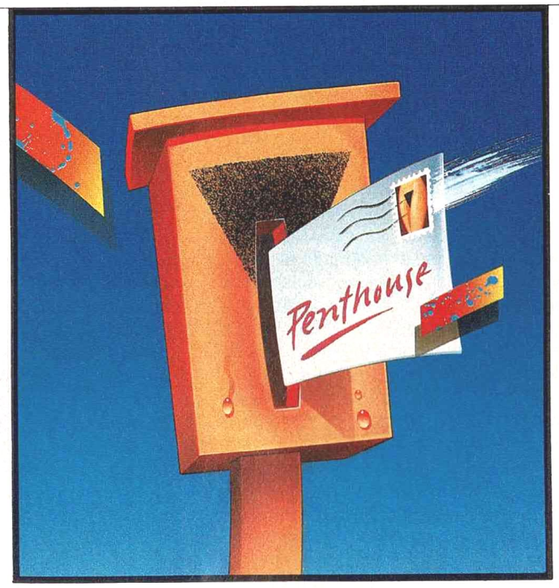
First time



I just got back from the most incredible experience I've had in my life. My first time. I've just got to tell someone. The problem is that the female involved is the sister of my best friend, Greg, and if I tell anyone I know, the news will undoubtedly get back to him, and I couldn't handle that. So here I am telling thousands. Oh well. Here goes.

I am 18 years old, and I am doing my first year in Science at University. I've been doing weightlifting for the last three years, so I've made a good-looking and powerful body for myself. Because I did very well in Maths in the HSC, I am able to coach it without a problem. That's where Alex comes in. She's 16 and in Year 10 at school and has big problems in Maths, so Greg asked me if I could coach her on Thursdays for one hour a week. I said sure and got down to it the next day.

Now, Alex isn't the typical Forum idea of a seasoned temptress with big, "fuck me" eyes and a pussy that can't be satisfied by one man alone. However she is blonde with a mega-fantastic tan and one of the healthiest and trimmest bodies on this planet. After I saw her in a dress (she prefers jeans or shorts) I noticed that she also has a pair of thighs and an arse that would raise the dead! She has a pure, naturally beautiful face and is very innocent looking. I've also got a thing about hair, and she would have to have some of the sexiest locks I've ever seen, so you could probably forgive me for fantasising about her all the time ... But she was out of reach, I thought.

After about three weeks of coaching, she didn't seem to be responding to what I'd been teaching her, so I asked if she could have some extra coaching on Saturday night. She said "no worries" and made it a date. When I arrived on Saturday, Greg and his parents were out, and only Alex was there. She greeted me as usual, but had an innocent grin on her lips which I hadn't seen before. She was wearing a light sun-dress that went down to knee level, and had a deep V up top. We sat down at the dining-room table as usual and began our session. As she had done before, she crossed her legs on her chair to get comfy after about ten minutes, which made her white skirt ride about halfway up her hot, tanned thighs. The desire to drop to my knees and lick them was almost too strong to resist. I responded by getting hard fast, making it uncomfortable to sit.

I gave her another problem to do (getting her eyes off mine so I could peek into her V neck) and I noticed that she didn't have a bra on. I shifted about and told myself not to look; she was out of my reach. She got the problem wrong, and in my agitated state I got angry, and with jean pressure growing (I had to move, fast!) I placed my hands on her shoulders and swung her around and looked her in the eyes. This was a bad mistake, as her skirt on one side rode up far enough for me to notice that she didn't have any panties on. In her eyes, I saw a need, a passion that at least equalled mine in ferocity and one that needed quenching just as fast.

I was reluctant to move because of Greg, so Alex stood up and started, although she was a bit uncertain of what to do (I found out later that this was her first time as well as mine). She put her hands behind my head and kissed me with her tongue. I reached for the tits I had fantasised about for years and gently rotated her hardened nipples with my fingers. Next she ran her hands down and unbuttoned my shirt and opened it to reveal my chest. I leaned back in the chair and lifted her dress over her head and threw it aside. She smiled at me and went for my jeans. I cried out when my cock sprang free, and it hardened even more. It was bigger than ever before and looked huge as her lips descended over the head. She tried to deep throat me but gagged, so she just licked my head with her warm, soft, moist tongue.

I was going to come almost as soon as she did this, so I pulled her off my cock, grabbed that fantastic arse of hers and pulled her on to me. She rubbed my cock up and down before guiding it to her pussy, where she stopped and said, "Jon, I've wanted this for a long time, so let's make it special." With that she descended on to my cock quickly, crying out with pain. Once I was all the way in her soft, moist cunt, she leaned her head back and let out a loud groan and whispered, "I never imagined it to be like this", and began humping up and down. She went up until my cock cleared her pussy and then came crashing down until her mound hit my balls.

I nearly died of pleasure at this point, and I won't ever forget the sight of her leaning back on my prick, eyes closed, lips moving slowly and her nipples poking out at me. She was hot. After about five minutes of this humping she took my fingers and placed them on her clit and moved them. I responded quickly and she went into a spine-chilling orgasm immediately, bucking up and down uncontrollably, breathing furiously, with that unbelievable hair of hers bouncing with every stroke. Not to be outdone, I responded with an orgasm that shook us both off the chair and on to the floor. She cried out at the force of my come exploding into her cunt. So did I.

We got our breath back, and then rolled all over the floor locked in a passionate kiss. I rolled her on to her back, and with my hard cock still inside her, I pounded her like a pile driver for a full hour, through three of her orgasms and two of mine. She begged me to stop, as her pussy was getting sore. I responded by kissing it better, and bringing her to another two orgasms

with my tongue. Once back to earth, she said that her parents would be getting back in about 15 minutes, so we'd better break it up. We dressed each other quickly, kissed each other deeply and then parted.

That was two weeks ago, and I have seen her twice since as usual. She wrote in her book that she had a lot of fun, and would like to do it again soon, but I answered by saying that I had fun too, but didn't know what would happen if we were caught, so we would have to wait a while. Holy shit, what a thing to have to keep to yourself! — *Name and address witheld*

Party time

My husband and I were talking about having a sex party. We had tried it before and enjoyed it, but we were looking for something different. The idea started out with a gang bang in which I would take on ten men. From there we agreed that it would be men who had not screwed me before. The men would be selected from responses to my ads in various swinger's publications. Dave told me he had something special in mind, but wouldn't say what it was.

The party was set for a Saturday evening. Just before the men were to arrive Dave took me into the bedroom and told me to get dressed. He had selected a garter belt, stockings, bikini panties and a black brassiere that ends below my nipples. Over this I wore a pink see-through blouse and a skirt that splits in front to the tops of my stockings. For all purposes I might as well have been naked. Nothing was hidden! He had me wait in the bedroom until the men had all arrived.

When Dave came into the bedroom alone after the men arrived he had me slip my panties down and handed me ten small balls, with a number from one to ten on each one. He had me slip them up my pussy, then took me out to the living room.

My husband told the men about the balls I had in my pussy, and then explained what he had in mind. He would pass me around the men and they could play with me, but they were not to undress me. I would suck each cock, but not let them come in my mouth, at least not yet! Each man would slip his hand under my panties to feel me up and fish one of the balls out of my pussy. The number of balls would determine the order in which they fucked me. After they had all screwed me we would go through the order again. Each man would have the chance to do anything to me he wanted. I would later spend a night alone with each man by the order of the numbers.

Dave opened the front of my blouse and turned me over to the men. The first drew me on to his lap and French kissed me while he fondled my legs and tits. He eased his hand under my panties and slipped a couple of fingers up my pussy. I could feel him stirring the balls around inside me and I was squirming against his beautiful hard-on, wanting to feel it in me. He eased me off his lap without taking a ball out of me. I knelt before him, took his cock out and sucked him off. I didn't really want to stop when he eased his prick out of my mouth.

I stood before him and let him feel me up again. This time he fished a ball out of my pussy. I think it was number 7. He already had his cock out so I sucked it for him before I let him feel me up. I wanted to stop right then. I needed to be *fucked!* My husband reluctantly agreed to at least let me take my skirt and blouse off.

The third or fourth guy got the number 1 ball. The men were delighting in tormenting me. While I sucked one cock two or three other men would be fondling my tits and legs. My nipples were swollen so tight they ached, especially when I stroked the head of a cock over them.

Well over an hour passed before the last ball was fished out of my pussy. I almost tore my panties getting them off. The winner gave my husband the number 1 ball and moved between my legs. I started to come as soon as he entered me. My orgasm grew more and more intense as I felt his cock slowly sink into me. He shoved it all the way in me and started fucking me in long, hard thrusts. I made it at least three or four times before he shot his load into me.

As soon as he pulled his cock out of me I took it in my mouth while the second man mounted me. None of the men really took that long on me that first time. It didn't really matter. I love having men take turns on me.

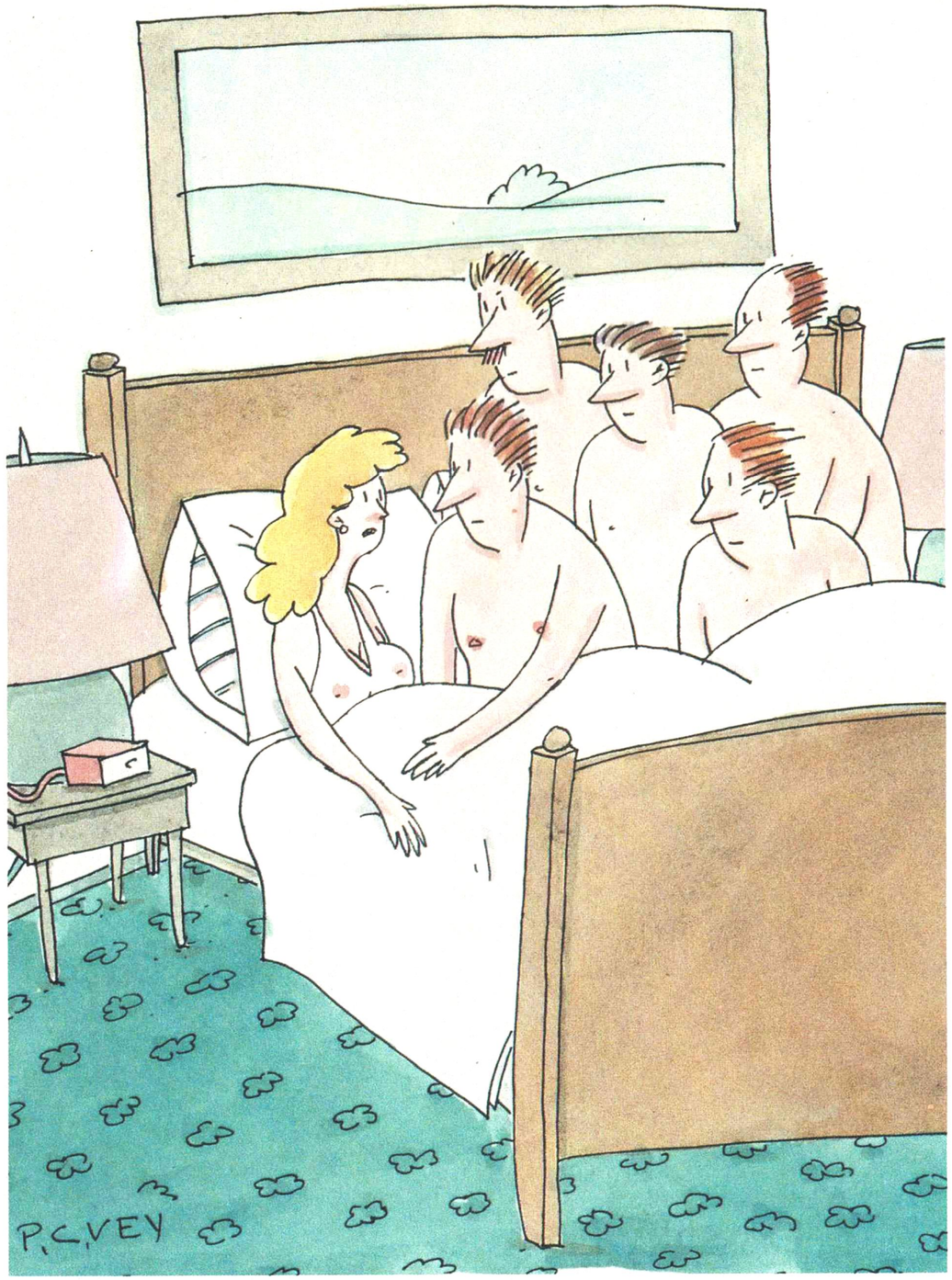
After they had all screwed me I told them I would go along with the second part of the game, giving each man something special, so long as they agreed that each man would come in my mouth. The first man wanted to watch me feel myself up until I brought myself off. I was so wet and open I was able to thrust my entire hand up my pussy. The guy then slipped his cock in with my hand and let me jack him off inside of me. I loved licking our juices from my fingers!

Some of the men wanted a "deep throat" blow job, a couple wanted to spank me. I sometimes go along with that. Often I was taking on two or even three men at the same time. The men kept their part of the agreement. Each let me make him come in my mouth at least once. I'm sure at least a couple came back for seconds! — *A.H., Sydney, NSW*

"I've deceived you, Harold. My breast is actually a wart."

Simon says

My wife Carmen and I have been wanting to have a threesome for quite some time. However, we have always had problems finding the right partner. We bought



"It's not that I don't like your friends. It's just that I don't know them well."

Herb Elliott. Cardmember since 1980.

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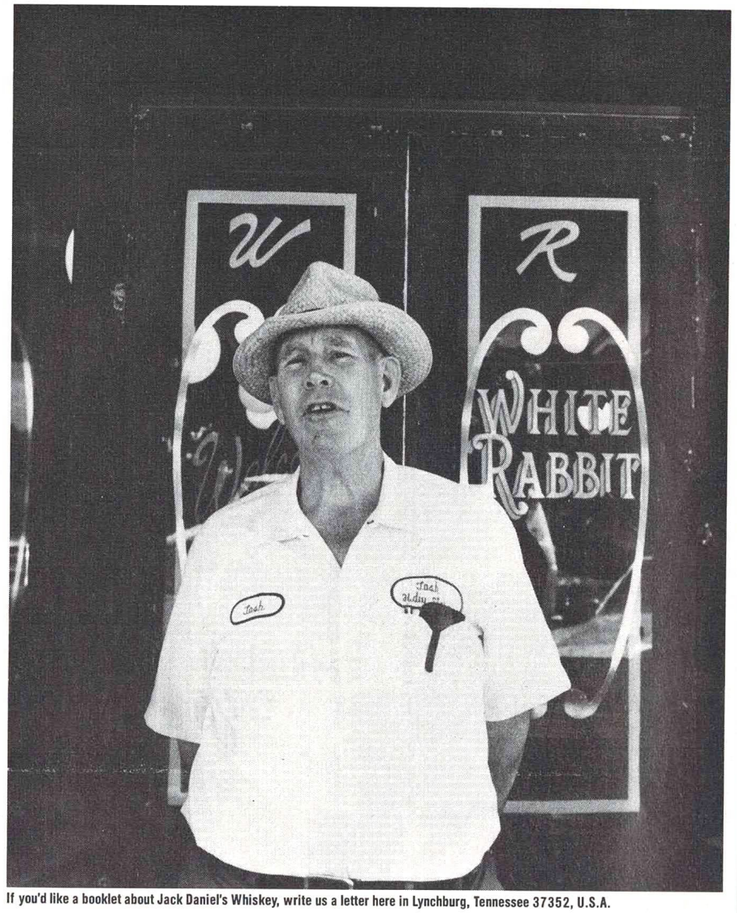
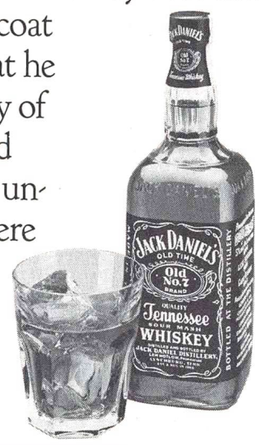


If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

MR. CLAYTON TOSH has more good tales about Jack Daniel than most folks can ever believe.

He'll tell you that Mr. Jack promised marriage to two girls at once in 1875; that nobody ever saw him without a coat and tie; and that he perfected a way of manufacturing his whiskey (called charcoal mellowing) that made it uncommonly smooth. Of course, there is no one living who can vouch for the first two tales. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, most everyone goes along with the third.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

APB7791-A E582

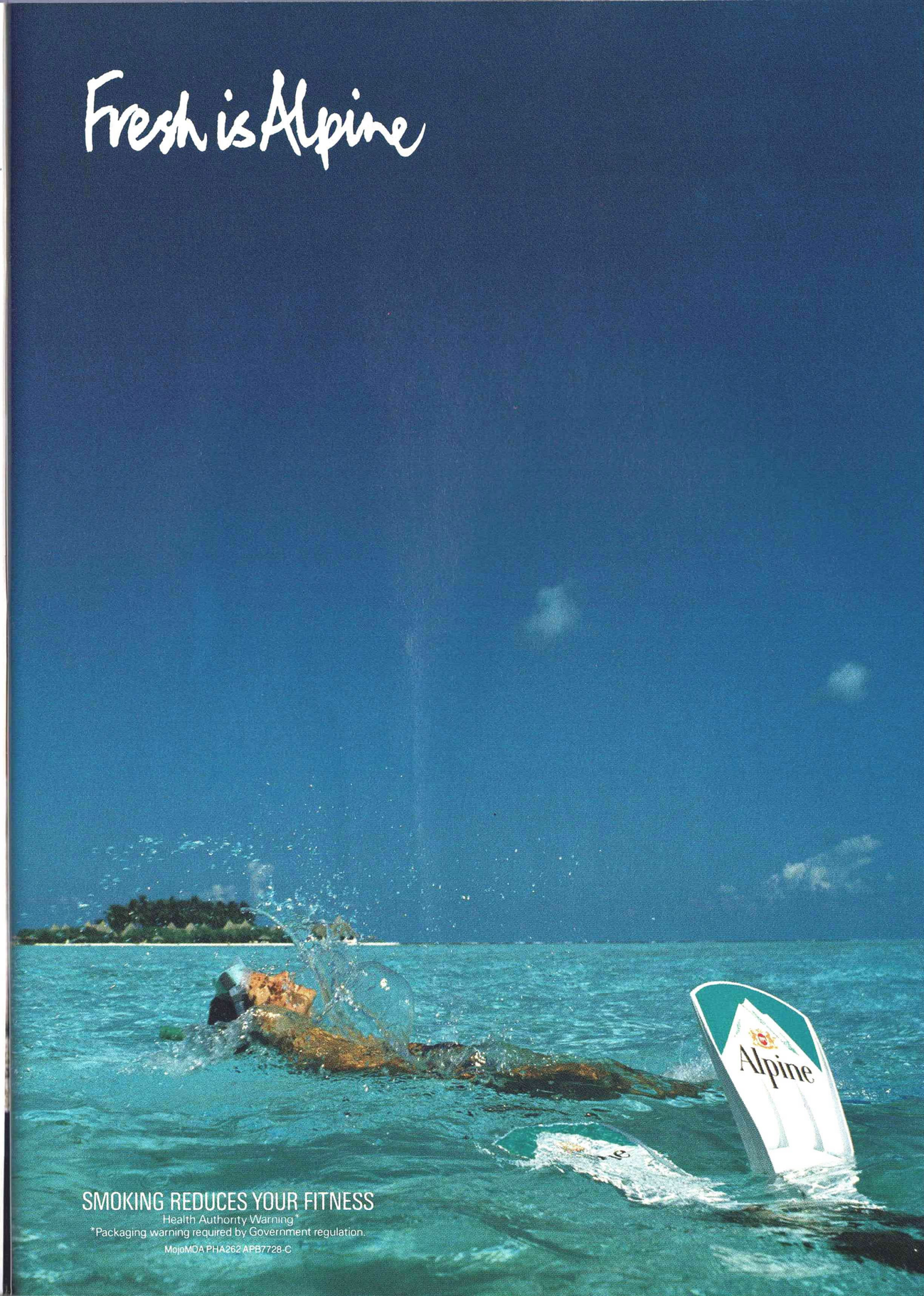
FORUM

a ten-inch dildo that she enjoys, but it is not the same as another person. One night we came upon the answer to our problem.

One of Carmen's favorite games is Simon says. We always play that anything goes. This night, I was Simon. Carmen was lying on the bed running her dildo over her 38-inch tits while I was eating her snatch. She was expecting a call from work, so when the phone rang, she answered it. It was a wrong number, but it gave me a great idea. I went to the living room and came back with a deck of cards and a notebook. Without explaining anything, I told Carmen to start picking cards while I jotted down the numbers. We ended up with four phone numbers. I explained to my wife that she was to call these numbers and find a man that would stay on the line while we made love.

The first line was busy so she hung up. The second was a machine, and I told her to leave a message to practise her line. Carmen told them what we were doing and hoped they would call back. The third number was a hit. At first the man didn't believe her, but as she described her body, he stayed on the phone. We have a speaker phone in the bedroom, so we were all able to get in on the conversation. We decided that no names would be used, so we let him be Simon. He said he would be happy to help us, but that Carmen would have to tell him everything that was happening. Carmen told him how I was licking her pussy while she played with her nipples. Simon said to cover her body with baby oil and tell him about it. She told him how she was coating her tits and moving down her belly to her thighs. When she got to her cunt, Simon said he wanted to hear her working her snatch. I got the cordless phone and held it down to her pussy. Her cunt made slurping sounds as she pushed her fingers into her juicy box. He told her if he were there, he would be sliding his cock into her right now. This made her fuck herself even harder with her fingers. I asked Simon if he would like Carmen to slide her dildo up her cunt. He said yes, and he wanted her to tell him how it felt. Carmen slowly worked the plastic dick into her pussy. She told him how good it felt to have a huge dick up her hot cunt and that she wished it was his.

I poured more oil over her hand and snatch and held the phone close so he could hear the dildo sliding in and out of her. Simon told my wife to rub her tits and pull on her nipples. She did everything he said. Finally, Simon told me to start stroking my dick. As if he had some magical power over us, we did just what he told us. Simon told me to rub the head of my cock over Carmen's nipples. She started sucking my cock at his request. Simon told us that he was stroking his dick and wished he could shoot his come over my



FORUM

wife's tits. He asked her if she was ready for some real cock. She said, "I'm so juicy. I need a big dick in my pussy. I want to feel hot come shoot into my cunt."

Simon said for Carmen to get on all fours and that she was going to get fucked from behind. He told me to get behind her and slowly work my cock into her; then he directed Carmen to tell him what was going on. I ran my cock over her cunt lips and began to slowly fill her. She was cooing and moaning about how good a hard dick felt inside her pussy. She told Simon how I was sliding in and out of her cunt. She really surprised me when she said that she wished it was him!

Simon said if he were there, his dick would be in her mouth and he would shoot a load of come over her tongue. I told him that I was getting ready to fill her cunt. Simon said that I should pull out of her when I came and shoot my load on her. Carmen had never let me come on her before, but this time she said, "Yes, shoot your load on me and rub it in." Simon told Carmen to let him know when I was going to come. My wife's tits slapped together while I squeezed the cheeks of her arse and ran my dick into her snatch. I felt I was ready to come, and pulled out. Carmen yelled "He's coming!" as I shot my hot come over her. "Rub it in; it's good for the skin," Simon said. I worked my come all over her with my cock, and we both collapsed on to the bed. Before he hung up, Simon said for us to call anytime. We haven't called back yet, but who knows? So if you get a call that seems a little strange at first, don't hang up too quickly. It may be us! — *Name and address withheld*

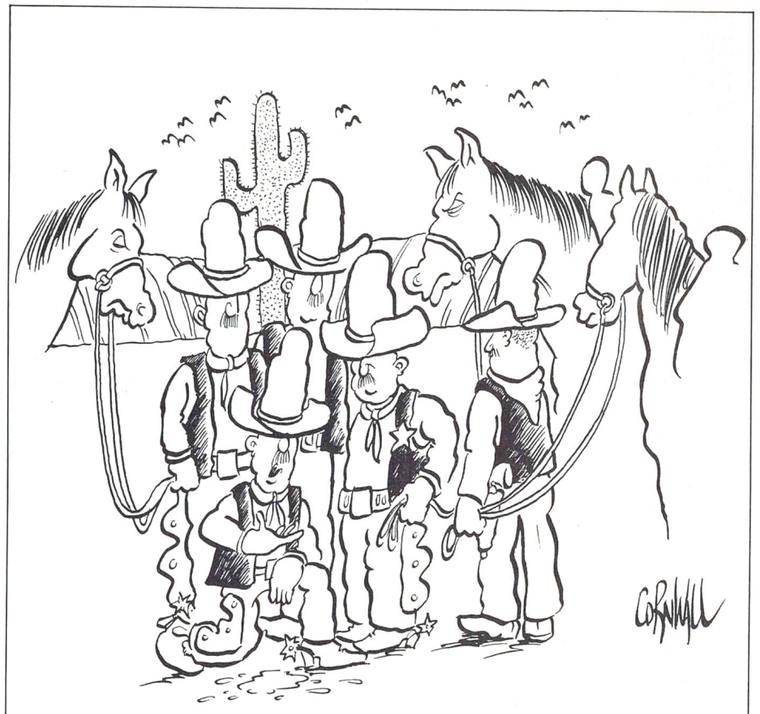
Thy neighbor's wife

I am a 28-year-old male who's recently had an experience worth writing about. My friend Frank was curious to see if his wife would go to bed with another man, and I agreed to help him find out. Cheryl is a five-foot-tall red-haired bundle of energy, and Frank said she was a firecracker in bed. On the chance that she would sleep with another guy, I wanted to be it!

Since Frank worked nights, I started going over to see her every night. One Tuesday night I arrived to find Cheryl doing aerobics in front of the television. She was wearing a very skimpy pair of shorts and no underwear, making her cunt lips very clearly defined. She also wore a very tight tank top, and her tits practically sprang free with each jumping jack she did. Watching her go at it gave me a real hard-on. Joking with her, I asked if she was in training for the Olympics. She said no, but that she could go the distance with me anytime. Taking her cue, I wrestled her to the floor and we started to kiss.

She pulled me closer to her as I ran a finger up inside of her shorts and into her dripping hole. She peeled down her shorts to give me easier access, then turned to me and said, "Take out your cock. I want it now." With that, I reached for my zipper and exposed my eight inches of pure pleasure. She quickly took hold of it and put it in her mouth like it was the last one on earth. I was getting the best blowjob of my life. Frank wasn't exaggerating when he said she was hot. Afterwards, we got into a 69 position, and I gobbled as much of her clam as I could. Cheryl wasn't kidding when she said she could go the distance with me, and when I came, she gulped down every bit of my load.

Tired from our mutual "workout," we went upstairs to take a shower. The water felt great, and we made love standing in the shower. Afterward, we lay down on the floor of the shower to grind some more. I tit-fucked her and came all over her chest and shoulders. The water mixed with our puddles of passion, and we soaped up, paying extra attention to special areas. Just before we towelled off, Cheryl sat me on the toilet, climbed on to my lap, and rode my bucking bronco one last time. Her cunt muscles seemed to grab my whole cock and suck it right up inside her. I have never been inside a woman with such reflexes before! We both climaxed several times that night, and it was by far the best sex I've ever had! Frank has asked me numerous times about the possibility of his wife's promiscuous habits. I just tell him all he has is a vivid imagination, but that I'll keep an eye on her just the same. — *Name and address withheld*



"They can't have gone far. This semen's still warm."

One-man band

My cock is a joy to masturbate. It is so quick to respond. A porno magazine in the hand or a fantasy in the mind brings my cock to almost instant rock hard attention. In length and girth my cock is only an average six incher but it is beautiful to behold. The foreskin rolls back to reveal a gorgeous head that I long to suck. Sometimes I wish that my back and hips were more flexible so that I could get that lovely cock in my mouth. But although I cannot suck my cock I can still come in my mouth or all over my face. Sometimes when I am in the mood I like to drink my own come or feel it splash on my face. I would be lying on my back and then bring my feet up and over so that my knees are resting on the floor with my head between them. In that position I can look up and see my cock above me about five inches away and pointing right at me. When I come I can direct my spurting cock to wherever I want it. The first few spurts are always the strongest and as I open my mouth wide I can direct them to splash against the back of my throat. I usually keep my eyes open at this stage because it turns me on to see

Continued on page 114

Sins

ANGER

Some Things Rotten In The State Of Australia

I am 57 years old but most people reckon I don't look it. They think I look ten years older. The stresses of modern life have had a bad effect on my appearance and health. If I told you that I sleep like a top, it would be because I never stop turning all night.

Like Australia itself, I was in much better shape in the Fifties. That was a time when people bought things on the basis of quality. Not so nowadays. As my hair was turning white, I recently bought a product that, the advertisers claimed, got rid of grey hair for all time. That was one of the few modern advertising slogans I have found to be valid. Now I have no hair at all. Any day I expect Paul Keating to introduce a fringeless benefit tax aimed at what I save on haircuts.

Medicare has done nothing to improve national health either. A lot of today's doctors couldn't cure bacon, let alone the diseases of our decadent modern society. When I was a boy we had the abbreviation "VD" for the venereal diseases we feared so much. Now there are a lot more of them and we have the abbreviation "STD", which to all but Telecom means sexually transmitted diseases. The student who wrote that President Roosevelt died from a cerebral haemorrhoid probably thinks that herpetologists specialise in the treatment of herpes. As for AIDS, when it was first reported, a friend of mine said that any disease that killed poofters and drug addicts could not be all bad. In trying to prevent its spread, the authorities take the easy option and publicise the condom. What an irony! Malaysia hangs drug pushers at home and exports the material to keep them in business overseas.

The Australian economy is almost as sick as the society. If confession is good for the soul, so depression is good for the dole. But a large percentage of today's unemployed collect the dole by choice. The Department of Social Security seems to pander to the bludgers and harass aged pensioners. Along with its initials, it has borrowed some of its tactics from Hitler's SS. Meanwhile, the honest taxpayers are bled white to support a vast army of bureaucraps. With our current overseas debt, the Treasurer should be renamed Canceller of the Exchequer.

Ordinary citizens are expected to support unmarried mothers, too. For them, "Born Free" means at taxpayers' expense. Their sort of single figure inflation is another drain on the public purse.

With the erosion of conventional morality, formerly outlawed practices are verging on respectability. It's hard to believe that sodomy was once a heinous crime. Visit King's Cross on Saturday and you'd swear it was Satyr Day. However, mail order pornography means that the Cross is no longer unique in that respect. Advertise for an educational film on parent-child relationships and you're likely to receive an X-rated movie on incest. And, despite our having a feminist lobby, male rapists receive light sentences or early parole instead of prolonged incarceration or, better still, surgery that sounds something like it.

Two hundred years ago, the first settlers despised the Aborigines for wandering about naked. Now, on the same harbor foreshores, there are nude beaches. One day there'll be a bottom of the harbor contest that has nothing to do with tax evasion.

By reporting only on the bad side of humanity, the media have also sold out on morality and adopted the maxim: "Press passes will be prostituted." This is most distressing for those of us old enough to remember when gay bachelors were still considered to be heterosexual. As one who also remembers a girl being ordered off Bondi Beach for wearing a French swimsuit exposing her navel, I was upset in the Seventies when my youngest daughter modelled her new bikini. "Where did you buy that?" I demanded. "Best and Less," she said. "Well, if it's not one of the best, they can guarantee it's one of the less," I replied.

That only goes to show how, even in the best of homes, family values are threatened. Divorce is rampant and has even afflicted my own generation. Two of my friends have divorced their post-menopausal wives — I must admit that one was over bearing in another way as well — to marry much younger women who are taking them down along with their trousers. That's what happens when you go from bags to bitches.

Family breakdown has a lot to

Illustration by Christine Haberstock

Sins

do with the increase in the general crime rate, too. In my day, when things were bad, the mother of the house took in ironing. Now the children take up stealing, probably to support their drug habits. When I was a child, I thought the word "heroin" always had an "e" on the end and applied to someone like Grace Bussell. Ever heard of her?

In this bicentennial year, I can only wonder where it will all end. For many of us, it is a case of double disillusion since neither of the major political parties is standing up against the forces of disintegration. Maybe a banana republic is a likely prospect after all. If it does come about, perhaps the Big Banana in Coffs Harbor could be the new Parliament House, with the Prime Minister addressed as the Top Banana. Bicentennial is not perennial. — *Tom O'Reilly*

VANITY

Holding Back The Years

The search for what amounts to the mythical Fountain of Youth has taken science into some *strange* areas. History records many a notable identity — from Walt Disney to Michael Jackson — apparently obsessed with the preservation, if not freezing, of youth to the point that just about any credibility in the field has given way to an air of neurotic "cuteness."

This has mainly arisen from the confusion between two associated but essentially distinct concepts: longevity, for one, and the retardation of the ageing process. They are not the same thing.

The fact is that if Michael Jackson was really serious about stretching his lifespan on this planet he could, in just a few minutes and with only the aid of a simple kitchen item, execute an operation guaranteed to add on average five to ten years to his lifespan. Not that many men choose this option: castration is not the most routine of elective surgeries, but it is a fact that eunuchs live significantly longer than testicled, testosterone-producing, "red-blooded" males. Jackson does sing a great falsetto, but not even the *Truth* has suggested that he's gone under the knife . . . yet.

Retardation of ageing, on the other hand, is a field in which exciting breakthroughs have been turning up. The human immune system has been getting its fair share of publicity recently; our now increased understanding of its workings has profound implications for not only ageing but for all disease — from the common cold and hepatitis to AIDS and cancer.

Very simply put, it goes like this: nasty viruses or bacteria invade our bodies and our immune systems jump into action with the message: shoot on sight. If it is a comparatively small infection, the immune system "goodies" can generally target and eliminate the "baddies."

But when repeated infections occur, or multiple baddies invade, our immune system can be thrown. The model suggested might be that of the trigger happy soldier with a hangover: in the effort to eliminate, the immune system sometimes finds it difficult to discern what's what and starts taking out healthy cells along with the menacing. Essentially, this is now the model used to understand how we age and how disease affects us in the long run.

It follows that the minimising of baddies means less confusion for our immune system; it gets a fighting chance, with fewer "bullets" likely to be sprayed and more healthy cells staying intact.

The question, then, to which medical scientists have turned their attention is: how do viruses and bacteria enter our bodies in the first place? Again, hi-tech research has rewritten the conventional model. The notion that we breathe them in, that they float mysteriously in thin air, has been proven to be false.

How do we catch infections? Quite simply, we infect ourselves. Through shaking hands or surface contact we pick up the baddies on our fingers and introduce them through the unconscious touching of our noses and eyes. It's been observed that humans touch their faces on average once every five minutes. This is called auto-inoculation.

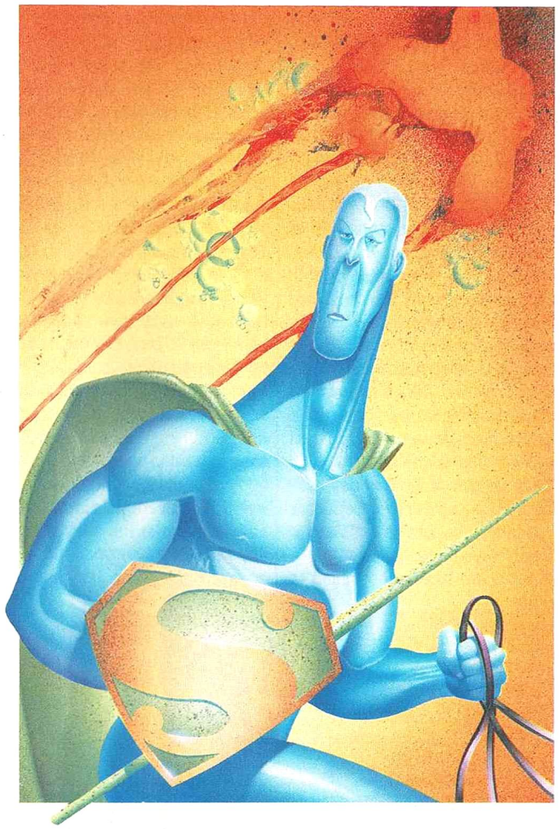


Illustration by John Scott

Since the second half of the 19th Century, it's been known that washing the hands reduces infection — but it's taken until now for an approach to personal hygiene to be developed which fully attacks auto-inoculation. The problem with traditional methods of handwashing has been that the main concentrations of dirt, grit, dead skin cells and potential baddies lurk under our fingernails — and they have remained largely unaffected by rolling a bar of soap around in our palms. A new all-Australian product, justifiably named Super Soap, revolutionises the washing of hands. Super Soap — with its antibacterial agents (no cross-contamination) — comes in a container designed for the user to drive his fingernails directly into the tub, gouging it out with, and under, the nails. A quick wash then does the trick. Deceptively simple, you might think, but a world first nonetheless.

There is an additional touch. Used in conjunction with Super Soap, a completely safe antibacterial face wash adds much to the effectiveness of the treatment. By submerging the face up to the hairline in a bowl of this solution and opening and blinking the eyes for a few seconds under water, any baddies which might have snuck through can be rinsed away, specifically from the tear ducts. First reports of its effectiveness when used twice a day as a personal hygiene regimen

When you make a great wine,
you don't need to make a noise.

MARK SHIELD

'...The best news is the wine inside the bottle...it represents excellent value for money'. The Herald, June 1987.

JAMES HALLIDAY

'From the moment I first tasted the wine (1985 Jamiesons Run), I felt the Winemakers had exceeded themselves.

...it seems even better things are in store with the 1986 version winning the trophy for the best red of the show at Perth'. James Halliday, Australian, October 10, 1987.

NATIONAL LIQUOR NEWS

Quality Wine Brand of the Year to Jamiesons Run. National Liquor News, January 1988.

...Last year, our 1985 Jamiesons Run became so popular it was literally gone before we knew it. Though not before it had won five gold medals and a trophy.

Now this year, history has repeated itself. Our 1986 vintage has won three golds and a trophy before it has even been released.

The wine is a classic blend of shiraz with cabernet sauvignon, cabernet franc, malbec, and merlot from vines grown at our Coonawarra vineyards.

Gold Medal Perth Class 14, 1987

Gold Medal Melbourne Class 30, 1987

Gold Medal Brisbane Class 22, 1987

Ian Smith Perpetual Trophy Perth Wine Show 1987

Sins

suggest it reduces colds and flu by 60 to 80 percent. Advanced users allow this solution to be drawn into the nose, much the same way as the surf flushes you out — but the water should be very warm.

All the research and evidence is there. The credentials of those involved in Super Soap's development are impeccable. The product is actually cheap and can be picked up from David Jones. Worth a shot. — *Graem Sims*

GLUTTONY

Sipping The Light Fantastic

Lately we have been bombarded with reports that the Australian wine industry has never been in better shape. But despite export growth and the new prosperity, there are uncertainties. Will the price of Australian wines continue to rise, resulting in consumer resistance to the unprecedented dollar hikes? Will the big demand for white wine continue? Now that sauvignon blanc has made it into the trendies' vocabulary, what's the next white goer? The answers to the first two questions remain in the lap of the gods. The solution to the third dilemma is already here — chenin blanc.

Of the 20 or more white grape varieties grown in Australia, chenin blanc ranks number 12 in terms of tonnage. Four below chardonnay in the importance ratings and three above sauvignon blanc. Although it's been around for decades, in recent years modern wine-making techniques have improved chenin blanc wines tenfold. The best of Australian chenin blancs have the full taste and bouquet of lush stone fruits like peaches, pears and mangos, at a fraction of the price of chardonnay.

Without knowing it, most of us grew up on the taste of chenin blanc. Forty years ago, the legendary Jack Mann based Houghton's White Burgundy on it — for many years Australia's biggest selling bottled white wine and still a huge seller. The future potential for chenin blanc indicates full-on pursuit of varietal chenin blanc, dry or one-shade-of-sweetness-up wines designed for early drinking. Ageing actually destroys much of chenin blanc's charm.

Metaphorically speaking, if pinot noir is a sensitive lad with a creative bent and a very moody nature, then chenin blanc is quiet, unobtrusive and good-natured, one of the workhorses of the grape family. Fresh-faced, youthful and willing, unlike its more celebrated relatives, chenin blanc is content with almost any soil and climate. It grows in the same gravelly soil and cool temperatures that produce high quality chardonnays and sauvignon blancs; but in contrast to these "noble" varieties chenin blanc thrives in hot weather places like the Barossa Valley.

Chenin blanc manages to produce enormous quantities of fruit wherever it puts down roots. These economical characteristics, plus the fact that it doesn't require time in expensive oak barrels and further bottle ageing like chardonnay, are directly translated into lower prices for the finished product. A bottle of chenin blanc will cost the consumer anywhere from $4 to $8, while the range for chardonnay is $10 to $30, with most of the better versions costing around the mean level.

Chenin blanc is the white wine variety of the lower Loire Valley in France, where it is also known as Pineau de la Loire (no relation to the pinot family). Vineyards of this hearty grape have been producing pleasant wines there since the 9th Century. Chenin blanc goes into the making of Vouvray, a crisp, angular wine like sauvignon blanc. In Anjou-Saumur and Touraine, chenin blanc is also the prevalent white grape. Both districts make sparkling wines from chenin blanc, most of which is consumed on the spot.

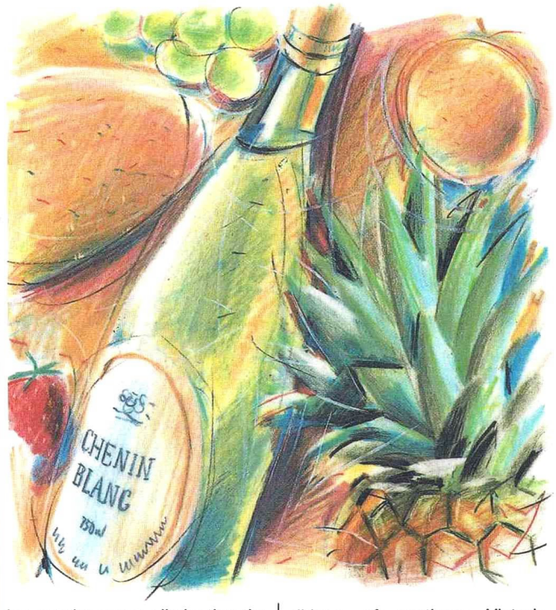
In last year's Qantas Cup taste-off between Australia and the US, one of the categories had chenin blanc in the blue corner for the Californians, with semillon in the red corner for the Aussies. Chenin blanc is a lot more important in the US, thanks to the savvy of the authoritative Robert Mondavi. The first to cold ferment the wine at his Charles Krug winery, Mondavi produced a Vouvray-style chenin blanc, a fresh, fruity, slightly sweet wine that quickly became an enormous success. With more than 37,000 acres in Californian plantings, chenin blanc now accounts for nearly double the area devoted to chardonnay and quadruple that of sauvignon blanc.

Mondavi's "secret" was temperature control in the fermenting tank. Fermentation is stopped at a low temperature. With tanks jacketed by refrigeration elements, the winemaker can choose the amount of residual sugar he wants to retain in the wine and halt the fermentation when it reaches the desired point. The wine is then finished by filtering out the yeast, eliminating the chance of a second fermentation.

Most American chenin blanc wines are kept in stainless steel tanks from the day of harvest until bottling. Oak and other woods add a desirable flavor complexity to some wines — chardonnay, cabernet sauvignon and pinot noir, specifically — but, as I said earlier, chenin blanc seems to be most appealing when its natural fruitiness is allowed to shine through without distractions. There are some Californian wineries — most of which make very dry chenin blanc wines — that do put their wines into oak, but most by-pass this practice. In Australia, Bests also follow this oak-matured philosophy, producing a slightly deeper, more complex wine.

In Australia and France, chenin blanc is a late ripener. In France, this characteristic produces an acid wine with a "Granny Smith" finish. We have more sunshine, so this "green" quality is non-existent. Our chenin blancs are sweeter and more "tropical."

The best chenin blancs made in Australia hail from Bests, Moondah Brook, Normans and Brown Brothers. Bests have been something of a pioneer after discovering that chenin blanc seemed made for the hot conditions of northern Victoria, largely taken up with the production of fortified wines. St Leonards, another Victorian label, also uses chenin blanc for one of its sweet dessert wines, a



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practice taken from the Loire Valley.

Peter Lehmann makes a no-nonsense chenin blanc that must be one of the best value wines around — the type you can serve at a barbecue to wine illiterates and cognoscenti alike. All Saints, Coriole, Houghtons, St Leonards and Tisdall also make uncomplicated, ingratiating chenin blancs that are even easier to drink. On the bad news front, Bests' 1988 Chenin Blanc will be scarcer than a chicken's molars this year, due to contract growers scaling down their supplies. If you see it, buy it.

This year, Hunter Valley winemaker Neil Sutherland has used chenin blanc to make his first methode champenoise sparkling wine. Called Chenin Cremant, the wine won't be available until later this year or early next year. This is an exceptional wine; get your name down at your local bottle shop.

Soft, light chenin blancs are made for summer picnics, beach parties, outdoor lunches and aperitifs. The crisper, drier varieties are top selections with seafood, chicken, veal or anything else that would call for a chablis or sauvignon blanc. In short, chenin blanc's watchword is drinkability.

The guaranteed future for chenin blanc is that it will continue to sell for a third to half the cost of premium varietals. We need our wines at this level to have style and character and this is what winemakers are now realising. We have the knowledge and better varietal grapes. We can also produce large quantities to the hectare, and we have the wine-making know-how to make better wines in this price range than the el cheapos of Italy. Not everybody is a wine connoisseur and most Australian wine drinking occasions don't require or deserve a great vintage. Chenin blanc fits the current and up-and-coming trends and realities like a Lifestyle condom. — *Elisabeth King*

LUST

Foreskin Facts

Hey, Doc! There's something wrong with my dick." Harry looked decidedly embarrassed.

"Tell me all about it."

"Well, last night, the girlfriend and I were playing around and she pushed by foreskin back and now I can't get it down again. I tell you, Doc, I'm afraid it'll go black and drop off."

Harry was in a bit of a mess. His foreskin had a rather tight area in it which had been retracted behind his glans (the head of the penis). It had been tight enough to stop blood flowing out in the veins but not flowing in via the arteries. Hence his penis was swollen with dark venous blood and fluid that had escaped from the veins because of the high pressure. The glans was purple and the foreskin was swollen and ballooned with fluid called, technically, "oedema."

"You've got a paraphimosis."

"Oh hell! I knew it! I'll lose it, won't I?" He was about to panic.

I went to the door. "Sister, can I have some KY jelly, a tub of ice water, a small towel and that book of Banjo Patterson's poems?"

Harry looked at the assembled gear. "What's this for?"

"Firstly," I said, "you dip the towel in the ice water, then you wrap it around your penis and squeeze it firmly for about half an hour. The KY Jelly is for later."

"What about the poems?"

"While you're squeezing the end of your dick with the cold towel you must memorise 'The Man From Snowy River' — by heart."

"What?"

"Harry, my friend," I said, "the last things you want in this situation are erotic thoughts."

A paraphimosis — a condition like Harry's, where a tight foreskin becomes stuck behind the glans and cannot be replaced — is one of the few problems uncircumcised men can experience. It is painful, embarrassing, and if not fixed could lead to the worst of Harry's fears — loss or permanent damage. A paraphimosis is also totally preventable.

Harry was 20 years old. He was in the forefront of a new Australian phenomenon — the uncircumcised (called "intact" in the US where it is now the flavor of the month) male. Since the early 1900s, most boys born in Australia were circumcised.

Almost every boy is born with a fold of delicate skin covering his glans. It serves a valuable purpose of protecting the delicate glans beneath from urine, bacteria, sticks, grass, sharp toys and jealous older sisters. Nature has improved its job by sticking it to the glans and making the foreskin so tight in the infant that it can only be retracted with difficulty and considerable pain to the boy, as well as bleeding.

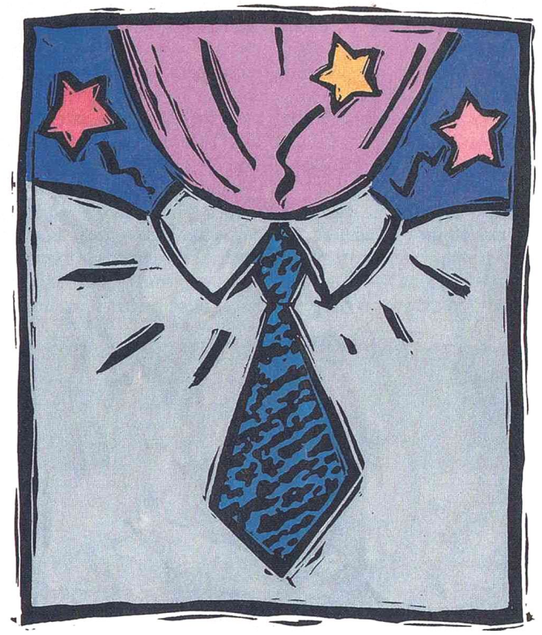


Illustration by Scott Kennedy

Nature has decreed that by about five years of age (it can be any time from 12 months to 12 years), the foreskin loses its attachment to the glans and becomes looser, so that it can be retracted. While retraction is not essential for successful sexual activity, it is certainly desirable. The glans is the most sensitive and erotic part of the penis and, in intercourse, should be freely available to receive all that stimulation.

Circumcision is the operation whereby the foreskin is cut off, usually in a new-born boy and usually without anaesthetic.

Why circumcision became the rule in Australia, the US and UK, while most other places did without it, no-one really knows. It was supposed to "cure" masturbation and prevent venereal disease (a pretty miserable failure in this respect as well). Medical people have also claimed that circumcision prevents cancer of the penis, reduces cervical cancer in women and aids penile hygiene. It does none of these. Today, the official medical position is that "there are no indications for routine neonatal circumcision."

Half an hour later, Harry's penis looked a little less swollen but was still a bit of a mess. "Tell me about 'The Man From Snowy River'," I said as I smeared KY jelly over his glans.

"'There was movement at the station . . .' *Ouch* — what are you doing?"

I squeezed his glans between my two thumbs, with my fingers

pointed toward his body. "'For the word had got around . . .'" I coaxed pointedly.

Harry continued: "'That the colt from Old Regret had got away . . .' Ahh!"

I squeezed the glans and slowly drew the constriction over the glans until his normal anatomy was restored.

When the penis is erect, the foreskin should slide back easily behind the glans and be able to be returned over the glans just as easily, even if you still have an erection. Otherwise, when you masturbate or have sex, the tight constriction will at least decrease your enjoyment and at most cause discomfort and perhaps paraphimosis. After a paraphimosis many doctors automatically recommend circumcision and in severe cases there is little to argue about. However, in most cases stretching the constriction can, in time, restore proper function.

"Yeah!" said Harry. "But how do I stretch up that tight spot? Stick a banana in my foreskin?"

"Not a bad idea," I remarked, "but don't forget you've got your own banana. Your penis is the best instrument for stretching up your foreskin.

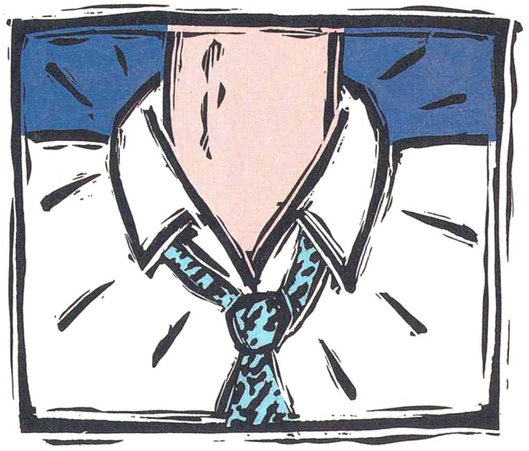


Illustration by Scott Kennedy

"Most men and boys with foreskins don't have problems. They usually figure out for themselves what to do. Most little boys learn to retract their foreskins when they play with it, and if they're taught to be clean elsewhere, they usually figure they should do the same with their penis. Frequent retraction and regular washing prevents most problems. Why some boys like you never develop these habits, I don't quite know."

"Hell, Doc. When I was a kid, Mum and Dad always told me not to play with it and our family was always so involved in everything going that I never bothered with it much till I discovered girls. Anyway, apart from what happened to me, what else can go wrong?"

"Phimosis or tight foreskin is the most common problem. This ranges up to the foreskin being so tight with such a tiny opening that it almost stops urination and can cause bladder and kidney problems. In these cases circumcision is the simplest and most effective cure, especially as it tends to occur in very young boys who can't understand or tolerate doctors interfering with their privates. For mild phimosis the best treatment is regular stretching by retracting it fully as many times a day as possible — with an erect penis is even better, but this must be done gradually and carefully. Never force it when it will not retract because the skin will tear and cause bleeding, scarring and infection, which would make the problem worse.

"Balanitis means infection of the space under the foreskin around the glans. Some males visit the doctor with a painful swollen penis. When this does occur the man needs antibiotics and regular cleaning for a while in hospital. Sometimes scarring is so bad, circumcision is the only option."

"Even so, Doc," said Harry, who had listened with uncharacteristic patience, "it sounds like it might be easier to go back to circumcising everyone. Then there'd be no problem."

"Tell that to the boys who've lost their penises or had them mutilated when they were being circumcised, or to the parents of boys who've died because of it. Tell it to the men who get painful erections or whose penis is bent by a bad circumcision job, or the ones with bad scars or who got infections in the tip when there was no protection from dirty nappies and ended up with a too tiny opening and kidney trouble from being unable to pee properly. Tell that to all the American men who are spending thousands of dollars to have foreskin reconstruction surgery because of sexual dysfunction due to circumcision. Sorry to disagree, but I reckon nature knows best. Besides, most men with a foreskin that functions properly wouldn't lose it for all the world. Neither would their women wish it."

"You don't have to tell me," said Harry. "After all, that was what caused my problem in the first place. I just wish I hadn't been half pissed and gone to sleep with my foreskin back."

As he left I called out: "Don't play with that till next Wednesday, when the swelling should have gone down."

"Don't worry. I'll look after it. You won't get your knife into my dick." — *Dr James Williams*

SLOTH

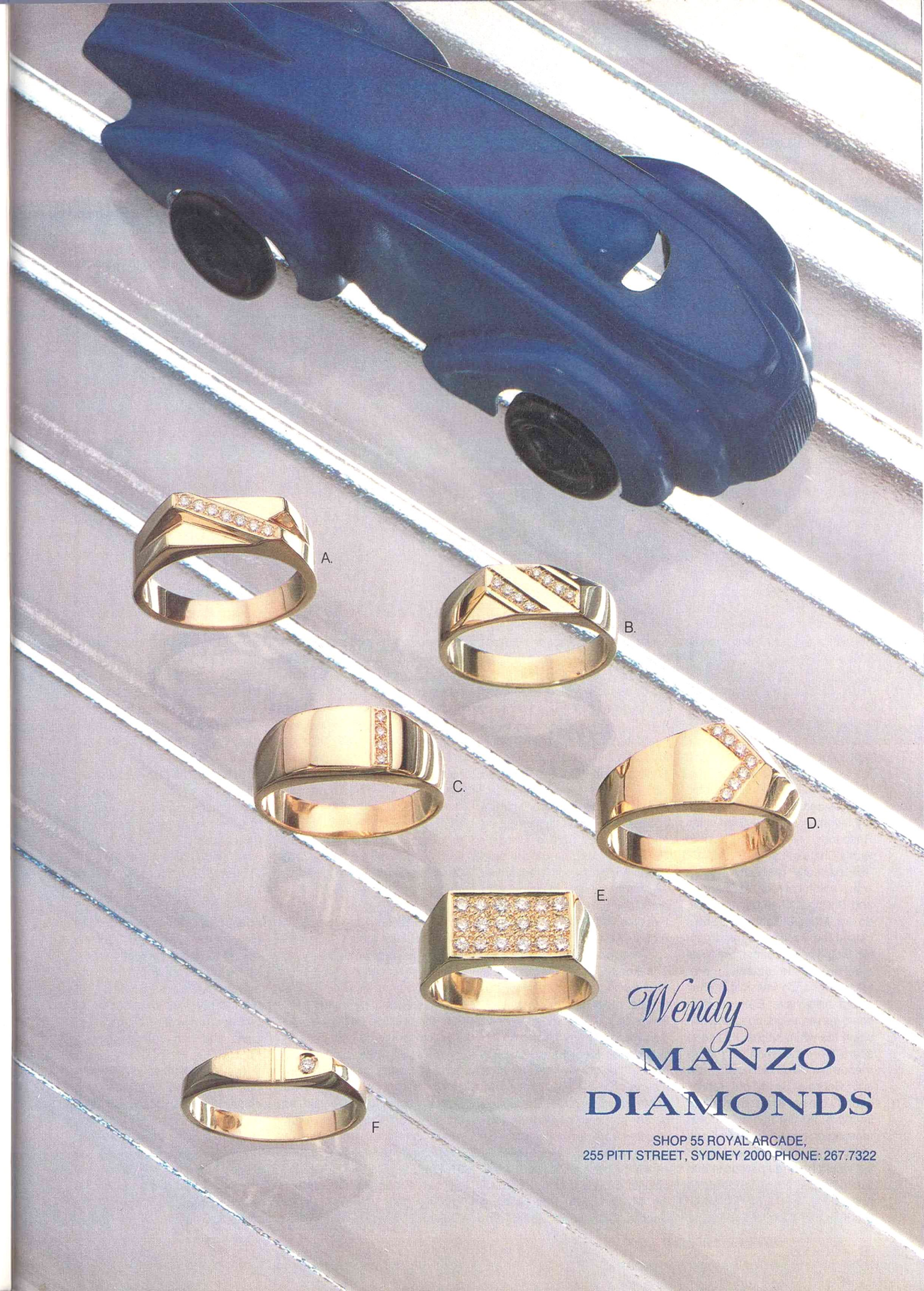
Dream Trips — Where Money Is No Object

To anyone with two cents worth of imagination, the most vulgar detail that stands between them and their dream travel-eating-drinking sojourn is, of course, money. But what if for a moment we ignore Disraeli's observation that imagination is too often accompanied by somewhat irregular logic? At the same time, jumping on Goethe's hobby horse, there is nothing more horrible than imagination without taste. In short what if everything was free — including restraint?

If cost were no object, I would stamp myself as one of the last champions of Romanticism without delay. I would travel by open horse-drawn carriage to where the Nile is deeply blue and more than two-thirds of a kilometre across, stopping to dine in magnificent tents by candlelight. I see myself dressed in a silken burnous and a Pharaoh's burial chamber of jewels, lolling on golden pillows, surrounded by exotic flowers I've never heard of, and eating Byzantine Moroccan food — indescribably flaky bstilla (pigeon pie) and every variety of cous-cous. I would sluice it down with Pommery Brut Millessime champagne 1978 and have my fingers licked (I've just eaten with them) by the sexiest man in the world. Who's that? No-one in particular, just someone totally and utterly interested in me.

Cathy Harris of Mary Rossi Travel, promoters of the luxury Relais et Chateaux concept in Australia, is another pupil at the Lesley Blanch "Wilder Shores of Love" school for advanced fantastics. "I would barge down the Yonne river in Burgundy on the *Etoile De Champagne*, a super deluxe boat that accommodates only 12 instead of the usual 22. I'd forget the word restraint for a week and cram myself with Burgundian snails, cheeses and fresh bread rolls. Alternatively, I'd go on a Buddy Bombard ballooning trip along the Loire, dropping down at Chenonceaux for an evening picnic of fresh poached salmon, chevre and endive to the stirring strains of a Chopin concerto."

Karen Hammial, editor of *Gourmet Traveller* magazine, would waste no time getting to Istanbul — "the most magnificent of cit-



Sins

ies." Her first act would be a stop at any one of the Iskandar kebab restaurants lining the Bosphorus; her wine would be an '82 Penfolds Bin 707.

Instant transportation would again take her to the Moti Mahal restaurant in Old Delhi. "I'd spend a week exactly as I spent it before, devouring the world's best tandoori chicken and naan, prepared at your table on a wheeled cart. I'd like to be the age I was the first time around and be in the same company, but failing that miracle I'll settle for their yoghurt lassi drink."

A Rolls-Royce Corniche convertible with 18-foot mirrors would be the vehicle conveying Michael Hall, General Manager of the Sebel Town House, along the coastline south of Naples from Castellammare through Sorrento, Positano and Amalfi. "At Amalfi I would stay in the famous monastery turned hotel and drink in the brain-filling views, serenity, bougainvillea, Dom Perignon and Chateau Margaux.

"My next stop would be the Hotel St Caterina in Amalfi, a recherche establishment of only 42 rooms. You have to take a death-defying elevator from the bottom of the cliff, but it's worth it for the chef's unbelievable scallop and mussel dishes. I would have Queen flown in to perform my favourite song — 'Bohemian Rhapsody' — and take it all in with a Chateau Lafite."

A perfectly manicured yacht with a holdful of Moet et Chandon and Bollinger champagne would do for Maggie Tabberer. She's blitzed the Pacific, so the dream trip would be the Bahamas. "The staff would be attentive, professional and invisible. They would also have ESP so they could serve the poached crayfish when the whim hit me. I'd like to share the experience with close friends like David McNicoll, Snow and Georgie Swift, but (sorry, dears) I'd have to put them off at intervals. I'd get thin and brown feasting on caviar, fresh fruit and seafood. My only items of clothing would be three pareos in brilliant prints. At the end of the voyage I'd fly in Cajun chef Paul Prudhomme, from New Orleans, to come up with a Creole/Cajun invention on the spot."

Former Aunty Jack and currently just a wildly funny comedian Grahame Bond is a long way from the naivety of his Kev

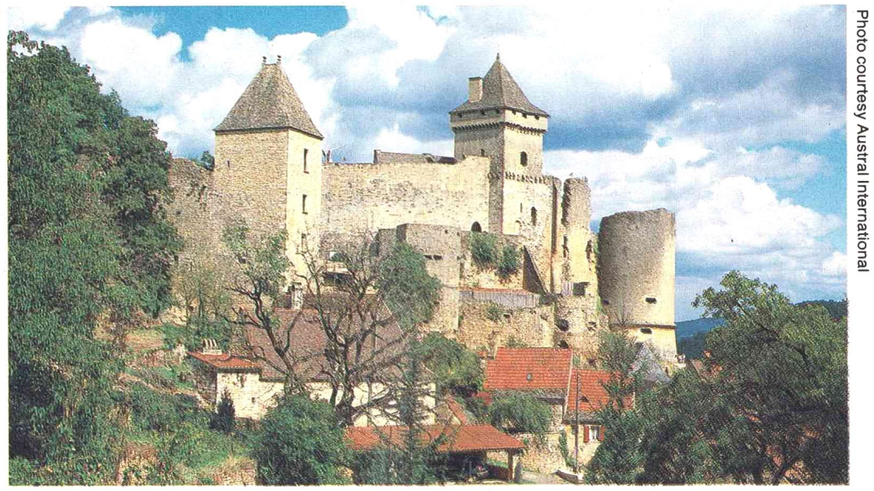


Photo courtesy Austral International

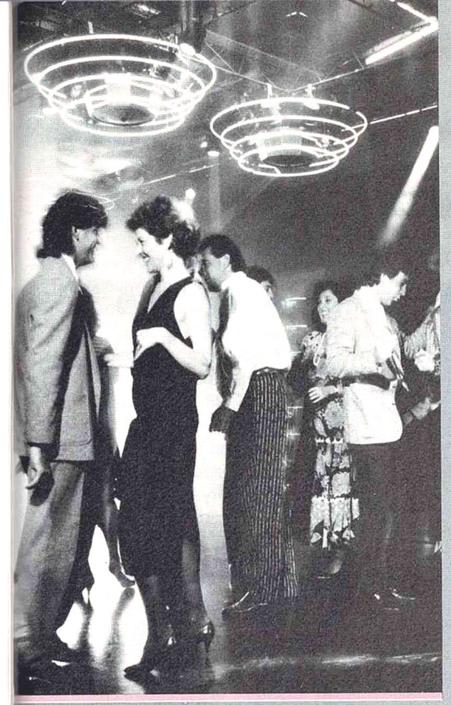
Kavanagh "butcher from Wollongong" persona. In real life, his no-expense-spared trip would be to New York to tour the city's Italian eateries. "I'd dress myself in one of those blue/black cashmere coats from Bloomingdale's and head straight for La Luna on East 73rd Street. Greed would be my prime motivation and I'd try to eat everything I could. I'd take the Lazarus option and dine with Charlie Chaplin. We'd talk about the pathos side of comedy and its different levels while ruminating on penne with garlic and broccoli. If I can't have the time machine, I'll settle for Woody Allen and an interstellar spaghetti marinara."

In keeping with his penchant for the visual rhythms of life, Australia's most famous architect, Philip Cox, would head for Ait Ben Haddu, a tiny Morrocan village on the edge of the Stony Sahara. "I'd go by the slowest means possible — a traditional horsedrawn carriage. The village is an architect's heaven constructed from red mud and the villagers wear marvellous clothes — it's that rarest of things, a traditional society that's still working. My wine would be an early George Sutherland Smith big, jammy shiraz from north-eastern Victoria. My dinner would consist of Hawkesbury River oysters unadorned and untainted. The music of the French modernist, Eric Safte, would be playing in the background. Its dictionary and vibrancy would sharpen my wits for the entire visual and sensual experience."

Wine PR extraordinaire, Deeta Colvin, is a woman of extravagant pleasures. "I'd fly the Concorde from New York to Paris and book in at the Hotel de Crillon. My evening meal would be omelette truffe du Perigord at the hotel's Michelin two-star restaurant, Les Ambassadeurs; my wine selection would be a 79 Cortin Charlemagne burgundy. Following the palace hotel stint, I would speed to St Malo in Brittany for wind, mist and romance. The green lobster at the Duchesse Anne restaurant would be my first priority; my second and third would be foie gras and a 55 Romanee-Conti. Nothing less than the pressed duck from Tour d'Argent would be fitting enough for my meal at the castle of the famous Breton pirate, Furnous. The floor is wall-to-wall Napoleonic gold coins laid upright, the perfect backdrop for my Nutria fur coat from Bo-Ivan Petersson in Stockholm and the 61 Chateau Petrus. Exhausted, I'd call a halt on the cliffs of Brittany with a lover, a '45 Graham port and a Monte Cristo cigar."

In the true style of his countrymen, Patrick Benhamou, head of the French Tourist Office, would make food the linchpin of the journey. "I intend to make my dream trip a reality. In the meantime I'll tell you about it. I would hire a Lear jet and fly a few friends and myself to the Caspian Sea to inspect the caviar works. Over a two-day period, we would discuss the merits of beluga, sevruga et al. Tasting seriously all the time. The plane would then take us to Perigord, where we would go through the same ritual at a foie gras farm, washing it down with Chateau d'Yquem. After a few days shopping in the Faubourg St Honore, the climax of the extravaganza would be dinner at a 14th Century chateau on the Loire. The meal would be cooked by Jacques Maximin from the Hotel Negresco in Nice, as the Paris Symphony Orchestra played Rossini's Sonata For Strings. My guest of honor would be Bernard Tapie — the most exciting and rich entrepreneur in France."

The final exercise in adventurous travel and gourmandising comes from Jan Mackey, editor of *Pol Travel* and *The Australian Way*. "I'd spend three months in South America, travelling by plane, bus and milk lorry. My odyssey would end up at Machu Picchu. Here on the roof of the world, surrounded by the Andes,



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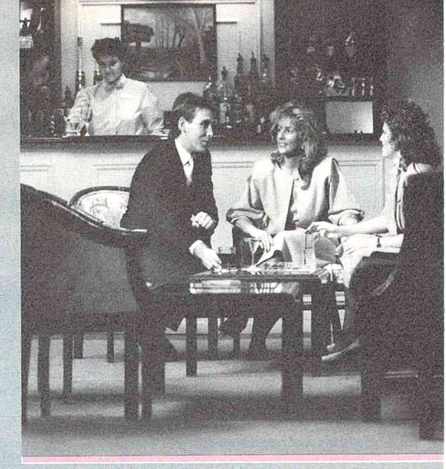

Williams brochure.

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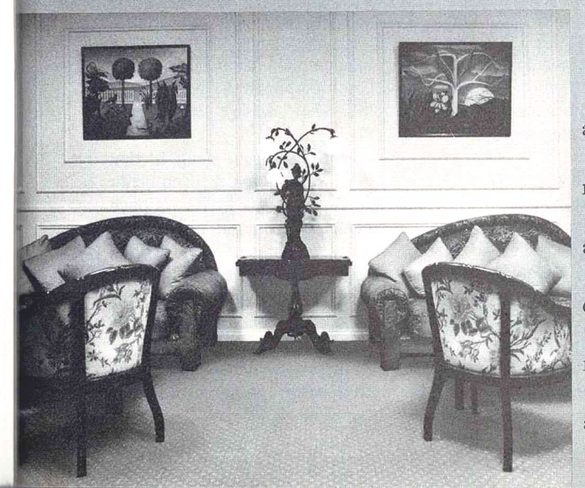

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I'd have a simple, private picnic. The centre of the meal would be a crumbly, old English farmhouse cheddar, offset by a crusty, crusty roll and a bottle of '66 Grange Hermitage. I'd finish up by laying back and letting the almost tangible presence of the Incas rush at me from every side." — *Elisabeth King*

AVARICE

Keeping Up With Our Neighbors

If you keep saying something for long enough, soon enough everyone will start to believe it. I've just been discovering that for myself. I have been hearing this line about the growing wealth of our Northern neighbors and our own decline into Third World status. In fact this column was originally going to waffle on about this terrible affliction of ours (the "Australian Disease") until I came to the point when I thought I had better get some facts together.

They make a big difference, facts. For instance, you listen to those self-appointed experts, the talk-back radio stars. Notice how they can uphold the most outrageous opinion on the basis of one (but *only* one) fact?

Anyway, in order to see just how far ahead of us Japan and the ASEAN nations were forging, I did a bit of research on relative national income figures. These are the figures that are supposed to represent how much all of us put together earned last year. (Actually, the figures I used were GNP — Gross National Product — but it is essentially the same thing simply counted from the other side of the ledger.)

You'll notice a few things about the table that follows. One thing will be that I have failed to include Indonesia and Korea; and I've included Switzerland. Well, I'm only doing a running check, not holding a Royal Commission. I forgot Indonesia, thought I had Korea (but must have lost that back of the envelope) and threw Switzerland in for comparison — the same with the US.

I've converted the GNPs into US dollars at the rates for the year 1985, which is the year for which all figures are available (international statistics tend to be a bit casual); and then divided that figure by the population to get a per head figure, which represents how much each man, woman and child would be entitled to out of the National Cake if National Cakes were divided fairly and evenly among the population, which of course they are not, but never mind . . .

	1985 GNP ($US billion)	Population 1985 (million)	"National Income" per head 1985 ($US)
Hong Kong	33.9	5.4	6283
Malaysia	31.45	15.6	2016
Thailand	38.55	52.0	741
Switzerland	98.43	6.5	15,143
USA	3987.8	240.0	16,616
Japan	1279.2	121.0	10,572
Australia	142.9	15.6	9160

Well, well, well. Isn't that interesting? Looks like I'm back writing what I was going to in the first place. In doing those conversions for the second time — to check — I found I'd made an error in the calculation of the Aussie figure. I'd divided when I should have multiplied and got this rather inflated figure for per head income. The real figure, as you see, is not all that wonderful.

Oh, we're better off than Thailand and Malaysia — but I don't really think that was ever in doubt. We're about 50 percent better off than Hong Kong (which means there must be some awful rich Chinamen up there to make up for all those teeming poor) and worse off than the others in the survey.

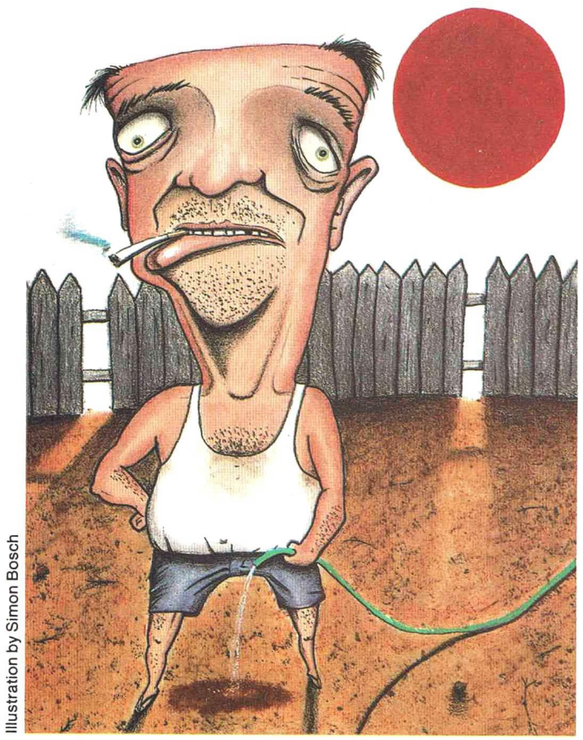
Admittedly, the $A/$US conversion rate was a very low one (US66.5 cents), but if you're going to complain about that, then what about the Japanese figures? I used the June 1985 Yen/$US rate of 248. It's now half that. As the Japanese economy has continued to grow since 1985 we can therefore assume the per head national income would be, in US dollar terms, more than twice the figure in the table — that is, up to more than $US21,000 each. (Our own figures have improved too, but nowhere near as much. For instance, the 1987 national income works out at roughly $US11,800 per head.)

Of course, these statistics don't tell the full story. They don't, for instance, measure sunshine, days of big surf, quality of good beef nor the ratio of unattached attractive nymphets to men at parties. But, for a nation that *is* very aware of dollars and cents (if not, why all the strikes over more pay?), the message is clear: we are not the great white Paradise of the Pacific we once thought we were.

Japan has passed us, Hong Kong is catching up and, in terms of economic growth rates, so are the rest: Singapore, Korea, Malaysia, even Thailand.

I know the Japanese get up at 4am to go to work and don't get back until after the late late movie; in Singapore they jail you for complaining about the government and in Malaysia they neck people; in Korea they kill and torture university students and in Honkers people live in discarded cigarette packets. But it won't always be like that (even after discounting for the implicit exaggeration deflator). Australia, you may have read somewhere this year, wasn't always, er, "rich."

The frightening thing is that these nations are growing richer just in that area where we have been suffering our biggest declines: manufacturing. If we don't start getting an act together in the next decade we'll end up as quarrymen for Asian factories and drink waiters for their workers on holiday. — *David Quicksilver*



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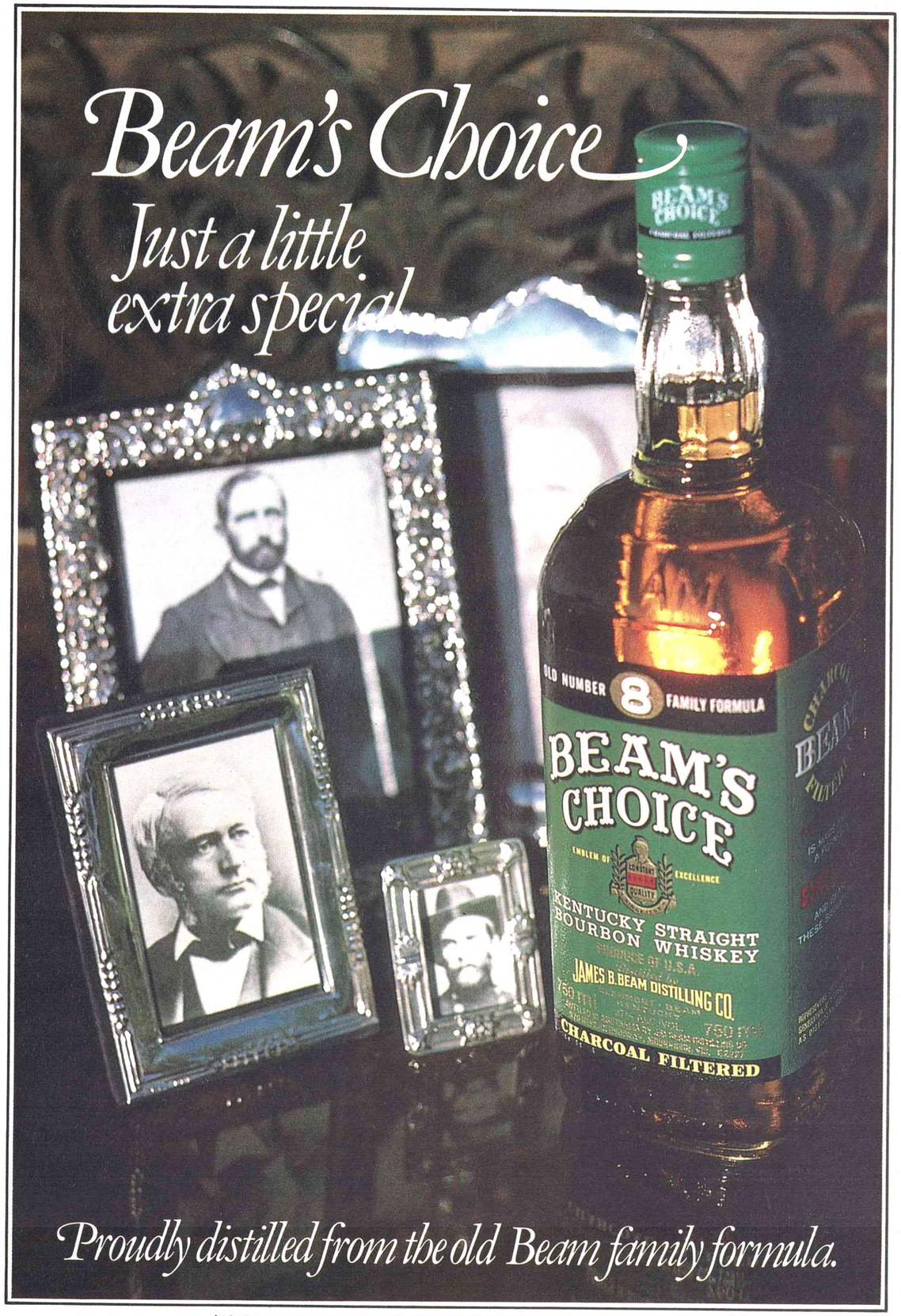

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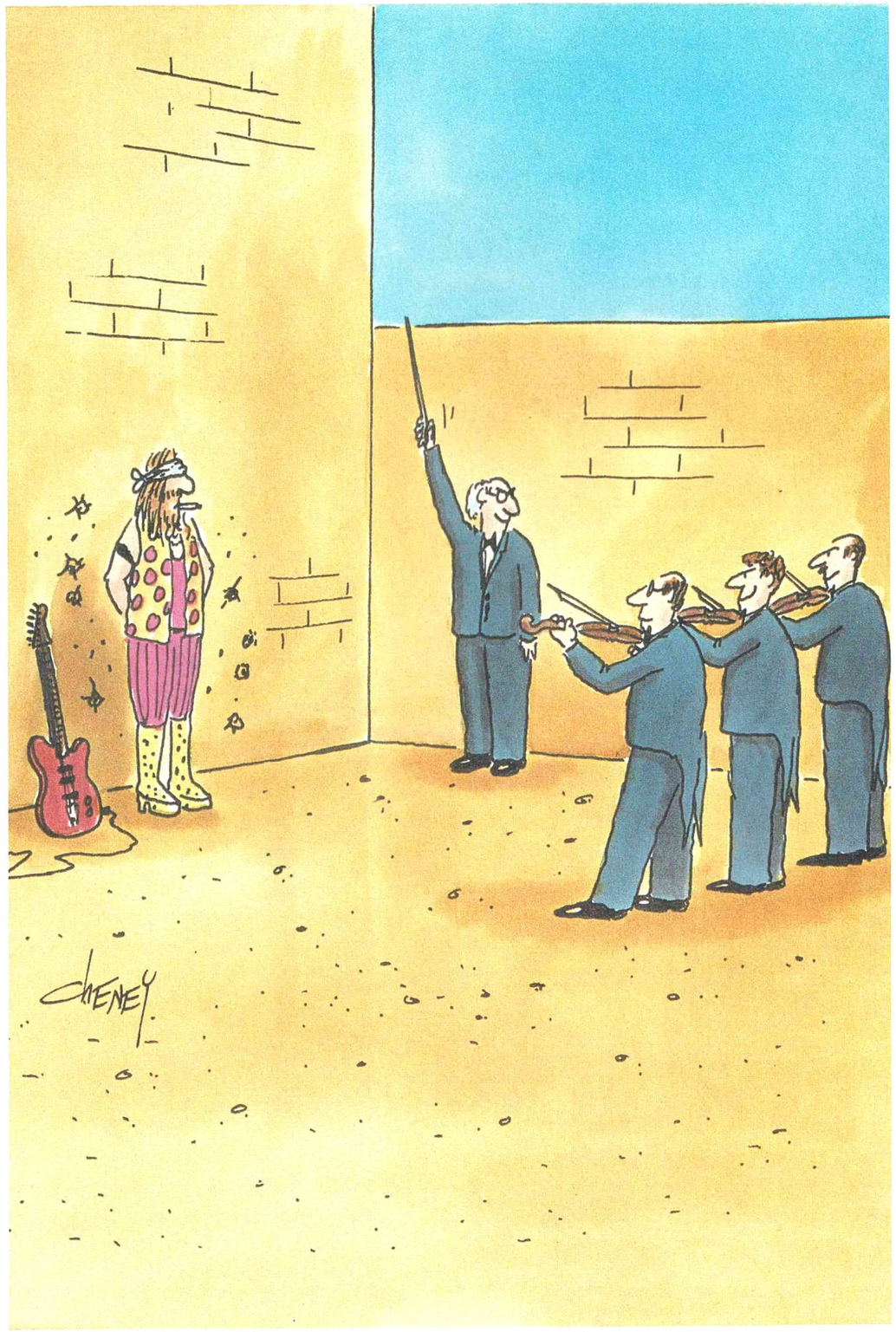


BY DAVID QUICKSILVER

Whatever happened to the stigma of bankruptcy?

Ian G sits nervously in the public gallery of the court as his would-be inquisitor introduces himself to the Deputy Registrar looking down from the bench. G is asked to step into the witness box. Smartly dressed in a well-tailored plain grey suit, mauve Dior shirt with white collar, two-tone snakeskin shoes and rose-colored tear-drop spectacles, G looks very much the successful salesman — except for his expression. It's not a miserable face he wears, nor is it happy; his expression is more neutralised, anaesthetised — like the faces people wear just after they've had a road accident.

For while Ian G may be clothed in the material accoutrements of success he is bearing the stigma of failure: bankruptcy. Unable to pay his debts, he has taken the escape route of the economy's victims. Some five months earlier he had sought, and was granted, relief from his creditors; he was declared bankrupt.

"It's not so much that the bankruptcy itself causes problems," says Max Prentice, an accountant and registered trustee in bankruptcy, "but the conditions leading up to bankruptcy are usually very stressful. There are demanding letters, repossessions, court orders, all sorts of pressures on the poor bloke. The marriage can start to go under. You start to drink a little bit more, sleep a bit less. Bankruptcy is designed to relieve the stress — it's a termination of hostilities."

These days, an increasing number of Australians are taking the option of tossing in the towel. Bankruptcies are four times more frequent now than they were in the halcyon Fifties, when it seemed only incompetents, nutters and alcoholics went to the wall. The last year for which complete figures are available, 1985–86, saw 5581 bankruptcies. The average deficiency between assets and liabilities was $30,000.

Under our very civilised laws, bankruptcy is far from being a suicidal condition. Indeed, for some of the shadier players,

GOING FOR BROKE

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

GOING FOR BROKE

it can be a very attractive proposition. But the vast majority of bankrupts don't fall into that category. Two-thirds of them are just ordinary people going bad: Mums and Dads who, in almost every second case, have simply gone over the top on the good old never-never. Your businessman, building subbie and the like make up only a third of the total.

Recent statistics show the proportion of consumers going bankrupt each year is still increasing, as is the total number of bankruptcies. The "credit revolution" of the Eighties has been targeted by consumer groups, who blame aggressive marketing of credit for the 500 percent increase in household debt over the past ten years.

As you'd expect, the banks decline to take the blame for this phenomenon, pointing out that Australia's household debt level is considerably lower than in the major Western economies — although it is growing. The ANZ Bank also recently suggested that one factor in the increase of personal bankruptcies is that the stigma of it all is no longer what it was. John Mann, an accountant who handles a lot of bankruptcies in Sydney's western suburbs, says the ethic of paying your debts is still a very strong one, although he does reckon it seems stronger with the older generation than with the young.

"I've got a bloke now," says Mann. "He's 24 with a stack of credit cards. The trouble was he was living off his overtime; he had an accident and had to go on workers' comp, which doesn't make up the overtime payments. So he started to get behind in his repayments and what with the interest rates on those cards he was just falling further and further behind. He was like a mouse on a wheel, getting nowhere. So he just threw up his hands in despair and went bankrupt. His attitude was that they shouldn't have given him credit in the first place." And, as with a lot of people trying to find their way through our economic jungle, he was probably right.

When a court declares a person bankrupt — either on petition of a creditor (someone to whom money is owed) or on petition of the debtor themselves, all the trouble stops. All the assets, if any, of the bankrupt and all the debts are handed over to a trustee — either a private trustee or the government one, known as the Official Receiver. Court proceedings against the debtor are halted, interest charges accumulating on unpaid loans are suspended, the bailiffs stop calling.

All the assets of the bankrupt — except for items such as basic clothing (mink coats are arguable), $500 worth of tools of trade, the family TV (color sets yes, video recorders maybe) — are handed over to the trustee. The trustee can also, in certain circumstances, set aside any dealings in the assets made in the six months prior to the bankruptcy on the grounds that the debtor, travelling on the slippery path towards bankruptcy, is at that stage "something less than a mere trustee of his assets for his creditors."

The point of this provision — known as the doctrine of "relation back" — exemplifies the philosophy of the Australian bankruptcy law: fairness to all creditors. Because some creditors can exert more pressure on troubled debtors than other creditors, it can happen that, once word gets out that a bloke is going bad, the big boys will come round and put the squeeze on, leaving little or nothing for the milkman and the bloke who delivers the newspapers.

The "relation back" period starts at the commencement of the bankruptcy, which is taken as dating from the first "act of bankruptcy" in the six months prior to somebody asking a court to make the debtor bankrupt — that is, the first provable sign the bloke is up the creek or heading that way.

> "So he threw up his hands in despair and went bankrupt. His attitude was they shouldn't have given him credit in the first place."

The most common "act of bankruptcy" is the inability to show the court why you shouldn't be declared bankrupt; a quainter one is "keeping house", a 16th Century phrase still used in law to describe the act of not answering your door to those to whom you owe money. Another obvious act of bankruptcy is shooting through.

The importance of timing in this business can be seen in the ongoing saga of the Dr Geoffrey Edelsten bankruptcy. Here a printing company sought to have the good doctor wound up by presentation of a petition on July 8, 1987. If this petition, set down for hearing in November, 1987, had been granted it would have been possible for the trustee of the Edelsten estate to ask the court to declare void certain asset movements on the basis that they were what are known as "voidable preferences" made in the six months before July 8.

However, just two days before his case was to be heard, Dr Edelsten successfully sought bankruptcy on his own petition, thereby overriding the creditor's petition and giving his trustee only six months back from that date (November 21) to annul voidable preferences.

One of the ideas behind Edelsten declaring himself bankrupt, a judge later concluded, was to take advantage of this later date to avoid the trustee reaching all the way back to January 1987. For in January Edelsten had sold the family furniture to his wife for $100,000; and in February and March he had sold interests in nine medical clinics for $350,000. Had the printing company's petition been granted these transactions would be open to examination to have them set aside; with the grant of his own petition Edelsten changed the time frame to May, 1987, and thus the transactions escaped the net. (But not for long; Edelsten's own petition has since been annulled by the court and the original petition — that of the printing company — granted.)

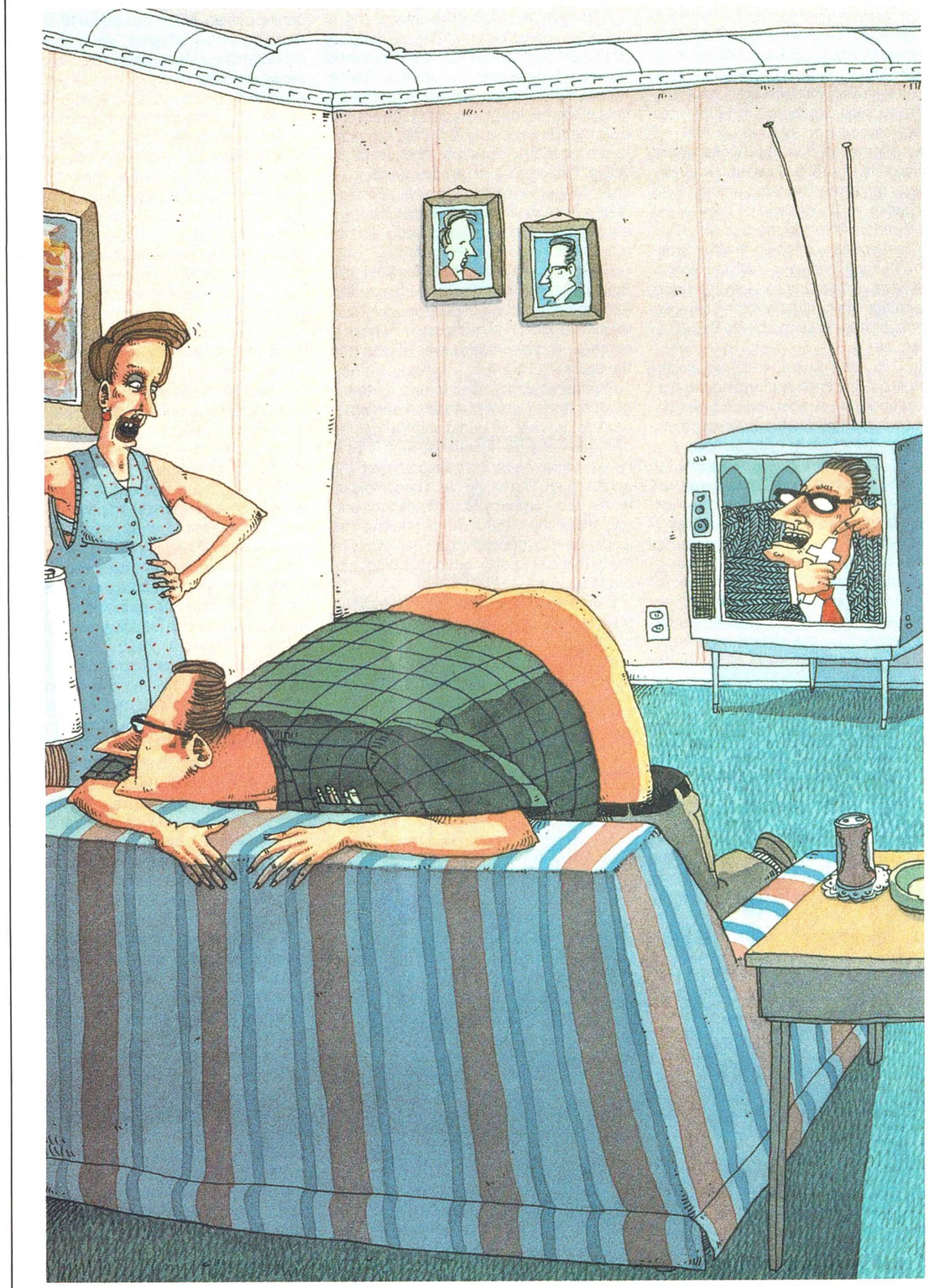
Like so much of big business, the Edelsten bankruptcy matter is fascinating drama — but so complex that those involved fear it will drag on for years. Most bankruptcies, though, are neither so fancy nor so high-flying.

Over the years the laws have been modified to reduce the often counter-productive humiliation of the debtor. Few debtors end up in prison these days — even though jail is an often listed punishment option for debtors and bankrupts who don't do the right thing.

In Roman times, creditors could force debtors into slavery until their debts were paid. In Britain, defaulting debtors faced imprisonment from the 13th Century on. In those times, debt default was treated more as a crime than an economic problem — probably because credit was not such a widely used business tool then. Under a writ of *capias ad satisfaciendum*, a debtor could be held in prison until the debt was satisfied — which may have given the creditor some malevolent satisfaction, but if the bloke was genuinely broke it didn't do much for his chances of ever settling the debt.

To make matters worse, the debtor was responsible for his own keep. Up until the 19th Century there was a good chance a jailed debtor would starve. As a Chief Justice said in 1551 about an imprisoned defaulter: "If charity won't feed him then let him die in the name of God, if he will, and impute the cause of it to his own fault, for his presumption and ill behavior brought him to that imprisonment." Throwing yourself on the mercy of the court in those days was like saying "*shalom*" to Hitler.

Under an Act of Parliament passed in 1623 (a reforming act, incidentally, and considered one of the bases of modern bankruptcy law), a debtor who'd been naughty could be sentenced to stand in



"That's great, George. Now we'll never be saved."

GOING FOR BROKE

the pillory with one ear nailed thereto for a certain time, the ear to be cut off upon release.

Australian law, modelled on England's, was given a major overhaul in 1966, when it became uniform through all the six states. (Removed from the books was a leftover from the 1623 legislation whereby property not belonging to a bankrupt who is, however, in possession of it could be seized and used to pay the creditors; that is, if I lent you my car to go to your bankruptcy hearing and you lost, the sheriff could seize and sell my car, leaving me as just another whingeing creditor. I think I'd rather nail your ear to the pillory in the village square.)

The 1966 legislation was the culmination of a long period of swinging the system around from vengeance and punishment to sympathy for the poor blighters who are — let's face it — life's losers.

"Eight or nine out of ten bankrupts I'd say would be fair dinkum people who've just got out of their depth," says John Mann. "Most of them feel genuinely sorry for their creditors and would do anything to repay them. Most are resigned to losing more than they need to. When I explain to them they can keep a fair portion of their income, their household furniture and, in many cases, their car, they're surprised. But bankruptcy usually does mean they've got to sell the family home."

A person is declared bankrupt by a judge or Registrar granting a sequestration order, whereupon all the bankrupt's assets are given over to a court-approved trustee. The trustee will examine the affairs of the bankrupt to identify the assets, examine the various claims from creditors to see there are no bodgie debts, and then sell up the assets and pay the creditors — after, of course, paying his own costs and fees — with whatever is left, distributing it equally on a pro rata basis according to the size of the debt.

On the figures for 1985–86 for Australia, that year's 5581 bankrupts owed a total of $241 million but had assets of only $73.5 million, suggesting creditors would get, on average, something less than 30 cents in the dollar.

The bankrupt also has to give up to the trustee all his books of account and other records, answer all questions the trustee asks him, and do his utmost to help him. He has to surrender his passport; his bank accounts are frozen; he can't become a director of a company; and he cannot borrow more than $500 without telling the lender he is an undischarged bankrupt. To many these are petty, but humiliating, hindrances.

Before 1966 the bankrupt also faced a public humiliation: an examination, in open court, where the busted bloke was paraded before whoever wanted to be there and listen to the sorry story of the bankrupt's decline. It was a ritual in the demeaning of the defaulter, similar to the removal of the stripes and breaking of the sword of a court-martialled cavalry officer. After an hour or so of admissions of incompetence, gambling frenzy, misplaced trust or whatever, the humbled bankrupt could stumble from the court, his debts waived but his character soiled.

As the numbers of bankruptcies grew, the courts were getting clogged with pathetic tales of ordinary people whose examinations taught nothing new, uncovered no hidden assets nor dastardly deeds and generally wasted time to no good purpose. So the compulsory examination was replaced by examination only if a trustee or creditor requested one.

Today, the public hearings are usually only held if it is believed such a hearing, in a courtroom and under oath, may elicit information about assets hitherto unforthcoming — that is, when there is a suspicion that the bankrupt may be hiding something. (Of course, this is not true for all public hearings: a vindictive creditor may simply want to run the defaulter through the mill.)

At the same time as slick salesman Ian G was being sworn in for his public examination, in a courtroom next door pudgy little Michaele C was into his fourth session before the Registrar.

Michaele was on his second bankruptcy. An Italian building sub-contractor, he was speaking through an interpreter. The trustee was having some trouble eliciting the facts. Michaele didn't appear to fully comprehend either the responsibilities of, or restrictions on, a bankrupt.

One particular debt seemed to be causing a problem: an amount of $8750 due to Pioneer Concrete at St Peters.

"My cousin owed that money," C replied through his translator.

"It was a partnership debt?" asked his interlocutor.

"Yes, for his house. He fixes his house and gets the concrete under my name."

"Your name — or the partnership name?"

"Yes, in the name of Michaele and Rosario."

"The partnership?"

"Yes."

"You understand a partnership debt?"

"If I make a debt, I pay. If someone else make it, they pay."

"Do you understand a partnership?" the counsel asks again.

"It is a partnership to work hard, to make special work, not to do up his house."

Cousin and partner Rosario seemed to have abused the relationship, although not without help from Michaele himself. Despite his bad feelings about the debt Michaele said he paid it, in cash, with money borrowed from his father-in-law,

"I can't do it without a memo first."

after Pioneer threatened to have him arrested. His cousin, it appears, was unable to pay following a bad accident in his truck. Michaele himself wasn't in too crash-hot a state, having just returned to work at the time — 1983 — after a year off — the result of a couple of storeys of scaffolding falling on top of him.

The point of the lengthy examination into the $8750 Pioneer Concrete debt — which took up nearly the whole morning, involving a Deputy Registrar, a barrister, two solicitors, a sound recordist and a court flunky — is to see if Michaele had made preferential payments, which is a no-no.

One of the things a bankrupt is not supposed to do is to settle with some creditors but not with others. All creditors are supposed to be in the whack-up if ever there is one. Any creditors on the receiving end of a "preferential payment" can be asked to pay the money back and the debtor can be prosecuted and, rarely these days, jailed.

However, such prosecutions are hard to pursue; as long as the recipient of the preferential payment can claim good faith, there's not much a trustee can do.

As befits a jurisdiction where relief, not punishment, is the aim, the authorities are loath to prosecute; and if they do, the punishments are not severe. Of 128 charges relating to breaches of the Bankruptcy Act in 1985/86 there were but two imprisonments: one person got six months and another got two weeks plus 150 hours community service.

Also, should breaches be suspected the private trustees are unlikely to pursue the matter unless it's worthwhile. "Why spend $2000 in court chasing $1000?" one said. Although bound to report provable breaches to the Official Receiver, the private trustees are not always in a position to actually prove a breach. "Most examinations are done by the Official Receiver, not by us," says trustee Max Prentice. "I suppose they have more time to hunt these things down than we have."

Even if warrants are issued, there is not always much follow-up. According to semi-official papers emanating from the office of the Inspector-General in Bankruptcy, the Federal Police are so overworked and have given bankruptcy matters such a low priority that late last year the branch actually suggested no longer giving referrals to the Federal coppers.

If, as John Mann says, 85 percent of bankrupts are decent, straightforward folk, what about the remaining 15 percent? "Oh, no doubt about it, there are a few smart-arses out there," Mann says. Not that the smart-arses deliberately set out to go bankrupt.

John O'Brien is one of Sydney's leading insolvency accountants and has acted as trustee for many of the more famous, er, supposed rogues, such as the late bane of the taxman Peter Clyne.

"It's just something that happens when their schemes don't come off. They don't set out to go bankrupt — not consciously anyway," says O'Brien. "They'd much rather not go bust but, once that course becomes inevitable, of course they will arrange their affairs to minimise the disadvantages. With many of these blokes you can have anything — their wife, their daughter, anything — as long as you don't take away their $1000 a week lifestyle.

"It's like an addiction," O'Brien says of the Mercedes-driving, flash-dining style of many of Australia's wheeler-dealers. "They're incredible. I've known a bloke unable to pay his creditors take his wife and kids off on a skiing holiday in the midst of all the fuss," he says.

Of course, not all the smart-arses — or even clever dicks — are high-flying names on everybody's lips. One trustee told *Penthouse* of the humble public servant clerk,

> "With many of these blokes you can have anything — their wife, daughter, anything — as long as you don't take away their $1000 a week lifestyle."

aged mid-30s, still living with his Mum and always likely to remain an inconsequential nobody. But smart enough to know it.

With his stable job history he was an acceptable credit risk — for Amex, Diners Club, Visacard, Mastercard, Bankcard, Westpac Mastercard, ANZ Visacard, etc etc. With five or ten grand of credit on each card he set off on a 12-month holiday. It was all wine, women and song; flash car rentals, first-class air travel to five-star hotels; escort agencies, massage parlors, expensive restaurants. When he was finally nailed, the bills totalled over $100,000, the assets nil. He went bankrupt, so the debts were wiped. He went off driving cabs to keep body and soul together and at the end of his three years got his automatic discharge. (Unless there are objections, a bankruptcy is automatically lifted after three years, or even earlier if the bankrupt applies for it.)

One would suspect this is probably an urban myth, as fraud charges would seem the likely outcome of such deliberate behavior. But bankruptcy is a funny jurisdiction. For instance, a couple of years ago a bloke was convicted of theft and ordered to pay the money back. He didn't and became a bankrupt instead. Shortly after, he was arrested for not having made the ordered restitution; the cunning devil then applied to the Bankruptcy Court for his release under Section 60 of the Act, which gives a bankrupt relief from any court orders concerning his provable debts; as the court ruled the money he stole and was supposed to repay was a provable debt, any court actions relating to that debt were not enforceable, and so the prisoner was released. (Good one, Mr L of Queensland.)

The more common way of getting out of your debts without sacrificing all your valuables has been the use of company and trust structures as owners of the assets, instead of the bankrupt owning them.

The trust owns the assets and a company manages those assets on behalf of the trust, incurring debts, paying the would-be bankrupt a wage, and so on. Should debts get out of hand the company is simply wound up and replaced as trustee for the trust by another company. The beneficiaries of the trust are usually the wife, parents, kids, accountant, old mate, what-have-you, of the bankrupt — same with the shareholders of the company.

It was this sort of structure which allowed Brisbane tax-dodger Brian Maher (the man who made and lost millions out of the bottom-of-the-harbor scams) to arrive at his public examinations in bankruptcy driving a Rolls Royce.

The use of the wife by a bankrupt going back into busines is a practice often given tacit approval down the scale. A senior officer in the Bankruptcy Branch of the Attorney-General told *Penthouse* the administration of the law had to be realistic.

"The bankruptcy law is not there to deprive a bloke of his living," the officer said. "A carpenter, for instance, usually has to be a sub-contractor — there's not many wages jobs going for such blokes. Now he's got to buy materials and so on. A bankrupt is not supposed to take on credit more than $500 worth without disclosing they're a bankrupt. So why not let Mum take on the debts and employ her husband? That's fair. You've got to remember a major thrust of the law is to give debtors relief, to remove a burden from them and let them get on with their lives — not to tie a millstone around their necks."

But, of course, using the wife as the asset-holder can have its problems. The yet-to-be-resolved Dr Geoffery Edelsten matter is a case in point. Edelsten settled much of his wealth on his young blonde wife, Leanne, who later sued for divorce, being in control and possession of most of his assets, leaving the doctor to live in a poky flat at the back of one of *her* surgeries.

Recent changes to the law are designed to reduce the abuses of bankruptcy,

Continued on page 112

SELF PORTRAIT

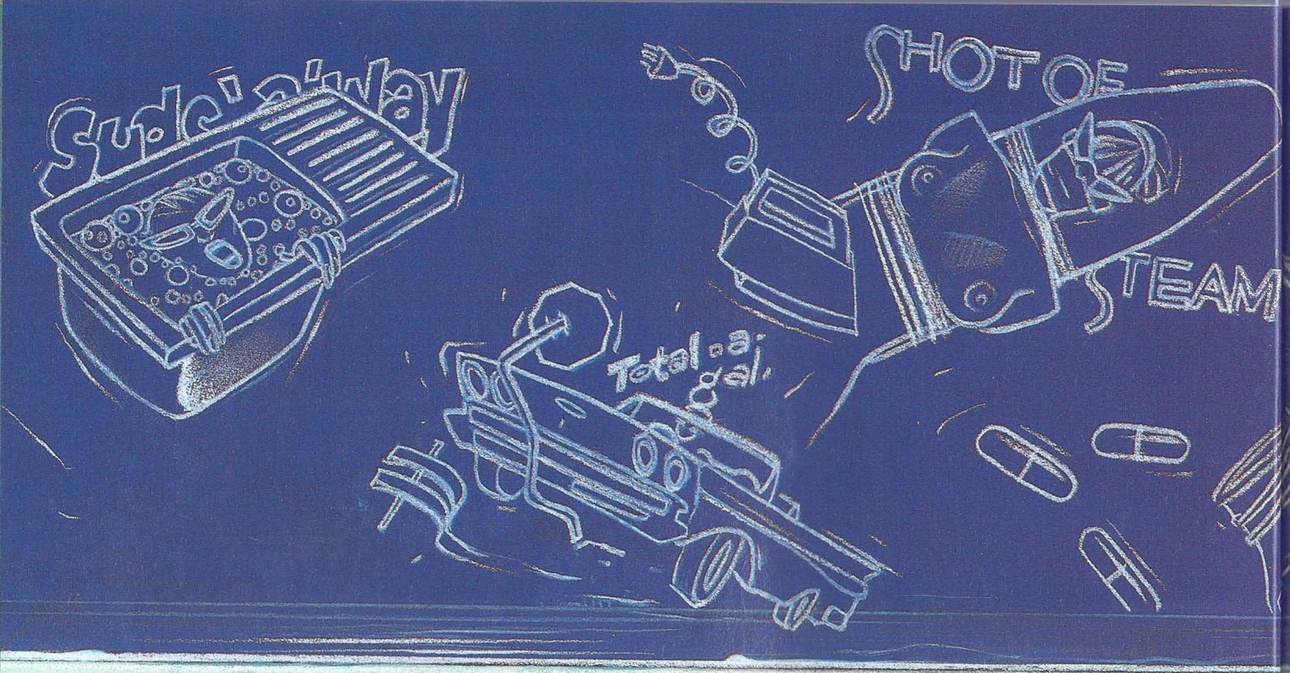
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

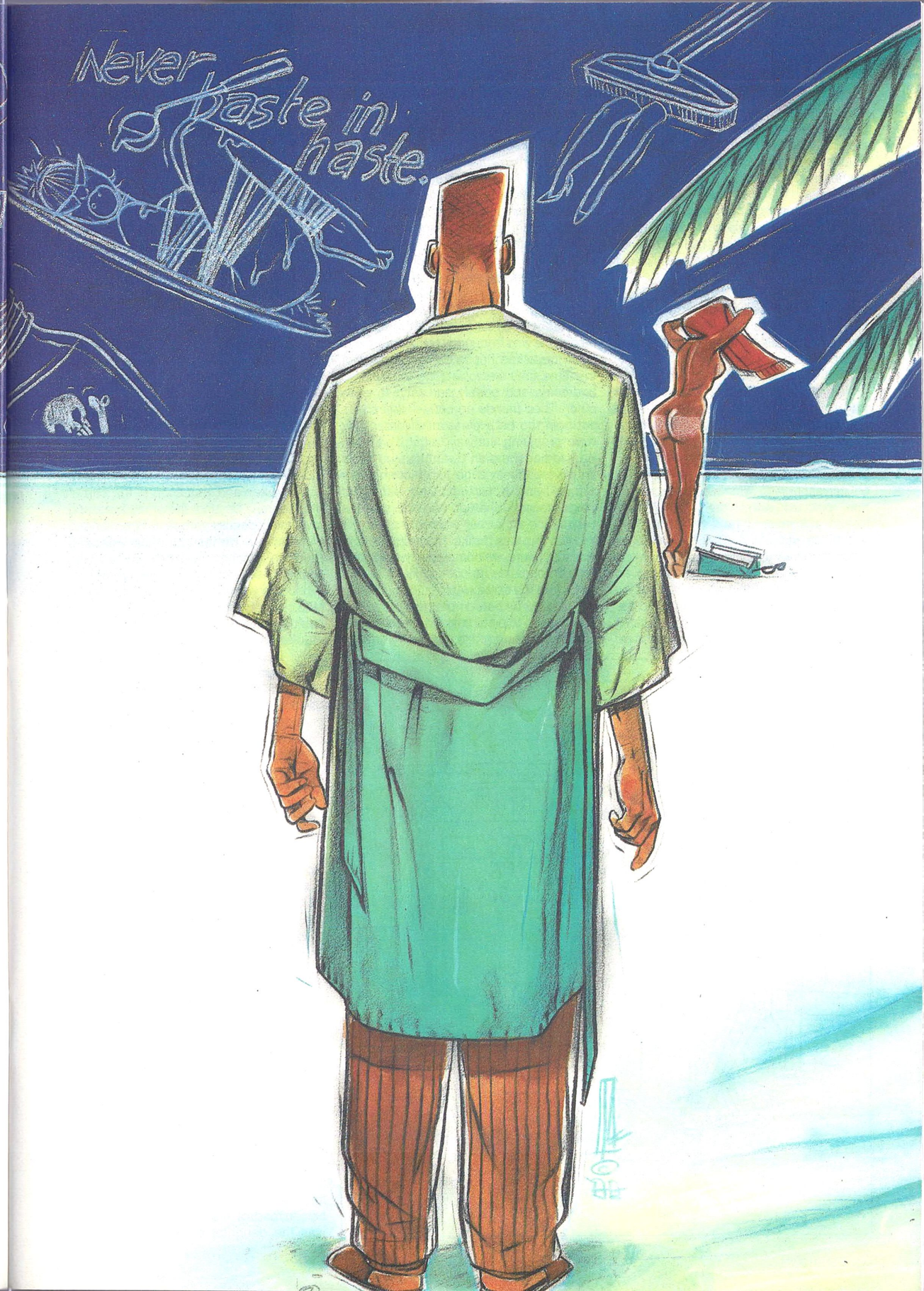
"If I were to paint a portrait of myself, you can be sure it would be nothing like these photographs," says Michelle Deakin. "My painting would be a mass of swirling colors, very bright and cheerful, but with no set pattern, I'm afraid."

"I've never been much of a realist," says Michelle. "If anything, I'm a surrealist. I live in a dream world."

"Whenever I canvass the opinions of my friends, they tell me I have my head in the clouds. Maybe I should brush up a bit on my practicality — but I'm having too much fun."

The finishing touch to Michelle's self-portrait: "Warm colors, sensitive, loving. But there'll be no painting by numbers, thank you very much."





FICTION BY GARY LANGFORD

the SIREN'S SONG

His marriage was murder

He'd been married for six years when he first decided to kill his wife. She accused him of being a cold, shallow man, incapable of love. She would be pleased to know she was right, as he made his decision coldly one night while doing the dishes. They'd been left in the sink for four days until finally he was the one to crack and reach for the detergent. He grew up in an untidy house where his mother spent her mornings in her dressing gown, rocking backwards and forwards and staring into space, where she never saw dishes or washing or ironing.

By the time he was ten he was a housewife.

His wife said his mother was a victim and that she refused to be turned into his mother. "You should worry," he told her. "You never do the housework either." She was not impressed by his logic. The dishes were symbolic; she was asserting her right to be more than a domesticated slave whose first reaction upon eating a meal was to leap up and clean everything in sight. So he did them.

They had no children. They were waiting until they were in a sound financial position. Too many of their friends had children young and screamed at them from the time they were born. She did not want parenthood at 100 decibels.

Now they never discussed children.

A month ago he deliberately forgot their wedding anniversary. Hence the dirty dishes. He would do them silently, protest in every swish of the

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

SIREN'S SONG

dishmop. When he wiped plates in the cleaner than clean detergent he had trouble seeing his reflection. He was a vague watery outline, which caused him to shiver.

I'm disappearing, he thought.

"There's another glass in here," called his wife, who drank whisky by herself after tea. Not enough to get really drunk, just enough to dirty five glasses.

"Enjoying yourself?" she asked when he picked up the empty glass, observing her pouring a fresh whisky into a clean lead crystal glass.

"Having a ball," he replied.

"You've got one then?" she asked.

He imagined her face at the bottom of the sink, drowning in detergent as he sudsed her away. He smiled as he thought how she would hate that — not the dying, the cleanliness.

His wife was pretty. The years sat easily on her shoulders, whereas his face was now pinched with worry. Her friends looked at him as if he was a dog who should be put down. That last meal he made for his wife and her friends from the Women's Assertive Group — or WAGS, as they liked to refer to themselves — brought all his bubbling resentment to the surface. He cooked an entree of mussels in cream sauce, followed by *Supreme de Volailles pour Regime Maigre* (she said her friends were dieting and he was a considerate man) and *Peches Flambees*. They ignored his consideration and drank so much wine he might just as well have served them hamburgers. Two of them flirted with him, winking at each other every time he walked into the room, saying he looked cute in an apron and he had the cutest little arse they had ever seen, pinching his bum and asking for his phone number. His wife laughed uproariously at each comment as though she was having a nervous fit.

It came as something of a shock to realise his wife earned so much more than he did. He was frequently reminded of this when he asked her to do her share. But this time they were sleeping in separate bedrooms and openly sarcastic to each other. Their friends agreed — theirs was not going to be a pleasant divorce; they were preparing the way to hack and cut. He told her she didn't want kids because they were messy. She told him she was already living with an infant. He told her he wasn't messy. She told him she saw the way he looked at her women friends. He told her this was dislike, not lust. She told him they were welcome to him and they thought because he cooked like a dream he fucked the same way.

She knew he hated her being crude.

He began to picture her when he did the household chores. He pictured the iron running over her body, leaving burn tracks along her fine tanned skin. He saw her head oscillating in the spin dryer. Twice he vacuumed her up. Four times he poured apple sauce over her body and baked her in the oven at 500 degrees. She was buried inside the potting mixture when he repotted the rubber plant.

Death replaced sex as the major object of his fantasy. Yet he still might not have done anything if he hadn't started seeing the other woman. *Seeing: (vb) 1. to perceive with the eyes. 2. (tr) to perceive with any or all of the senses.* And so it was with him. He was crouched in the sandhills to the north of where they lived when he saw a naked woman come out of the trees at the bottom of the hill, which was wrapped with houses. He perceived her with *all* of his senses, particularly admiring the neat way she folded her towel and the easy way she slipped into the sea and began swimming. He would have been looking around to see who was watching; nakedness didn't bother her. She swam with deft, sure strokes and was soon in the cup of the bay out beyond the small breakers, swimming parallel with him. She blended with the sea. He thought of his wife lying drunk in her bed and this woman who seemed self-contained and complete. When she was swimming back he crept a little closer but the sandhills ended and he could go no further without being seen. He studied her as she emerged from the water. Even from a distance, which blurred her features, he could see she was a beautiful young woman; she sunbathed in the nude as there were no strapmarks on her body and he could just make out the outline of her breasts and pubic area. She dried in short rhythmical strokes before wrapping the towel around her waist and disappearing back into the trees.

Each morning she came to the beach just before the dawn when the world was still. Each morning she swam through the sun as it shimmered on the water. Each morning she dried herself in the same fashion: firstly her left shoulder and arm, then her right shoulder and arm, then her left leg and so on. He appreciated her love of routine. She was a woman not afraid of habits. Each morning he watched her, not daring to move in case she saw him and the mood was broken. Each morning she swam for exactly 12 minutes.He timed her movements up the beach and nodded approvingly. There were always just the two of them and he felt more intimate with her than he did with anyone else. He looked forward to his time in the sandhills.

He began to dream of meeting her, yet knew this would alter their relationship. He couldn't bear to think she might be anything less than perfect so he stayed away from her, content to watch those slender arms rising gently out of the sea. Occasionally he pictured himself married to her instead of his wife. He decided she was the daughter or grand-daughter of

one of the old couples who later in the day would wander along the beach underneath large floppy sunhats. Once or twice he saw her looking towards him crouched on his knees in the sandhills as though she knew he was there. But how could she? Weekends he spent down on the beach staring into the faces of the young women who gathered there; they looked right through him. Only his neighbors said hello to him; they heard him arguing with his wife and felt sorry for him. *That's right,* he thought mirthlessly, *I feel sorry for myself as well.*

He was uncertain what finally made him decide to kill his wife. Perhaps it was the realisation she wouldn't leave him;she liked the way her life was. Sex had never been that important to her so she was grateful he no longer bothered her. He was the one expected to change. Yet she was always the one who said, *If you could only learn to let me be, you never fell in love with me, you fell in love with what you thought I was. You think you can pour people into shape. Most men* (she often spoke as if she was addressing a convention of women) *say they love you and then expect you to change.* He wanted to list the women's movement in the divorce papers.

One morning, instead of returning to the house as he normally did after watching the woman on the beach, he went into the garage and cut through the brake cable of his wife's car. He knew she wouldn't use the brakes until the corner halfway down the hill. She always reversed out of the drive, then accelerated away at speed.

He made her breakfast while she was showering, juicing oranges from the tree in their back garden. He placed a single red rose in front of her chair. He was almost gay as he kissed her on the cheek when she sat down. She raised her eyebrows in surprise, then glanced at her watch and stopped thinking about him. She was late for an early appointment; it would take her an hour to drive to the office and the traffic would already be building up on the roads. Even though they ate a pleasant breakfast in a cool room she felt the heat of the day blowing up under her skin. Sometimes she wished she had a job where nothing was expected of her. Like her husband. Then she cast the thought off her shoulders. She was a positive woman; this was one of her virtues; things didn't get her down; she rolled with punches.

They smiled when they said goodbye to each other.

He was appropriately upset when the police called 40 minutes later. "Hadn't he heard the crash?" he was asked. Yes, he replied, but he wasn't a voyeur — he didn't run out to see every car which crashed on that corner; it was his opinion that people drove far too fast. The policeman glanced at the policewoman beside him before saying, "I'm afraid we've got some bad news for you. Can we come in?"

His wife had missed the corner and driven straight through the protection barrier before plunging down the cliff on to the boatramp at the bottom. "Made it easy for the towtruck," said the policeman for some reason. "Your wife died instantly," added the policewoman, who thought her partner was losing control of the situation. She went silent when the grieving man in front of her looked at her with tears in his eyes and said, "Were you in the car with her?"

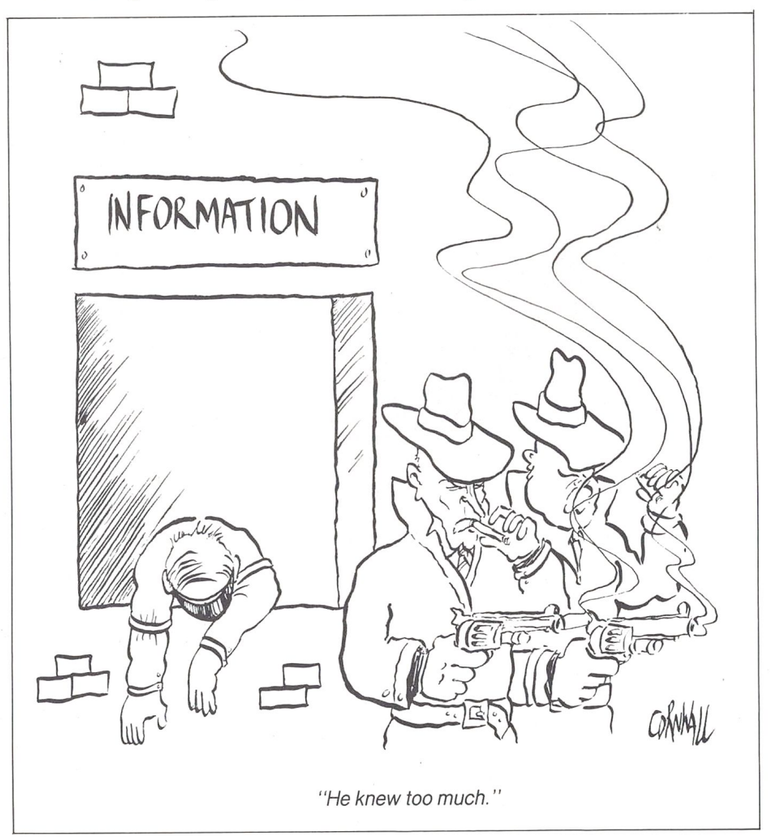
The phone went all day. Neighbors came to his door. They were sorry to hear what had happened. Was there anything they could do? Was there anyone they could phone to come and stay with him? They were worried about his state of mind after the accident. People did crazy things when they were grieving. One told him about a husband who was so beside himself with grief that he burnt the house down with himself inside it. *Like they do in India*, this woman finished, glancing nervously around for signs of smoke. *Yes. It was better he had someone with him.* He shook his head; nobody had been closer to him than his wife, even if they did argue a bit. When he said this he thought of the woman on the beach and smiled. "So brave," said his neighbor later. "The poor man is obviously falling apart."

His neighbors wondered how they could stitch him back together.

The following morning he was down on the beach earlier than usual. He didn't go into the sandhills. He took off his clothes and swam out into the sea. What could be more natural than if she came down into the dawn to find him swimming in her ocean? They could hardly avoid talking to each other; isolation throws people together. He was a strong swimmer and swam the length of the bay, surprised by just how much he could see from the water, especially once the sun came up. When it was coming from behind it acted as a spotlight, throwing up long shadows. He could see the sandhill where he hid and began considering the possibility the woman knew he was watching her, remembering those times she looked directly at him. He accepted she knew he was watching, excited by the fact that she never seemed shocked or upset. He pictured her walking naked out of the trees, folding her towel and swimming out into the ocean to meet him, and smiled.

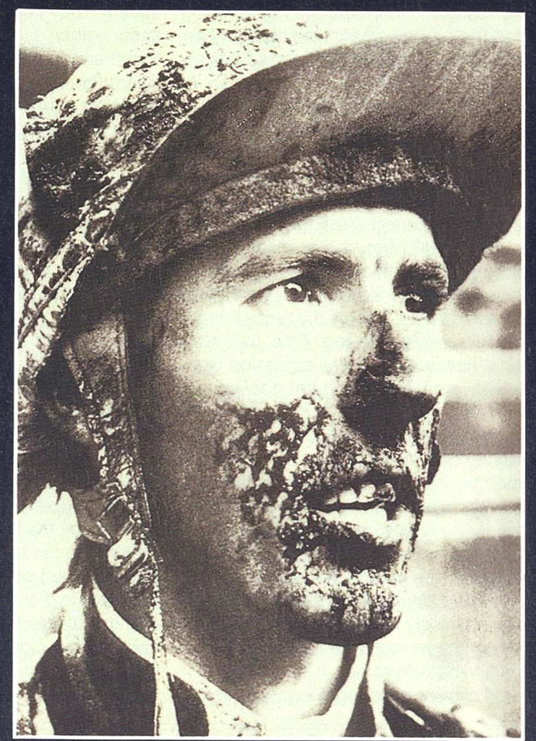
He felt like a bird.

An hour later he knew she wasn't coming. The sun had risen and he saw the elderly couple who lived next door park their car by the boatramp and commence walking up the beach. They waved to him and he waved back, aware how exhausted he was. He didn't care what they thought as he stumbled naked out of the water towards his clothes. He was crying. He knew the woman would never come to the beach again.



"He knew too much."

PHOTOS COURTESY PHOTOBANK & NEWS LTD



THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN

Few comebacks have rivalled jockey Larry Olsen's return to the turf

Not much more than 18 months ago Larry Olsen, fat and rising 40, was toiling on his property at Kyogle in northern NSW. But since he was really a jockey by trade his daydreams were never far from the echo of a roaring grandstand as he toughed out a slogging finish at Randwick with whalebone and spur.

Most times, human nature being what it is, his mount won the phantom race, but when the daydream ended Olsen would find himself back on the dairy farm, in the real world. Back to the deafening silence of a cow paddock. And it hurt.

There have been many inspirational comebacks to the turf, and it is a matter for argument as to which has been the most extraordinary. In terms of personal achievement, the final comeback by the Victorian horseman

BY NEVILLE PENTON

SHRINKING MAN

Frank Reys was arguably the most unforgettable and inspiring in modern times.

Reys, of Filipino origins, made several returns to the saddle in Melbourne during the early to mid-Seventies. In a series of track and race falls, along with injuries sustained off the course, he broke a foot twice, broke an ankle, broke a hand, broke his pelvis, suffered a bruised stomach, severe back injuries and whiplash, and broke a shoulder, a collarbone and bones in his face. Even though his wife and family begged him to quit the game, Reys overcame his obstacles and made a grand comeback to win the 1973 Melbourne Cup on Gala Supreme.

The tears flowed from the little jockey — and from the punters — in one of Flemington's most emotional presentation speeches. The man with the face of a pixie and the heart of a lion died of cancer in 1984. He was only 52.

The story of the return to the turf of Larry Olsen was perhaps not as emotional, but in terms of guts it was almost on a par — and in terms of success, it was a lulu probably without equal in Australian racing history.

Back in 1986, Olsen was comfortably overweight, enjoying his tucker and couple of middies after work on his dairy farm. But he was discontented. He had made five comeback attempts and had failed each time to control his weight. Even though he was just on the right side of 40 and tipping the scales at a hefty 73 kilos, Olsen was inspired to try yet again. He sold the farm, steeled himself for the torture ahead, went on the Pritikin diet, and ran 10kms a day. This reduced his weight to 51kgs — and then Olsen was introduced to Gold Coast conditioning expert Ron Johnson, who arranged a program of exercises to ensure that the jockey's weight remained stabilised.

He had shed 22kgs through true grit. It had been a magnificent achievement, but other questions still had to be answered: did the jockey have the fortitude to maintain such a regimen? Could he keep his snout away from the trough of delights, especially the beer? And was the urge still there for him to be a winner?

Members of the racing fraternity were astonished when new-look Larry made his reappearance. He was all bone and muscle. He was *fit*. He was happy within himself. He was ready to do the thing he had always done best — steer racehorses for money — and the early results proved that he had lost none of his old touch.

The comeback began in Brisbane, where he won the Queensland Derby. Then Olsen, with a riding weight of around 52 kilos, settled once more in Sydney, this time operating in tandem with his close friend, trainer Les Bridge. He would now be fully tested, for the competition is many degrees hotter in Sydney than in Brisbane, a fact to which most turfites will attest.

It wasn't long before Olsen earned one of journalism's oddest headlines of the season, a line which may have been amusing to readers of the *Sydney Morning Herald* but which caused a snarl from the jockey himself. It read: "Timothy Ride Brings Tears To Olsen's Eyes." The story came about in September, when Olsen finished second on Timothy in a race at Canterbury. The stipes found that the horse had shifted out abruptly on the home turn and caused interference to at least two runners, and it appeared that Olsen was heading for an unscheduled holiday.

The stewards managed to keep straight faces when Olsen explained in evidence that he had been smacked on the testicles by a clod of dirt, and that, in extreme pain, he had temporarily lost control of Timothy. His novel (but by no means unique) square-off was accepted only after a club doctor's examination of Olsen's offended gonads established its veracity.

A fast-forward to Royal Randwick, and Epsom Handicap day in October: Bart Cummings was very keen on the chances of his super 1200-metre horse, Campaign King, who had earlier won the George Main Stakes and was at the zenith of his powers. "He's at least the equal of any miler (1600-metre horse) I have trained," Cummings told Bill Whittaker, then turf editor of the *Herald*. "I think he is as good as Century, Tontonan and Maybe Mahal, and everyone knows how good they were."

And everyone was taking notice of Cummings, for after several comparatively lean years he was enjoying a spectacular new-season trot. Already on this Epsom day the laconic trainer had turned out the odds-on favorite for the Spring Champion Stakes, Beau Zam, and the Zamazaan colt had strolled home in race record time.

Could Campaign King now win the Epsom with the steadier of 59kgs? Plenty of punters among the attendance of 21,300 on a fine spring afternoon believed that the big chestnut was capable of obliging, but the weight proved prohibitive and while Campaign King was toiling in the ruck of the Epsom field, Larry Olsen performed desperately to kick home the 40/1 bolter, Sound Horizon, ahead of the well-tried Groucho. It was a typical hands-and-heels ride by Olsen — one reporter described it as "poetry in motion" — and the comeback jockey was now definitely the flavor of the carnival.

Olsen partnered Kensei in the Metropolitan, on the following Monday, and was considered an excellent chance of becoming only the fifth jockey this century to win the Epsom-Metro double. Standing in the path of the combo was the formidable partnership of Peter Cook and the second favorite, Balciano, who was turned out in sweet nick by former jockey Neville Voigt, a man who had ridden two Metro winners and knew just what conditioning was required for such a severe staying test.

"So you want to be a writer?"

Balciano comfortably beat Kensei in record time over the 2600 metres, but the finishing run of Kensei was keenly noted by those racegoers with an eye for a Cup horse: at the top of the straight he had been giving Balciano a dozen lengths, as well as a hefty 4kgs in weight, and Olsen and the trainer, Les Bridge, knew that with reasonable luck they could expect to get a decent share of the Melbourne money soon to be on offer.

Olsen, prince of rice munchers, had stopped daydreaming, the Kyogle dairy farm far behind him. He had won the important Epsom Handicap at Randwick, and now his every waking hour was concentrated on helping Bridge in Kensei's final preparation for the sport's glittering prize, the Melbourne Cup.

Flemington, November: By now the nationwide publicity machine was in top cog and the hotels and motels of Bleak City were filled with horse-besotted freewheelers. A peculiar spring virus (quaintly described by the tabloids as Cup Fever) had infected the southerners and was spreading in epidemic proportions.

In the space of a fortnight every man, woman and child had become an expert on racing. Everyone was talking horse, and most of it was nonsense. Secretarial types discussed form during tea breaks. Commuters were seen reading papers back to front as their trains rattled through a wilderness of suburbs. High school kids were poring over the form in the scurrilous scandal sheet, *Truth*, before blowing their lunch money on the punt.

The jockey sat in the back seat of a car travelling to Flemington. The other passengers refrained from chattering, which they would normally do to pass the time *en route* to the racecourse, because this was Cup day. And Larry Olsen was a touch edgy (although in good humor) as the car manoeuvred in the traffic.

The tough little stayer Kensei had run an even eighth behind Rubiton in the Saturday lead-up, the Mackinnon Stakes, which incidentally is referred to by some clowns as the Practice Stakes, to the dismay of members of the VRC committee and the stewards, and to the utter disgust of the chief stipe Pat Lalor. The Mackinnon gallop had topped Kensei off, and one-time dairy farmer Olsen knew that later in the afternoon he would have the right cattle beneath him to win the Cup.

There was plenty of spring in the tall, chopstick-thin jockey's step as he walked into headquarters, lugging his saddles and suitcase containing his riding gear. He produced his ever-ready smile for a few anonymous punters who wanted to wish him well. Then he vanished into the privacy of the jockeys' sanctum to be hit by the heavy atmosphere of total silence reserved only for Melbourne Cup day.

The turnstiles were clicking as the lower orders came by bus, train and tram; the champagne corks were popping to squeals of merriment in the members' carpark, where the big nobs were fronting in their Rollers and Range Rovers. The perfumed ladies were unpacking hampers laden with scrummies such as caviar, quiche and smoked salmon as the local and foreign glitterati continued to arrive: Hamdan, Hunt, Clarke, Jansen, Williams, Peacock, Sangster, Renouf, Nimmo, Vestey, Bolte, Trescowthick, Fairfax, Bartels, Hawke, Packer, Bond, a Court.

Larry Olsen's warm-up ride in the race preceding the Cup was Sound Horizon, on whom he had won the Epsom Handicap. A stirrup iron on the saddle of Gerald Ryan, abroad Captain Palice, snapped soon after the jump and the troubled Ryan kicked his other foot free and rode more-or-less bareback for the remainder of the contest.

> Olsen knew that later he would have the right cattle beneath him to win the Cup

Olsen and Sound Horizon were trapped behind Captain Palice, and Olsen, fearing for the safety of both himself and Ryan, took a decision to wait behind, hoping that if Captain Palice veered out Sound Horizon could run past on the inside and thus remain on the fence. This did not eventuate, and Sound Horizon was held up for a considerable distance in the straight. When he did get clear of Captain Palice, Olsen's mount finished hard and was eighth.

The nightmare had begun. Pat Lalor, the chairman of VRC stewards, immediately opened an inquiry into Sound Horizon's run and bailed up Olsen, even though he was well aware that the jockey had an engagement in the next race, which was of course the Melbourne Cup. Lalor began to question Olsen as to the state of his nerve. Olsen was stunned by such an attack. Bearing in mind that he needed to prepare mentally as well as physically for his next essay — the most important race on the Australian calendar — one would imagine that Lalor would be silent for the time being and then confront Olsen after the Cup.

Apart from that, it appeared extraordinary that Lalor, who has himself ridden in races and is well aware of the pressures a jockey works under, did not make allowances for the Olsen style of horsemanship. The Queenslander is a rails jockey — always has been. He considers it a crime to ride wide on a course, which is one of the main reasons for his success and for his popularity with trainers.

But at HQ in the south Pat Lalor is virtually omnipotent, and having cornered Olsen while the countdown to the Cup continued he climbed into the jockey's ear, briefly, about a most unpleasant and delicate matter — namely, his courage to ride in horse races — before Olsen was required to weigh out for Kensei. Lalor's action had been insensitive, to say the very least.

Olsen shrugged the confrontation from his mind as best he could. At the barrier he went through the ritual of checking Kensei's saddle and accoutrements, going over his instructions from Les Bridge, appraising his opponents and noting that the big mare from New Zealand, Empire Rose, would be a good sort to camp on if possible during the run.

The parading Cup runners were being called into the gates. There was old Bob Skelton, a man with a lived-in face, aboard Rising Fear. It was Skelton's last chance to win another Cup; he was racking his saddles after the meeting. There was Maree Lydon on Argonaut Style, the first female to ride in the Melbourne Cup. There was the favorite, Rosedale, and the other most fancied runners including Balciano, who had beaten Kensei in the Metropolitan, and Regimental March and Cossack Warrior.

A barrier attendant wheeled Kensei into line. Go! Pat Lalor's question mark about his nerve was far from Olsen's thoughts as he hunted Kensei from the gate and began searching for a handy spot in which to harbor the 12/1 chance.

In the straight with a lap to run he did manage to park Kensei near Empire Rose, midfield and on the rails, and he knew where his main rivals were positioned. Still using Empire Rose as his guide, Olsen typically elected to stay on the fence and take his chances of finding inside runs.

The plan worked. With 200 metres remaining and Empire Rose in command, Olsen went for Kensei with a hard crack of the whip and his mount responded with a surge which won the cup from Empire Rose and Rosedale.

That night 39-year-old Olsen said to hell with the diet and he and his friend, Les Bridge, celebrated with Kensei's part-owners. The battlers had come through this time after millionaire owners had won the three previous Cups.

The uncertainties of the turf are indeed magnificent. Three days later Olsen

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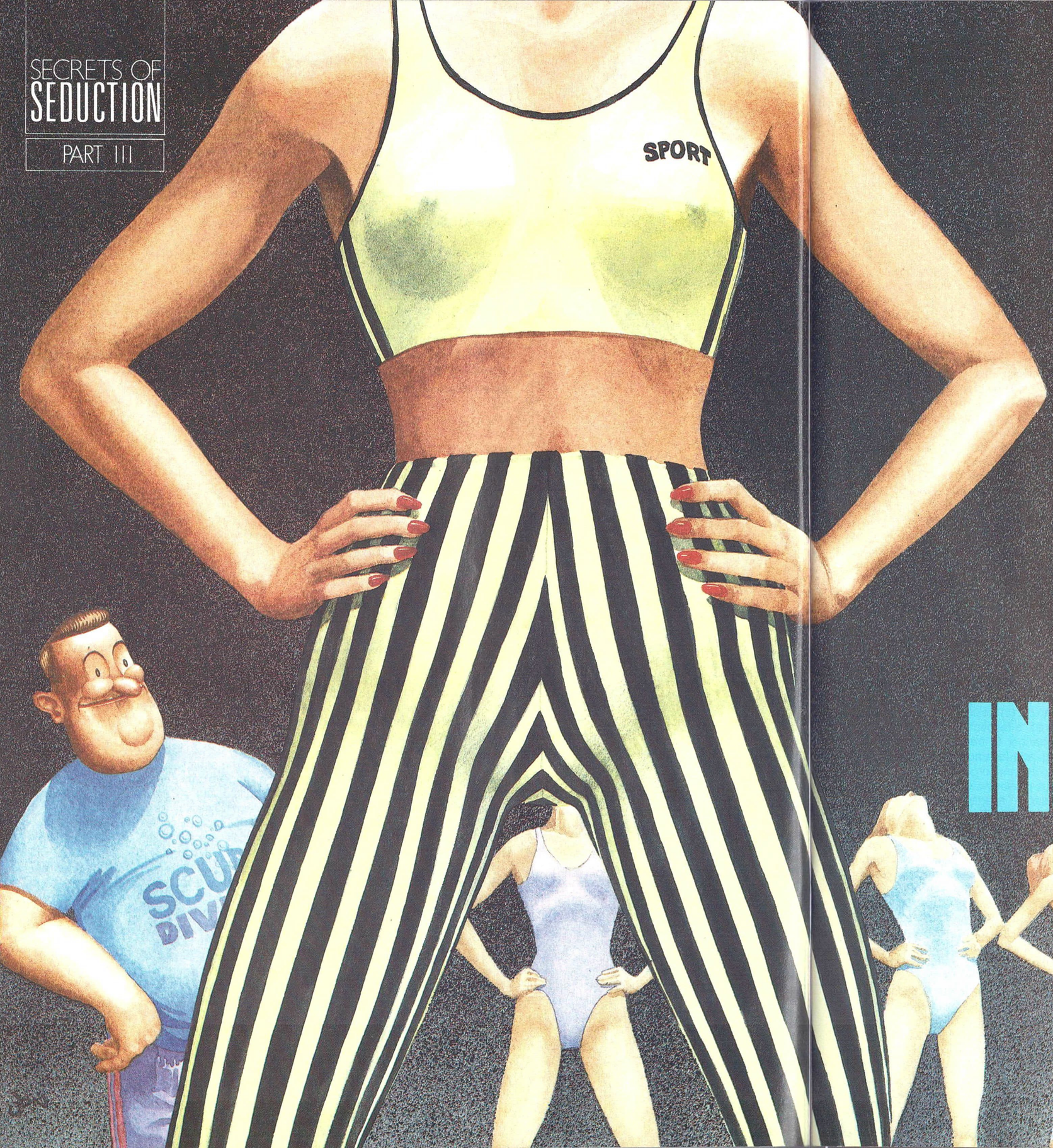
SECRETS OF
SEDUCTION

PART III



HUMOR BY ANITA NEWMAN

An easy-to-follow guide
to attaining the body beautiful

The AEROBICS INSTRUCTRESS

ILLUSTRATION BY JON BERKELEY

As this series meanders on in its flagrantly sexist endeavor to advise readers of the cunning ploys, playful deceits and downright bullshit artistry inherent in successfully and economically picking up women, we pause this month at the altar of the aerobics instructress.

The pelvic-clenching high priestess of today's temples of body worship represents a succulent and supple prize over and above the tired and footsore hostie and — feel free to argue — the illicit and dangerously talkative schoolgirl. In the aerobics instructress we may confidently expect a ferocious sexual stamina, a body that doesn't quit in its circus of groin-boggling contortions, and an extroverted vanity that precludes naked shame. She's a catch indeed, and yet one who is within the grasp of your trembling, perspiring mitts.

Like life, however, the happy event of unrestrained carnality with a gym mistress wasn't meant to be as easy as falling off a pec deck. In pursuit of your hip-swivelling, velvet-viced goal you will be unavoidably required to perform *some* exercise yourself. This may result in your suffering discomfort in your flabby, unfit limbs. But as is the motto of the bod-conscious fraternity: "No pain, no gain." Look at it this way — the modicum of aches and twinges you'll endure will stand you in good stead in the ultimate workout: that blissfully inevitable moment when you get to exercise the stiff muscle that needs it most.

From the outset, too, realise that you're going to have to smother any shred of the better nature that may in the past have forbidden your indulgence in artifice, chicanery, fraud and bald-faced bulldust. Don't feel too bad about doing this — in the pursuit of men, women have made an art form of this sort of behavior. Your concise *Penthouse* guides to snaring the career girls of your choice are simply the masculine and very much more honest versions of the countless tactics sheets printed in *Dolly*, *Cosmo*, *Cleo* and whatever. If you still feel a bit iffy, you may wish to learn a mantra others have found useful in focussing on and achieving their sexual aims. Memorise these six little words and repeat as often as necessary: "No snow job, no blow job."

But enough beating around the bush

The INSTRUCTRESS

when you'd rather be getting stuck into it. Herewith the nuts and bolts of screwing an aerobics instructress.

Where do I find them? Although this question may sound dumber than the proverbial dogshit, it is in fact a most pertinent enquiry. You find them in gymnasiums, of course — but there are gyms *and then there are gyms.* If you go barging off to your nearest workout shop bent on carnal conquest there's a chance you'll find yourself in the middle of a mirror-gazing Latin pride of Stallone grunt-alikes. Either that or at a chapter meeting of 40 of Jeff Fenech's closest buddies. Or worse still, bent over a vaulting horse up to your gluteus maximus in moustachioed faggots grappling for a turn with your medicine balls.

Play it safe, check the phone book and avoid anything that sounds Mediterranean, pugilistic or poofy (Angelo's, Con's, Lefty's, Bruiser's, Nigel's, Bruce's.) Go for the health clubs in "better" suburbs and ring around until a young woman answers the phone, then ask if the place has got carpet. Once your target has been chosen you may wish to make a little reconnaissance mission.

What should I wear? In this little gambit you are going to play the part of the successful, if slightly shy, businessman. While this may sound boring, be assured that, played to the hilt, it will have a magnetic effect on the pert gym instructress who has been accustomed to dealing with poor but honest PE-teaching boyfriends, sporting yahoos and vain and posturing bod-gods and poofters. When arriving at the gym *you must look the part.* That means a dark suit (or your smartest dark sports jacket and strides), a conservative business shirt, leather shoes, tie (optional) and a briefcase. You will also need one of those freely available and inexpensive keyrings that advertises that you drive a BMW, Saab, Volvo or Jaguar. This is for nonchalantly flinging on the counter in front of your leotarded quarry or one of her sexy colleagues while signing in.

Your work-out ensemble is a simpler matter. No need to go blowing dough on dinky spandex sweat suits or silver Reeboks — apart from making you look and feel like a wally they'll also put gym instructresses off, knowing as they do that such ridiculous apparel is the realm of the advertising jerk or the aforementioned freckle puncher. Wash your footy shorts, clean your Dunlop Volleys, find or buy some white socks and dig out a decent T-shirt. Bypass any old favorites in your collection that bear slogans like: "Sink More Piss", "Bong On Aussie, Bong On", or anything extolling the diverse attractions of the Philippines. Plains are best, but if you must have a logo, be sure it has something to do with squash, tennis, skiing, yachting or windsurfing — the upmarket leisure pursuits of the moneyed gent.

Biting the bullet. You have sussed the scene and chosen your mark. She's up front of the class now, flat on her sinuous back, just-ripe peach buttocks lifted, perfect long legs opening wide and wider to the disco beat of some drivelous aerobics favorite like "In The Navy." You're up the back sucking in the scene from your perch on the Exer-bike or the rebound trampoline. Never feel compelled to *do* a whole class — just enough to work up a convincing sheen, then cop out on the bikes or tramps when the going gets tough. Join in again and make a show of the breathing and unwinding bits at the end.

Class over, you then coyly but manfully approach your glowing target and ask if she could please help you with a bit of a problem. This is what she is paid for, so she can hardly refuse. You've got a bit of a back injury — old skiing accident — and you're finding some of the floor exercises a bit of a pain. Confidentially, you'd heard that she was one of the best instructresses around and could she please suggest a few good alternative exercises? This she will do and as you go through the motions, ask how many you should safely do — you have to fly to Tahiti/Samoa/Hawaii for the weekend and you'll be damned if you want to be cooped up for a couple of long flights with a crook back. You've done it before and it was sheer hell. When she asks (and she will) the purpose of such a brief visit, look all flustered and embarrassed and mumble something about tying up a slightly messy property end of your divorce settlement.

By now she's interested, for in a remarkably short space of time you have revealed yourself to be: (a) a skier (b) someone who is prepared to respect her professionally (c) no stranger to frequent international jetsetting, and (d) single — not gallivanting fuck-'em-and-forget-'em single, but glamorous property-owning, housebroken and possibly heartbroken, snappingly fresh and vulnerable single. *You are the catch.*

Once this initial spadework has been put in, innocently enquire after your victim's name, thank her for her help, earnestly ask which evenings you can catch her classes, then make for the showers. On your way out (and you must leave, for these things should never be rushed), make sure she sees you in your exec attire as you wave goodbye, briefcase and car keys in evidence.

The following week, return to the scene of your crime, executive clad once more, and look pleasantly surprised as you nod and smile at her before changing. Unfortunately, you're going to have to bung in a little more effort on the exercise

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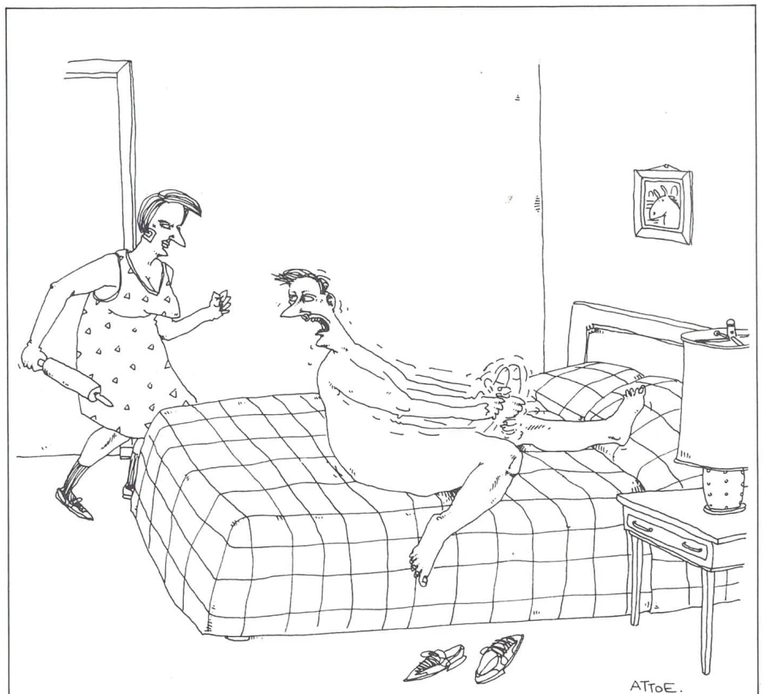
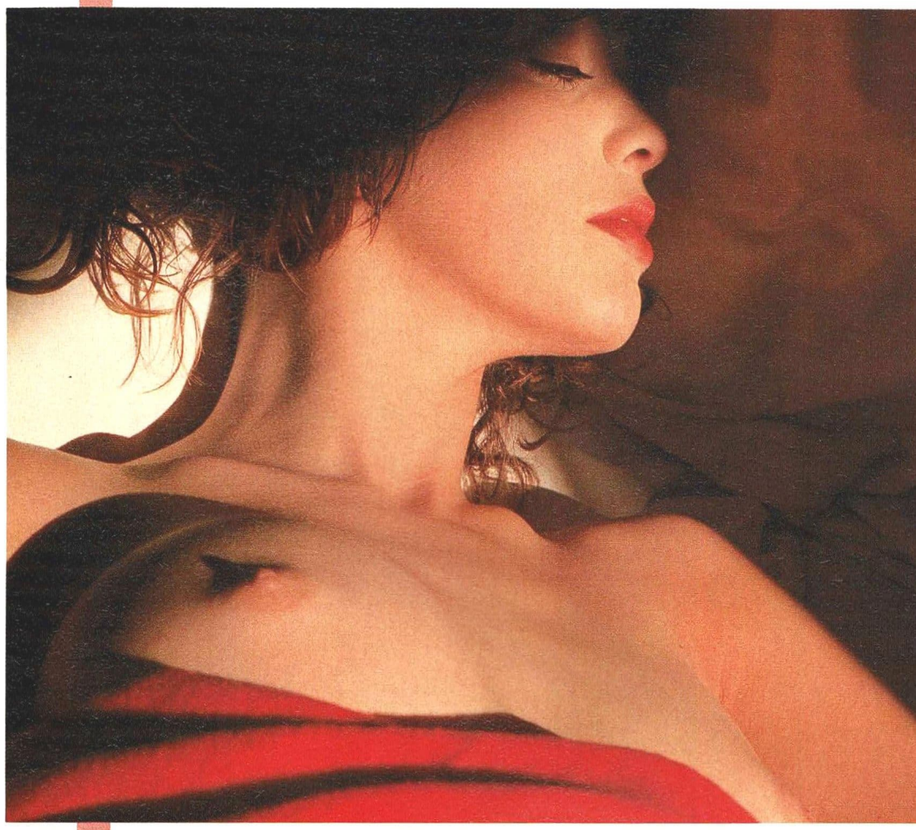


"Stay back, Myra! This is between me and my penis."



rachel

Hair, makeup and styling by Susan Daub; Period pieces from ABC Costume Rentals; Lingerie from IM Designer Lingerie, QVB.

home·body

Sydney's Rachel Byrne has always considered herself quite the home body, content as she is with domestic life. But *something* in her nature led her to *Penthouse* . . . "I thought of doing it myself. No-one pushed me," she reports. "I started modelling as a child, but gave it away when I was 17." Now 20, Rachel steps back into the limelight in a big way . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

Rachel is the sort of girl who finds herself impelled towards people — but her alluring shyness and reticence sometimes make it hard for her to break the ice. "I always prefer to meet people through other people," she says.

Sure, I'm probably a bit shy and reserved," Rachel admits. "I tend to keep to myself." Maybe this picture is not everyone's idea of the personality behind such dazzling photos, but Rachel's understated elegance is full of surprises . . .

Her ideal man?
"Someone who's out through the day but home at night. Someone who can stand on his own two feet."

Rachel says she's the kind of person attracted to people for their nature, and not necessarily as other people see them. "Even if it was Mel Gibson, I'd have to take him for who he was — and not as others see him."

BY DAVID HALPIN

Australia's pedophiles are crawling out from under their rocks to wage an insidious campaign for acceptance

The Spider's Web

Inquiring into the minds of Australia's most puzzling sexual deviants — the pedophiles — is as difficult as trying to understand the nature of evil by peeling away layers of paint from the legendary portrait of Dorian Gray.

Oscar Wilde's fictional creation seems appropriately symbolic of Australia's pedophiles. Their burgeoning movement bears comparison to Dorian Gray's outward|appearance: a public face of genuine love for young children camouflaging in the upstairs attic the perpetration of dreadful deeds with innocent children.

Their vociferous gang of defenders would complain that this metaphor is exaggerated; but consider these facts:

- There are now thousands of Australian men who regularly state, and act upon, their belief that there is no evil in having a full sexual relationship with children as young as eight years — sometimes younger.
- These seducers of our children are aggressively spreading their doctrine under the guise of "sexual liberation." Their motto: "Sex before eight, else it's too late!"
- They are attracting strong support from larger homosexual and lesbian rights groups, as well as some sections of the radical Left and anarchist groups — with some international connections — by accusing their opponents of sexual and social repression.
- They are engaged in an insidious campaign, with active support from university lecturers and other "respectable" voices, to try to persuade normal people there is no evil in sex between children and adults.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

• Police trying to prevent this criminal abuse of children are being hampered by the attitudes of some judges and Crown prosecutors who contend juries ought not to believe statements made by children in court about the sexual molestation they've suffered.

• The campaign includes poorly produced pamphlets circulated in some schools and elsewhere aimed at persuading children to rebel against parental and teacher authority and join "runaway children's gangs to gain freedom over your own bodies."

• The campaign compares current attitudes condemning pedophilia with the repression of homosexuals 20 years ago, and proclaims confidently that one day pedophiles will be as publicly accepted as homosexuals are today.

In this vision of a Brave New World where tiny tots copulate joyously with "normal adults", little mention is made of a child's right to innocence. The literature also fails to mention protection from experienced sexual predators or the emotional reactions from parents and other children's guardians who refuse to accept any sexual role in an adult's relationship with young children. Nor does the artful pedophile propaganda mention the profound psychological scars which would result from kindergarten carnality.

To place this sickening phenomenon in a historical perspective we need to return to mid-1983, when the door to the chamber of horrors opened briefly and the public caught a glimpse of a world where children are relentessly pursued as sexual targets by scheming adults.

Penthouse published an article drawing together the police actions against pedophiles in Victoria and NSW, the media response and the subsequent court hearings. The article, which shocked hundreds of thousands of normal Australians, revealed that while pedophilia has been around for centuries, in staid old Melbourne there existed the "shocking reality of an organised conspiracy to encourage this terrible crime."

It went on: "There is nothing new about children being sexually molested or child prostitution or child pornography . . . What is new is that people who take part in or condone this vile practice are now prepared to stand up and be counted. They are prepared to speak at conferences and seminars and even on soapboxes and street corners; to say out loud that there is nothing inherently wrong with the desire of an adult full-grown male to place his penis in the vagina of a four-year-old girl or the anus of a six-year-old boy. . ."

The story pointed out that people were starting to listen to the pedophiles' arguments and perhaps even to wonder whether there could possibly be a place in society for the child molester: "Remember how homosexuality was regarded in Australia 15 or 20 years ago, before 'gay' became a word that didn't mean 'joyful' any more? It was unthinkable they would ever emerge from their closets and form a powerful influential lobby group intent on pursuing the interests of a persecuted minority. But gradually the first stirrings of Gay Lib were heard, the first muscle-flexing of a movement that has unarguably achieved much, and not just for its following but for society at large. Outsiders now understand a lot about the gay community and that understanding has led to greater tolerance of contrasting needs and aims. . . All of this can reasonably be seen as progress.

"It is in the evolution of public acceptance where the disturbing similarity between pedophilia and homosexuality has begun to emerge. If the worst fears of international experts are founded, we are going to see a gradual acceptance of pedophile groups around the world."

The *Penthouse* article went on to detail the workings of a special police operation known as the Delta Task Force, set up after advertisements about a "pedophile support group" appeared in a gay newspaper circulating in NSW and Victoria. The police managed to infiltrate the pedophiles' ranks in Glebe, Sydney, and then discovered the phone number of a 60-year-old Melbourne businessman who was planning to expand the organisation. The police action was named "Operation Rockspider" after the prison slang for child molesters, and the inaugural Melbourne meeting in July 1983 was secretly taped by the task force.

The tapes were sickening. One member of the new group told how he fell in love with a nine-year-old boy; others reckoned that Holland allegedly had minimal sentences for acts of pedophilia; and one man, a retired teacher, provided tips on how to pick up boys in public toilets by "flashing" at them, claiming he'd had 2000 "boyfriends" during his career as a pedophile.

Another five meetings were held. Police taped four of them before the Task Force struck, raiding the suburban house and arresting the pedophiles. When they searched the homes of the arrested men — eight in Melbourne and one in Sydney — they discovered a quantity of pornographic books, photographs and videos. All were charged with conspiring to "corrupt public morals", and two of the men were also charged with other offences including sexual penetration of a boy between 10 and 16, and child stealing.

Sensational publicity followed, concerning the Australian Pedophile Support Group's links with British, Danish and US groups. The Delta Task Force announced that the Sydney pedophile operation had been running since 1980, following a conference between homosexual and lesbian groups. They said the linked overseas organisations were the North American Man-Boy Love Association (NAMBLA) and the English Pedophile Exchange Group, known as PIE. All these groups firmly pronounced that they were right and the rest of society wrong in condemning their attitude towards adult-child sex.

But the police success against the pedophiles was soon to turn sour. The prosecution case, based on the tapes of the meetings, was attacked successfully by the defence in Melbourne Magistrates' Court as being too flimsy. In May 1984, Mr Wheelhouse SM dismissed all charges against the pedophiles arrested by the Delta Task Force, ruling there was insufficient evidence for a case to be made out. The Delta Task Force was subsequently disbanded and turned into a smaller "child exploitation unit" in the Vice Squad.

A *Penthouse* investigation five years after Delta first infiltrated the pedophile meeting has obtained confidential documents about the police attempts to stamp out this obnoxious abuse. They reveal that the Sydney pedophile arrested was one Emu Nugent, a Perth-born former primary school teacher who was sacked from his job of telling stories to children at the West Australian Museum.

Nugent, a self-proclaimed pedophile, appeared on ABC television in 1987, explaining to a horrified Jane Singleton that while he could remember being a pedophile all his life, he preferred to be called a "boy-lover" who liked Tarzan movies because he fancied Tarzan's son, Boy. Ms Singleton, a mother of young children, failed to conceal the loathing she felt for Nugent as he tried to defend his attempts to peddle his doctrine to primary school children at Glebe.

One police report tells how Nugent was arrested at a house in Leichhardt St, Glebe in November 1983 and extradited to Melbourne to face the "corrupting public morals" charges with the others arrested by Delta members.

The document states: "From inquiries it appears that Nugent is a self-confessed pedophile who started the Australian Pedophile Support Group in Sydney after corresponding with members of PIE and NAMBLA. This group then spread to Melbourne. It would appear that these groups meet on a regular basis to 'support' and 'encourage' one another in committing acts of penetration upon young boys and other sexual acts.

"They talk about ways to meet and encourage young boys between the age of 10 and younger to 16 years to commit sexual acts upon them. Some of the ways explored appear to be baby sitting, putting on shows for young children (acting, puppet shows etc), participating with young children in community activity such as painting subways, walls etc, sporting groups, supplying presents and toys to play with, and through school teacher/pupil relationships.

"A pedophile person stresses upon his victims that they are not to talk to the police, their parents or any other person in authority about their relationship with older people. They also believe within themselves that they are not committing any offence when they interfere with a child under the age of consent. For these reasons and others it is very hard to obtain evidence to substantiate a criminal charge in a court of law.

"Evidence was obtained from the person who infiltrated the Melbourne group that one of the persons arrested, William Allen, had spoken about having relations with 2000 young boys. This person, William Allen, has since committed suicide.

"Nugent is editor of a publication known as *Rockspider* (jail slang for child molester) which he produces and circulates among pedophiles and the gay community. Some of these publications were seized on November 5. Since Nugent has been charged and dismissed in relation to the conspiracy matter, he has spent a lot of time addressing meetings and writing press articles.

> "They also believe within themselves that they are not committing any offence when they interfere with a child."

"Information has been received that Nugent appeared at Glebe Local Court in May 1987 charged with indecent assault on a male person, 14 years of age. The offence is believed to have been committed in November 1986 . . ." (The report does not say how this charge was resolved.)

The report also records how proceedings were commenced in the NSW Supreme Court on November 7, 1983, "by legal representatives for Emu Nugent, Carol Ruff, Derek Payne and Terence Leahy claiming damages against two police officers and a chamber magistrate relating to the material seized in November 1983.

"Apparently," it continues, "the four people named in this paragraph claim ownership to some of the property and joint tenancy of the premises of 7 Leichhardt St, Glebe. The police officers were Sgt Barry Dickson of Melbourne and Det Sgt Eric Gollan of Sydney."

On March 16, 1987 the NSW Court of Appeal, by a 2 to 1 decision, ordered police to return the material seized. On April 6, 1987 application was made for special leave to appeal to the High Court to have the police defence reinstated.

Penthouse learned that this matter is still awaiting decision from the High Court. Justice McHugh, in the Appeals Court, said police had to return the seized literature because the case "raised an important matter of civil liberties. While Det Sgt Gollan opposed the application, alleging that the goods were for the purpose of committing an indictable offence, Mr Justice Cantor properly struck out this ground of defence because it did not disclose any arguable answer to the plaintiff's claim of trespass and wrongful detention of goods." Justice McHugh said a person's right to his property was "separate and distinct from his criminal and immoral conduct."

Penthouse has been told that both the Victorian and NSW Police Departments were so incensed by the Appeals Court defeat that they took the matter to the High Court.

Police who have been investigating the pedophiles' activities since the big setback of 1983 claim that the involvement of very young children as witnesses makes their task extraordinarily difficult. "We've had many cases where the judge has instructed the jury that the child is too young to be believed and the pedophile has walked away free. We find that attitude by the courts tremendously discouraging," they say.

Penthouse also located a list of the material seized in the Glebe raid, copies of *Rockspider*, an article by Nugent on "Pedophiles, Women and Gays" and some very crudely mimeographed "comics" which were sent to inner Sydney schools.

Other police documents reveal that when police raided the house in Leichhardt St, Glebe on November 4, 1983 a boy aged between four and five was found in Nugent's bed in an upstairs bedroom. According to the report, Nugent said he was "minding the boy for the night while his mother is out — he is one of a number of children I am minding tonight." (No allegations or charges concerning this boy were ever made by police.)

The article by Nugent was apparently published in a underground newspaper to help raise money for their court defence. It begins: "I am a pedophile — a lover of children . . . all my adult life I've spent working with children. A lot of you will have known me as Colin, a primary school teacher, a children's activity group leader, an art and craft teacher, a children's theatre worker, a storyteller, a community artist, a pedophile activist.

"Since my own childhood I've been acutely aware of the hard times kids cop at

the hands of adults. I've always been outspoken on the issue of kids' rights. And I have always been sexually attracted to boys. The Gay Revolution helped me come out as a gay man and eventually as a pedophile. For me the fear and hatred of gays and pedophiles is closely intertwined. I don't completely understand why it exists.

"Children's sexuality is often denied or seen as being not very meaningful. It is only sex play or puppy love. Homosexual love is seen as dirty and anti-Christ. Gays are not child molesters. Pedophiles are not child molesters. The real abusers of children are heterosexual men, mostly fathers and brothers.

"Many people have horrific fantasies of what happens sexually in a pedophile relationship. These silly myths will always remain while pedophilia is a subject that cannot be talked about. . . While hysteria surrounds the subject, those children involved in relationships with adults will be unable to present their views. Nor will they want to until they can trust that other adults will listen to them as real people.

"We have been busted for talking about pedophilia. . . The horrors of child abuse are being used as a red herring to cloud the real issue of charges against us."

Nugent continues with this argument and concludes with the predictable warning that harassment of pedophiles will lead to a "loss of civil liberties, freedom of speech and assembly."

The obvious case against Nugent's puerile nonsense is put by a leading child psychiatrist, Dr Anne Schlebaum. She firmly believes the State Government should act to protect children from pedophiles because men who had sex with children were often responsible for emotionally damaging their victims.

The sex acts caused some boys, distressed with guilt and shame, to take their own lives, become liars or thieves, or turn to child prostitution or drugs. "One child I knew ended up a psychiatric mess at the age of eight," she said.

The list of material seized — and later returned under court order — by police at the Leichhardt St, Glebe address is illuminating. Apart from the numerous photographs of Nugent and other men with a variety of young boys (not pornographic), there was the *Magpie* journal of the Pedophile Information Exchange; NAMBLA bulletins; a paper submitted by William Allen [the Melbourne suicide]; a pamphlet from Dublin on pedophilia; articles from international radical newspapers about "publicising pedophilia"; many copies of *Rockspider*; and programs for conferences of lesbians and homosexual men.

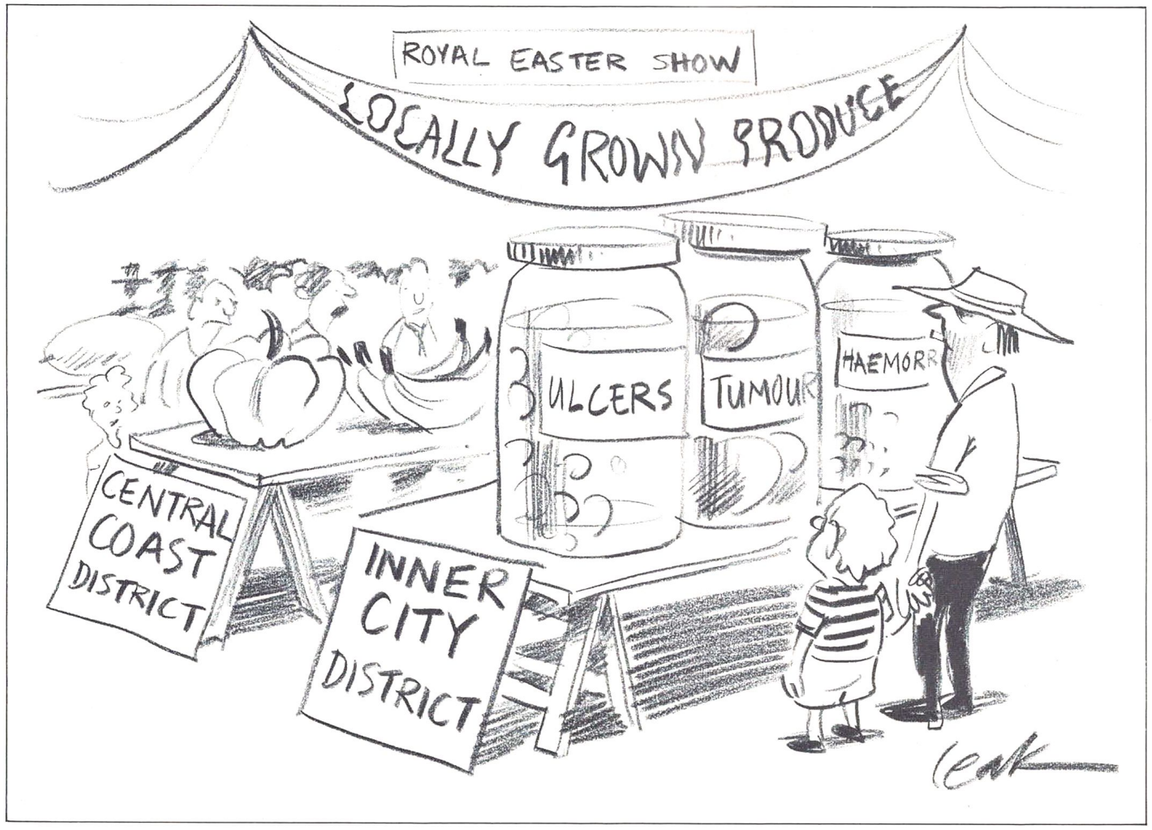
There was a question-and-answer interview with a pedophile about harm coming to children in a pedophile relationship; many different puppets; a newsletter of the "Lewis Carroll Collectors Guild"; poems and songs about homosexuality; childrens' drawings of men; a birthday party invitation featuring two naked boys; *Pan*, a magazine about boy love; a magazine called *Flesh*, another called *Meat*, a book entitled *Chicken* and another, ironically named *The Disappearance Of Childhood*.

The list goes on. It's contents are enough to give any parent nightmares, if not justification for a hundred new Acts of Parliament attacking civil liberties.

However, if Nugent and his ilk believe that people on the Left in Sydney politics support his activist programs, he has forgotten the determined campaign against him by the new Labor MLA for the inner Sydney seat of McKell, Ms Sandra Nori, herself a mother of two young children.

Alarmed by Nugent's use in December last year of a puppet theatre in Glebe to attract young children, Ms Nori, a long-time left-wing member of the Labor Party, a staunch feminist and a civil libertarian who despises police repression or persecution of minorities, banded together with other Labor Party activists, school teachers and parents to fight Nugent's moves to bring young children into his circle of influence.

In a press release, she revealed that school principals in the inner city area were sending notes home to parents to warn them of Nugent's puppet theatre in 141 Glebe Point Rd. Ms Nori said she had advised the then Education Minister, Rodney Cavalier, that Nugent was operating the puppet show from a building known as "Children's Liberation House."



"I intend to warn all other children's organisations in the area about the Children's Liberation House," she said. "I reject the view put forward by pedophiles that sex between adults and children can be a positive experience. The Premier [then Barrie Unsworth] has made clear the Government's abhorrence of this practice in a recent statement. All sexual activity between an adult and a child is a crime. People who advocate pedophilia are fooling themselves when they say the kids are willing partners and don't suffer as a consequence.

"Pedophiles say they love children but my view is that anyone who loves children will put the interests of the child first instead of their own sexual needs. Counsellors are encountering an increasing number of adults and children who appear to have been traumatised by childhood sexual contact with adults."

The school letter warning parents about Nugent mentions the "offensive small booklets and leaflets which have appeared in schools in this area, and are circulating freely in the student population. The material exhorts young children to revolt against their parents and school, to leave home and go to live at the Glebe address, and it advocates sex by and with young children. It appears that the premises are advertising as a child refuge or drop-in centre and that puppet shows are held there to attract young children."

Penthouse tried to locate Nugent for an interview. We were told he now lives at Bondi, but he could not be found. We did contact one of the plaintiffs in the court case to have the raided material returned to Nugent. Mr Terry Leahy, a lecturer in Sociology at the University of NSW, is the father of an eight-year-old boy and for the last few years he has been undertaking research on child-adult sex, including interviews with members of the Pedophile Support Group and people who as children had pedophile relationships. He refused to say whether he supported Nugent's views, but said not all sex between children and adults was necessarily a bad thing.

Leahy sent *Penthouse* a paper he gave to the annual conference of the Sociological Association of Australia and New Zealand in 1987, titled: "Pedophile Relationships: Positive and Voluntary Experiences." Leahy, who said he participated in the court action against the police because he was a joint tenant of the Glebe house, sets the tone of his paper with the heading: "Child-Adult Sex: Is It Ever OK?"

"Most of us," the paper says, "tend to reel back in horror with a gut feeling that sexual relations of this sort must be wrong. How much are these feelings reasonable and sensible and how much are they the kind of feelings that many people have about homosexuality and masturbation — a relic of Victorian sexual repression?"

He tells anecdotes about "sexual interaction" between children and adults, using his own experiences in the Boy Scouts, including a case where a scout master who had raised the question of sex during talks with boys had been "drummed out of the Scouts for molesting kids.

"I was aware of his sexual interest and backed off . . . but what happened between him and me is typical of the ways in which gay male pedophiles approach boys." Leahy refers to Paul Wilson's study "The Man They Called Monster", concerning a Brisbane man named Clarence Osborne, who over many years had many hundreds of sexual encounters and a good number of relationships with adolescent boys. "In all of these encounters," says Leahy, "the boys were willing participants. Only when Osborne got continual encouragement from the boy would he proceed to a more definite sexual advance. Other studies of gay pedophiles draw a similar picture. Gay pedophiles do not 'molest' unwilling boys — they are very sensitive to verbal and non-verbal cues about whether a boy is keen to have sex with them or not.

> "It appears that the premises are advertising as a child refuge . . . and that puppet shows are held there to attract young children."

"The boys themselves experience the encounter as a game or a bit of sexual excitement. Sex with penetration is almost non-existent and if the boys think of themselves as heterosexual they don't think their encounter with an adult male makes them homosexual.

"Even in casual encounters, boys who have sex with men find the experience emotionally rewarding — they enjoy the sex and like the idea of an adult male taking them seriously — something which fathers rarely do for their sons. All this is very far from our usual image of the 'child molester.' The image of a child molester as an adult who springs out on kids offering them sweets to get into the car and sometimes raping or killing them . . . is so far from the truth of most sexual encounters between men and boys that most men who have had sex when they were children never talk about it. People jump to all the wrong conclusions."

After this astonishing introduction to the subject, Leahy goes on to admit: "I am not saying there is absolutely nothing to be concerned about. Most boys under ten do not think of themselves as particularly sexual . . . If approached by an unknown pedophile many would be quite scared, even if there was actually nothing to be worried about . . . It's also true that every now and then a boy is raped or even killed by a stranger . . . As a parent one is very much aware of the vulnerability of children."

The paper concludes that there is "quite a lot of sex between men and boys going on . . . In almost all cases it is willingly entered into and enjoyed by most of the boys doing it. Far from leaving deep emotional scars, it is regarded by the boys as an emotionally positive experience."

So there we have it. According to this bizarre doctrine the community is wrong: parents are just old fuddy duddies who shouldn't worry about the friendly next-door pedophile molesting their eight-year-old son. The boys enjoy it — it's all a game. Give us a few years of such propaganda disseminated by our local academics, who are always far ahead of the dumb ordinary Aussie, and by the turn of the century we'll have pedophile weddings on the social pages.

Mr Leahy, with all the authority of his position as a sociology lecturer behind him, explains how sex between pedophiles and young girls is a "very different" situation.

Leahy offers the radical feminist doctrine about all women being sexually abused when young, often by relatives. "A lot of women that one knows have been sexually abused by adults when they were children . . . by this I mean they found the sexual encounter unpleasant as a whole. Almost all women have at least one story of sexual abuse, ranging from an unpleasant feeling of being harassed by an uncle whose interest didn't seem entirely platonic, to outright rape and violence by strangers. One woman was accosted at the age of 12 and had a knife held to her throat while the man masturbated on her . . . She has never really recovered from this effect on her sexuality . . . This is common among girls; most who experience it keep quiet about it . . . They feel defiled and as with any other kind of rape of women, society condemns the victim.

"Other cases involve the family doctor or the father forcing sex on young daughters. These stories are not rare or atypical — they are a lot more common than

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CROCOMANIA

BY GREG HUNTER

In the Northern Territory there's nothing like a crocodile to make a tourist killing

Never smile,'' says the song from *Peter Pan*, ''at a crocodile.'' That might have been good advice for Captain Hook, but up in the Northern Territory the locals are smiling all the way to the bank as they begin to count the profits from another year of successfully exploiting the planetary love affair with *Crocodylus porosus*, the world's largest, meanest, downright orneriest living reptile.

For 200 years the Australian croc has suffered the indignity of playing second fiddle on the international stage to a strange assortment of terminally cute, cuddly, corny little critters he'd be happy to eat for breakfast, patiently awaiting discovery by a real live film producer. Now that the fairy tale has come true, indications are the croc is delighted with his current celebrity status and readily co-operating with the Territory's booming tourism industry by making a series of unscheduled public appearances: six vicious attacks in the past three years, three of them fatal. The most spectacular of these took place on the East Alligator River near Darwin in March last year when a fisherman was decapitated by a large croc in the presence of a busload of horrified but nonetheless fascinated American tourists. One US package tour operator is said to have phoned a contact in the Territory and asked if such an attack could be guaranteed every couple of months.

The locals are fairly philosophical about these events. Why look a gift croc in the mouth? For the drifters and grifters and small-time entrepreneurs who make up a sizeable percentage of Darwin's population, as well as for the operators at the big end of town, ''crocomania'' spells cash in the hand and every publicised attack sends the profit line skyward.

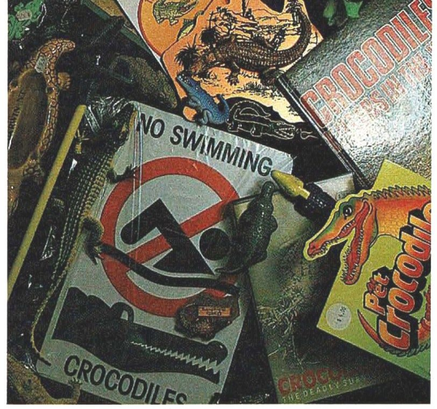
The NT Tourist Commission, keen to deflect some of the limelight from the charismatic croc, points to the major marketing campaign it began at the start of this decade which has resulted in a tremendous growth rate of ten to 15 percent per year in tourist numbers. According to the Commission's Chris Burchett, ''With the advent of *Crocodile Dundee* we're getting an increase above the projected numbers of international visitors, but the movie simply reinforced our message. Last year we had nearly 300,000 tourists and we're expecting 350,000 this year.'' In July '87, a couple of months after the international release of the smash-hit movie, Darwin turned into a madhouse of croc-crazed Americans, Europeans and Japanese. Local media, anticipating another killing with the success of *Crocodile Dundee II*, have gone over the top with their own projections for Season '88: they're talking about 800,000 to one million visitors throughout the Territory — enough to make Darwin and environs a goldmine for anyone who can find a way to hitch a ride on the crocodile's back.

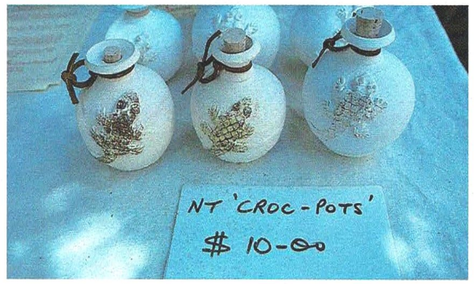
And there are lots of people trying. In a town where the most popular form of hotel entertainment consists of finding novel ways to get people to tear off their clothes in public, you can't expect a triumph for subtlety and good taste. The exploitation of ''crocomania'' in the Northern Territory is a testament to the entrepreneurial flair that is putting this country of ours on the map. Forget about kangaroos and koalas, boomerangs and Barrier Reefs. The crocodile is King.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WAYNE MILES

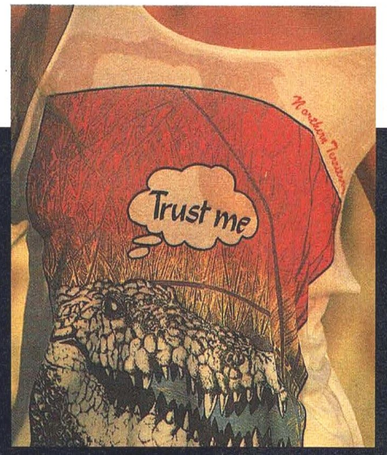
CROCOMANIA

There are shops in Darwin that sell nothing but crocodile paraphernalia. This collage of items, which might be titled "croc of shit", represents a small sample of what's on offer. You name it and you can bet it comes in the shape of a croc. Most of this stuff, along with the array of crocodile T-shirts and toys, is manufactured in other states — "South", as the Territorians refer to the rest of the country. "Croc pots", part of a local cottage industry, go like hot cakes at the weekend markets downtown. The blow-up "crocodile racer" is one of the sought-after items for visiting collectors of croc kitsch.

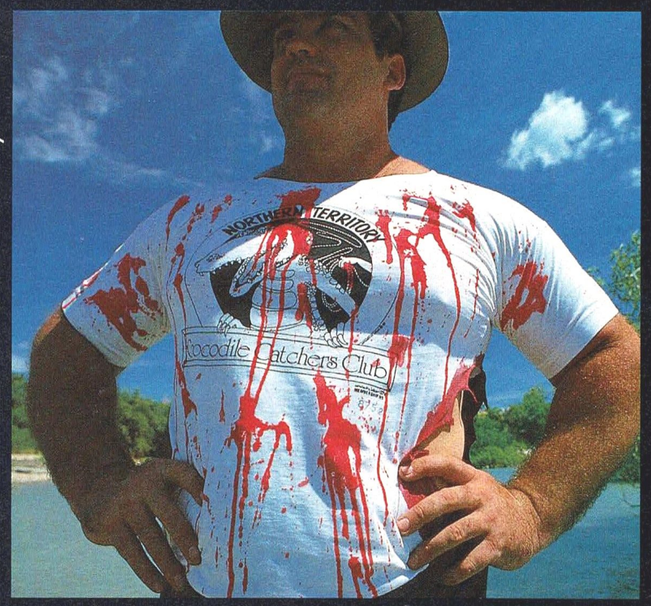




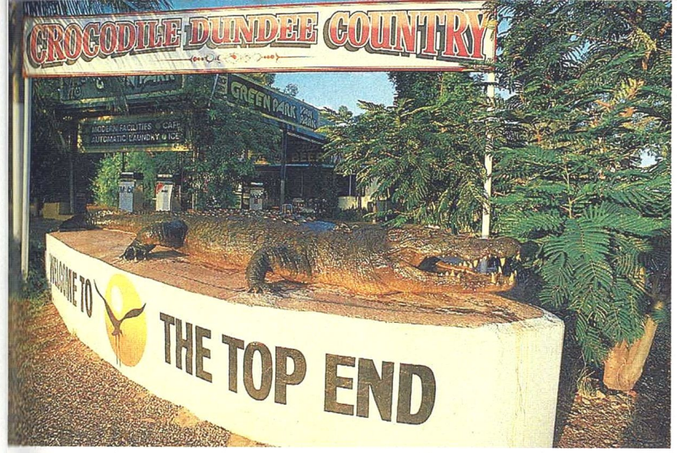
Crocodile Kitsch



T-Shirts of the Territory

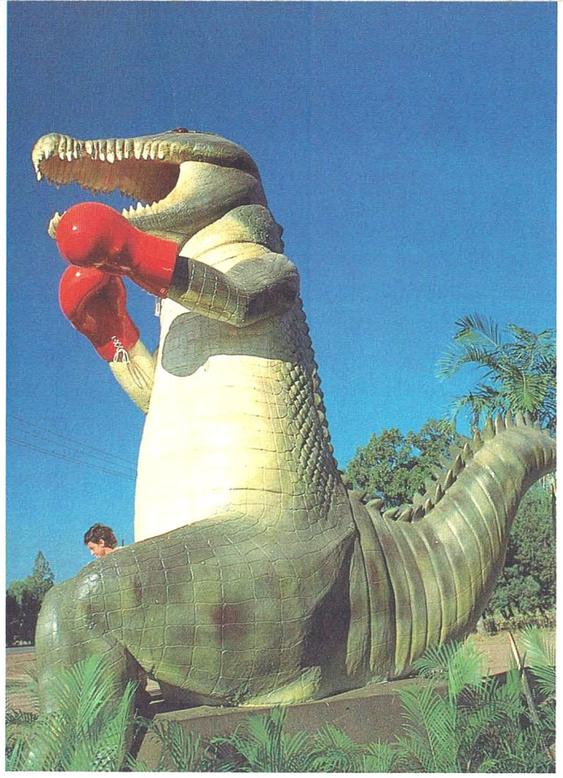


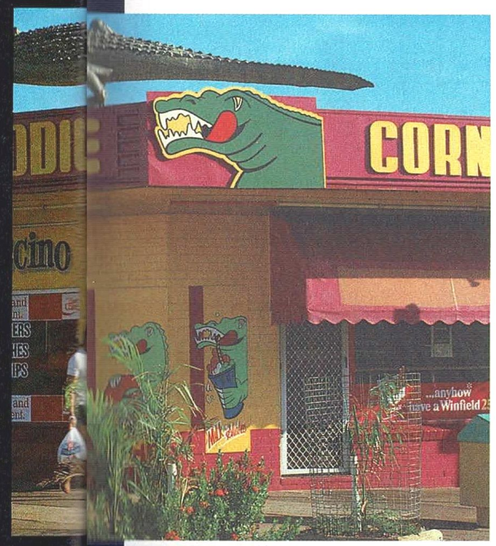
The "Gone Troppo" shop in Darwin, one of numerous T-shirt outlets, expects to flog 500 of them a week at the height of this year's crocomania. Of the 40-odd different croc motifs, "Trust Me" was all the rage until the controversial blood-spattered "Crocodile Catcher's Club" number came along. Note the bloody tear at the side of each garment, shaped exactly like a crocodile's paw. Cute, huh?

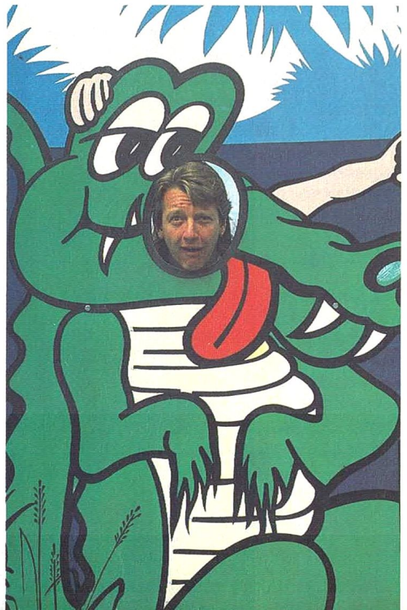


signs the of times

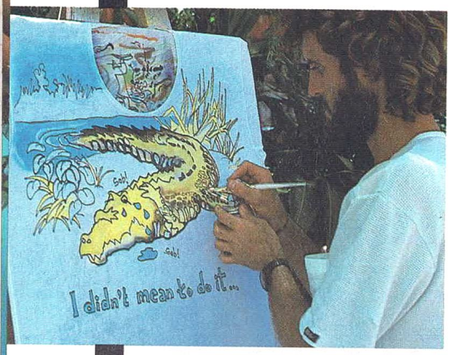
Would you buy a used car from Crocodile Motors, a burger from Crocodile Corner, and so on and so on? Not long ago the buffalo was the Territory's universally recognised trade symbol; nowadays the ubiquitous croc is the star salesman for everything from insurance to toilet paper. Spend a few weeks in Darwin and you start seeing cute croc caricatures in your sleep. The demand for crocodile sculptures would support an army of chisellers. There's something oddly appealing about the portrayal of the crocodile — so unabashedly a heartless prehistoric killing machine — as a figure of fun. Tourists sign up for "Crocodile Dundee Tours" or "Dundee Country Tours" to the heart of Kakadu, apparently in the frivolous expectation of a humorous encounter with a killer croc. Perhaps the most novel application of crocomania was the new Atrium Hotel's promotion of its function room. The Atrium ran a series of ads in the local paper in March under the headline: "Crocodiles Infest New Hotel." The copy promised that the hotel would host a gala dinner in April for the 50 members of the One-Armed Ex-Crocodile Hunters Club. "The hotel's foyer waterways will be infested with baby crocodiles and guests will be able to select those they will consume at the banquet. Each table will be decorated with a three-foot crocodile made entirely from lime jelly." The diners would sip "Crocktails" and listen yet again to founding member Peter "Dagger" Arthur's vivid account of the 1944 hunt that cost him his arm. "After a rousing chorus of the club's song 'Lucky It Wasn't A Leg, Mate' the guests will adjourn to the swimming pool to watch stuntmen wrestle with an eight-foot croc." The advance publicity had everyone in Darwin believing this unique affair would actually take place — until, on the day of the event, management announced it was all a hoax. The stunt put the Atrium on the map, even if the social columnists weren't impressed.

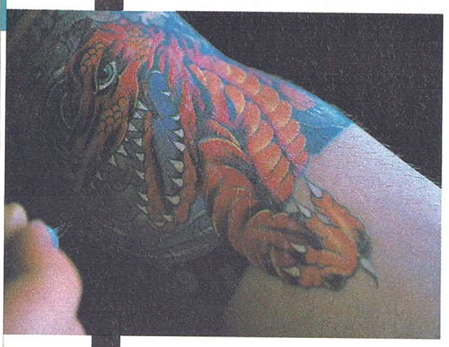


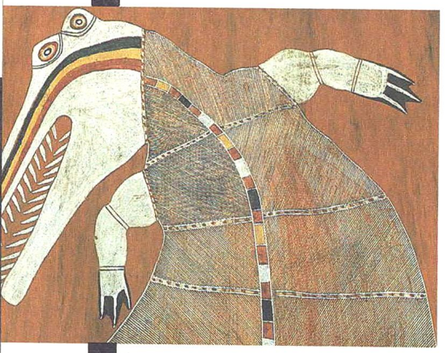




CROCOMANIA

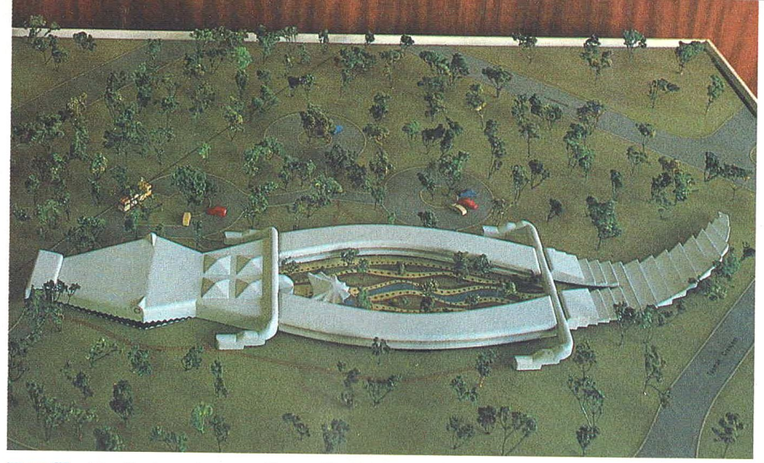






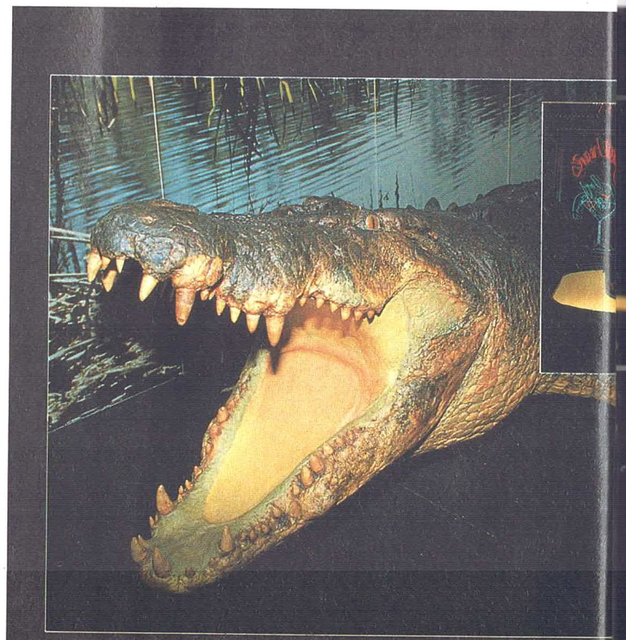
The ART of Crocomania

Brian Tisdal is one of several local freelance artists turning croc consciousness into cash. Another is Darwin's only resident tattooist, Huey, who like many other Territorians has apparently dispensed with a surname. Huey's crocodile designs are especially popular with Swedes and other Europeans; he's carved a croc into many a pale hide this year and last. "Everyone seems to want one," he reckons, "although the locals generally aren't so keen. It's mostly foreigners and tourists from South." That doesn't mean Territorians are adverse to the hum of the tattooist's needle — far from it. And a large part of Huey's clientele is female. "I do about ten women a week," he observes modestly. "Just about every woman in Darwin has some tatts." (Intimate inspection of the female population would no doubt confirm Huey's view. Darwin is not a place for wimps of either sex.) Although the crocodile has special totemic significance for many Aboriginal clans, they're not adverse to whipping up the odd croc motif for a handsome profit. One shop in Darwin sells genuine Aboriginal crocodile paintings for prices around $250 and up.

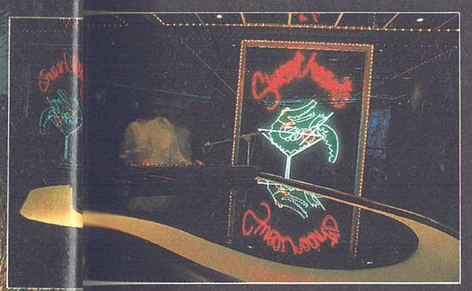


THE BIG ONE

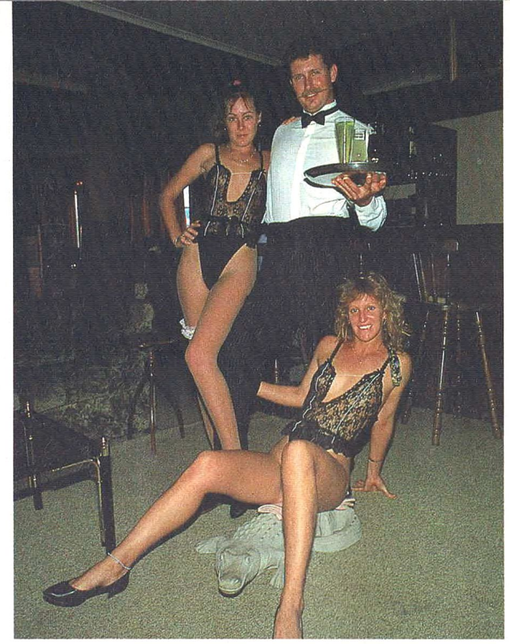
Territorians have a Texan-like reverence for largeness in all things. It was only a matter of time before someone suggested the Territory should house the world's biggest crocodile in the shape of a 250-metre, $13.5 million crocodile-shaped hotel in the mining town of Jabiru, gateway to Kakadu National Park. Currently under construction, the Four Seasons Kakadu Hotel was designed to provide a spectacular view to Japanese tourists cruising overhead. According to the architect, John Wilkins, "The building will look just like it has crawled from the local lake." No doubt the people who gave us Godzilla will love it. Also due to open towards the end of this year is a monstrous crocodile pond and simulated billabong at the Berry Springs Zoo, 40 kilometres west of Darwin. From inside a huge fibreglass cylinder imported from Japan, tourists will get an underwater perspective of the croc at play. But although they clearly lead the world in fanning the flames of crocomania, the Territorians face stiff competition from Queensland. A new hotel in Cairns features a giant swimming pool in which guests get to actually frolick underwater alongside the killer crocs, with nothing to separate them from certain death but a solid perspex panel. The ultimate in manufactured machismo.



THE LEGEND OF SWEETHEART



Thousands of tourists file past the stuffed carcase of "Sweetheart", star attraction of the Darwin Museum, every year. The rogue five-metre male croc, veteran of about 20 separate attacks on boats invading his domain, was finally captured in 1979 but unfortunately drowned shortly afterwards. His legend lives on, though, both at the Museum and at Sweetheart's Bar in the Diamond Beach Casino, where the favorite drink is, naturally, a "crocktail."

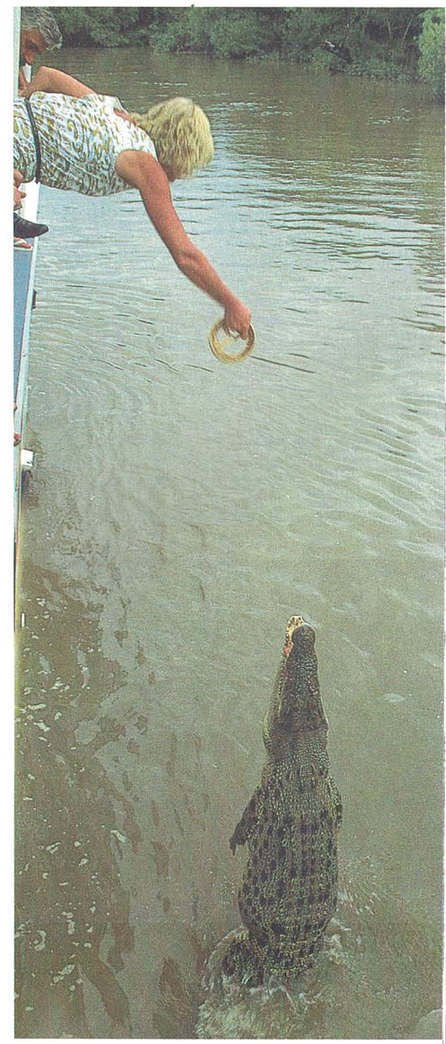


CROCODILE CUISINE

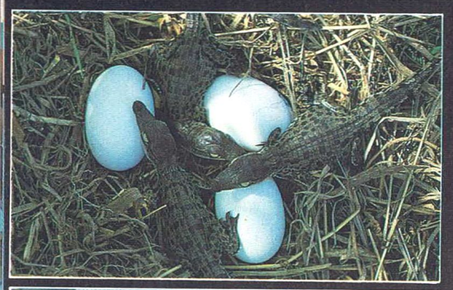
Crocodile meat is not cheap at $40 a kilo, and neither is it particularly tasty. In the unmarinaded state its taste and texture are roughly equivalent to a mixture of pork, chicken and rubber thong. But for foreign tourists a trip to the Territory isn't complete without a sampling of croc cuisine. (The Japanese, who probably consider the meat an aphrodisiac, would be surprised to learn that excessive consumption by Australian Aborigines has led to sterility in men.) Neptune's Doorway Restaurant in Darwin serves a tiny entree of croc meat marinaded in soy sauce, pernod sauce, chilli and tequila or garlic and mango for $16.95. The dish is available at several local restaurants, but some have taken it off the menu because of the cost. Still, it's a burgeoning industry — a spin-off from the recent adventure into crocodile farming — and the Territorians are hoping they can convince well-heeled Southerners that the croc is fair dinkum gourmet tucker. Neptune's Doorway manager Jonno Hughes, pictured here with some of the cast from his Businessman's Lunch show ("see-through lingerie and strip"), personifies the individualism and entrepreneurial spirit of the Territory, which might be summed up in the maxim: "Give 'em whatever they want."

Anything For A Feed

Crocodiles aren't as dumb as they look. Crammed into that pint-sized brain is the ability to at least remember where the next feed's coming from. The operators of the *Adelaide River Queen* have capitalised on this by training eight crocs to put on a spectacular show for the tourists, leaping dolphin-like (or almost dolphin-like) out of the water to snatch at hunks of meat as the cameras click in unison. The owner of this enterprise, Tony Bluns, reckons the training method is a secret. It's also rather controversial; the worry is that the crocs on the Adelaide River will become too used to associating people, boats and food, with serious consequences for anyone floating downstream in a 12-foot dinghy. Bluns isn't too worried about that: "In the Dry [season] we'll have 60 or 70 crocs in the stretch of water we cover, and our idea is to get every croc to do *something*." (Whatever he has in mind, it's unlikely he'll convince them to do anything but *eat*.) Although Bluns reckons he's operating in "the most prolific breeding area in the Territory for saltwater crocodiles", our 2½-hour "Crocspotter Cruise" yielded only four on the way down and the same four coming back, of which "Hoges", the animal pictured here, put on the best performance. Admittedly it was early in the season and the tide was too high; nonetheless there's a great deal of argument as to whether the crocodile really is making a spectacular comeback since hunting was outlawed in 1971. Officially, there are thought to be more than 50,000 estuarine (saltwater) crocs and the same number of the smaller freshwater variety throughout the Top End, a population supposedly increasing slowly but surely. But there are locals, veterans of the Territory's waterways and shorelines, who claim the chances of encountering a croc in the wild are diminishing every year. Their impressions are backed up by dissenting experts like Professor Harry Messel, who remains adamant that the crocodile's long-term survivial is still in jeopardy.



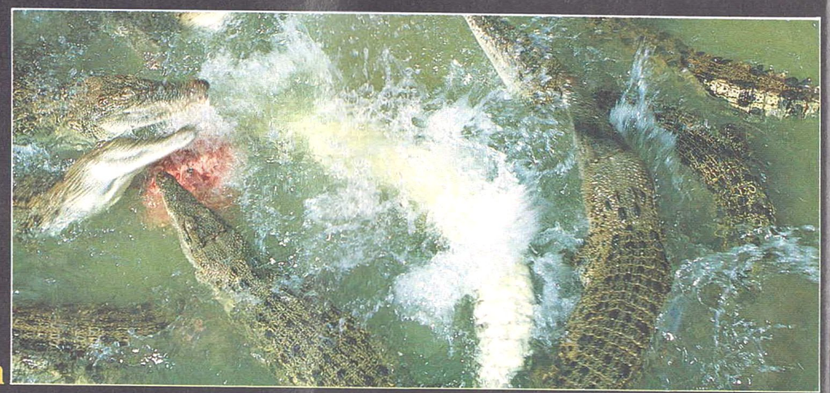
CROCOMANIA

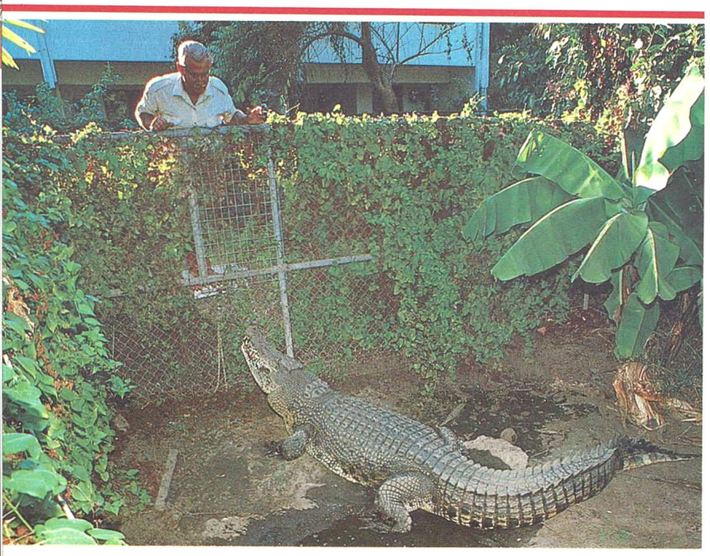


LIFE On The Farm

"We used to feed the crocs after hours," says John Bache, manager of the Territory's biggest crocodile farm 40 kms south of Darwin. "We didn't think people would want to see crocodiles chomping up chooks. But it turns out they absolutely *love* it, so we've had to rethink the whole arrangement." Set up seven years ago as the first stage in the lucrative process of turning crocs into handbags, shoes and steaks, the farm's operating costs are now met entirely by tourists — 4000 of them a week at the height of the season. Turnover has increased dramatically since the first Hogan epic, bolstered from time to time by the dismemberment of some hapless tourist. Bache remembers the aftermath of the East Alligator River attack somewhat wistfully: "That bloke had the best possible audience — it couldn't have been better. I mean, it's very unfortunate for the poor bastard that got done, but there were so many people on the banks when it happened. We open at 9am, and at 8.45 the morning after, there was a whole busload of tourists waiting to get in to see the monsters. The croc that did it was called 'The Black One' and I would dearly love to have him, but the Aborigines won't be in it."

Crocodile farming has provided an answer to the Territorian appetite for exploitation of resources. It's argued that the only way the croc can remain protected from hunters is by turning its environment into a valuable resource; the old Seventies outlook of conservation at all costs no longer seems relevant. The industry is based on collection of eggs from the wild, which are deemed "ecologically dead" because of their very low survival rate. "Part of our charter," says Bache, "is that we have to replace a certain number of crocs. But we haven't had to do that yet because the surveys suggest crocodile numbers are still holding, if not increasing." Again, there are many who dispute that view. "It's the same with so many things up here," a local conservationist told *Penthouse*. "In five years' time they'll wonder where they went wrong."





HEAVY PETTING

Albert is one croc destined never to wind up as a fashion accessory. Ex-crocodile hunter George Haritos made Albert's acquaintance in 1957 when the five-metre monster boarded his boat. Their relationship has remained close ever since. Apart from a brief and unsuccessful stint as an Army mascot, Albert has been a permanent resident of George's back yard in Darwin for 31 years, contenting himself with a fish diet and the possibility that his master might one day fall in. A couple of years back, while George was pruning the overhanging banana leaves, Albert's perennial dream almost came to fruition. Still, George harbors no grudge and claims a great affinity with his croc. Technically, having a pet crocodile is not on, but George Haritos is one of the Territory's living legends, revered by the Aborigines who called him "Nindy", meaning "Great Man Of No English." Night after night throughout the late Forties and Fifties, George would venture into uncharted waters in his wooden boat, .303 in hand and spotlight strapped to his forehead, his two Aboriginal assistants Sugarbag and Sam at the ready with harpoon and tomahawk to try to ensure every kill was quick and complete. He describes the job as "tough, smelly and dangerous, with a man requiring more stamina than normal and a lot of insect repellent." *Crocodile Dundee* ran for a year and a day in Darwin. George Haritos never bothered to see it.

The Green Machine

The ultimate in croc trivia, but these clowns at Darwin's annual beer can regatta went to so much trouble they deserve a run. They even had to switch to VB to get the color right. At least the brewers made a buck out of it.

Teething Problems

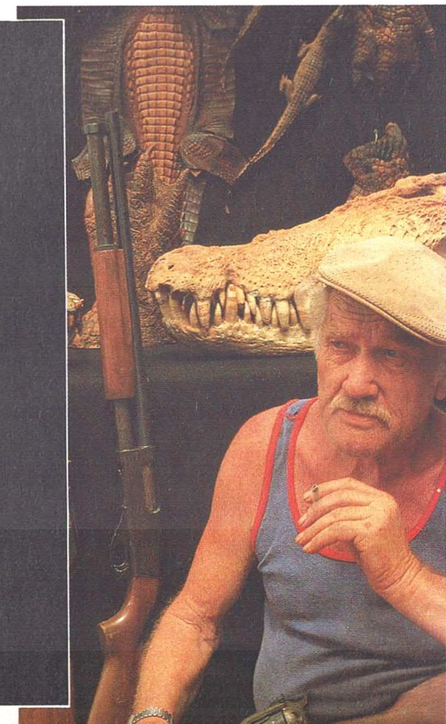
Federal legislation bans importation of crocodile products. These carved crocodile teeth, smuggled in from New Guinea, demand big money on the black market.

Crocodile Diplomacy

This animal proved a worthy ambassador during the royal visit to the Darwin crocodile farm. There were no diplomatic incidents and no nasty mess to clean up afterwards. John Brown would have been proud.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Between 1945 and 1971 professional shooters accounted for 113,000 estuarine crocodiles in the Territory alone. The two characters pictured here didn't miss their share. Licensed shooters were given a quota of 100 crocs, but "Nobody was counting, not that I remember," Charlie Taylor (left) recalls. Charlie had numerous methods. At times he'd bait a set of huge steel hooks with dingo or kangaroo and leave them hanging from a tree or make-shift pole just above the muddy waters; when the croc had snared itself he'd haul the animal in to get a clean shot with his 303 Sometimes Charlie would catch above his quota and stockpile the smaller crocs in 40-gallon drums in his backyard. Several of them escaped into the neighborhood one day and caused havoc, but Charlie declined to own up. The old-time shooters were an extraordinarily hard breed of men, many of whom didn't think twice about putting a .303 bullet into a rival and leaving him to rot out in the wetlands. Eugene Landon (right) arrived in Darwin with nothing but a wife and the clothes on his back. After numerous close shaves on croc hunting expeditions he turned to taxi-dermy and became an outback legend for his skillful work with ornamental crocodiles. Today he owns one of the most extensive collections of croc paraphernalia in the world.



THE PACT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Angela and Andrea had between them a long-standing agreement. Of course, they still went ahead with their own lives — but occasionally things got a bit rough. So if either of them ever needed a bit of support and solace, the unwritten rule was that the other should lend an immediate hand — or tongue, or teeth . . .

It didn't matter what they were doing at the time — the other must come running. On this particular evening, Angela had simply become bored watching television. Too bad that Andrea was on an all-important first date . . .

"It was a little hard getting away from Anthony, so to speak," said Andrea on her arrival, disrobing even as she walked in through the front door. "But that's to be expected. You know men. They never can fully understand where a woman is coming from . . ."

After a nightmare run in 1987, Dick Johnson's on a winning roll towards Bathurst

THE YEAR OF DICK JOHNSON

MOTORING BY PETER McKAY

Nineteen eighty-eight has been a Dick Johnson *tour de force*. So far. He has lifted the Australian Touring Car Championship, but the second leg of his dual targets remains there for the taking: the Bathurst 1000.

What he has achieved in the first nine months of '88 won't mean much if Johnson doesn't reign as Lord of the Mount in October. We know it; he knows it. "It doesn't matter what a driver wins through the year — Bathurst is worth so much more to him," concedes the race favorite.

The Ford master-blaster is on a crest at the moment. But he, as much as any competitor, acknowledges the difficulty of staying on top. His career curve looks like a cross-section map of the Andes. An abundance of peaks; plenty of valleys.

This glorious season has been largely about exorcising the torment of 1987, a year the Dick Johnson express suffered a shattering derailment. In 12 months he went from laughing-stock to touring car dominator. The stewards have called for a swab.

January 1, 1987 had all the signs of being the first day of the best year of Johnson's racing life: an expanded two-car team using the world's fastest touring car, the sizzling turbocharged Ford Sierra, and a rumored million-buck budget from Shell, Motorcraft and Palmer Tube Mills. Hey, lookin' good. Instead, it turned shitty at Daisy Hill. Johnson fell victim to the Space Age technology required to get the Sierras up and running, and keep them up and running.

The one highlight in Dick Johnson's 1987 championship campaign came in Adelaide. He won. But Adelaide was an aberration. Everywhere else he lost or, more to the point, his Shell Ford Sierra failed to finish. *Ka-boom*, there goes another turbo . . .

At Bathurst his two red-and-yellow Sierras were out of commission before the starter had packed away the green flag. Sniggers all round. It was a tough, character-building time for a Queensland folk hero.

Johnson remembers this as his blackest period since the bad old days before The Rock and support from the corporate moneybags. Race drivers despise losing almost as much as backers. "I knew that '87 — our first year with a new and sophisticated car — was always going to be difficult. This was our year of learning. The hardest part was educating the people who were spending the money on us."

Johnson was fortunate. Within the Shell organisation were a couple of influential heavies who kept the faith. Still, others were asking pointed questions about investment versus return. "The last race of the '87 season, the touring car feature at the Australian Grand Prix, was the most significant race of the year for me. I was under enormous pressure to produce a win."

Johnson did win, nursing a sick car to the line ahead of the fast-finishing Nissan of George Fury. The result kept the Shell trumps happy, and gave Johnson the breathing space he needed to pull together all the missing elements of his racing act.

Past deeds mean nothing to sponsors when a driver is going through a bad trot. Johnson knew he had to turn his team into a winner by the time the '88 season kicked off in March. He was a terse, miserable team boss last year. Now, during a wildly triumphant 1988, it's easy for Johnson to own up to his problems of last year: "It's hard to please everyone in a big company like Shell. But we don't have too many knockers at the moment."

During the summer hiatus, the Queenslander hardly stopped to eat his share of Christmas pudding. He was determined to pull the team out of its awful hole. Neal Lowe, a calm, pleasant Kiwi who put his own race career on hold to take control of Johnson's outfit, concentrated on drawing together a squad of smart minds to tend the Sierras. Johnson himself headed off to the United States and Europe on a fact-finding mission. A new number two, electrifying Tasmanian John Bowe, was signed

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAY SIMPSON

JOHNSON

to replace the unlucky Gregg Hansford, who didn't really get much chance to shine during the Shell team's debut year.

The motor sporting grapevine, never short of hot gossip, buzzed with suggestions that Shell might curtail its deal (one-year contract with two one-year options) with Johnson. In fact the renewal for '88 was settled back in May, but this did little to sweep aside the tension in the Johnson camp.

What happened was that Shell had advised Johnson that it expected far more for its money in '88. Like two competitive cars. Like some regular race finishes. Some *victories*.

The adjustment from the plodding Mustang (with its basic V8 engine with agricultural Holley carburettor) to the sophistication and intricacies of a turbocharged twin-cam four-cylinder engine with computerised management system was not accomplished easily. That '87 season demonstrated the difficulties of coming to grips with hostile new technology.

Did Johnson ever regret taking the silicon-chip route to horsepower heaven with the complicated and frustrating Sierra? "Never. In this business, if you bury your head and fail to move with the times, you're not going to win motor races. Obviously the Sierra was the way to go, and we chose to do our own thing instead of relying on an imported race car."

Johnson, always jingoistic, has never put a huge rap on the Europeans. His previous track tool, the Ford Mustang, was built in West Germany by Zakspeed, a team now playing in Formula One. "It was a real shitbox when we took delivery; we had to take it back to Queensland and virtually rebuild the thing." This experience started Johnson believing that Australians and New Zealanders can build and develop touring cars the equal of any in the world.

Not normally too reticent about blowing his own trumpet, Johnson is surprisingly reluctant to claim his Sierras are faster than Europe's best, the Eggenberger team's Texaco Fords. Certainly, though, there is strong evidence to suggest that in 1988, Daisy Hill Dick's box of tricks are the quickest touring cars anywhere.

To closely observe Johnson over the years is to realise that his entire existence revolves around racing cars and winning. Like most successful competitors, he is not a good loser. His conversation rarely strays far from motor sport. This could suggest either a one-dimensional man, or someone utterly committed to his job.

There is no doubting his popularity out there in the motor racing electorate. Even in the career troughs, Johnson manages to sustain unrelenting grass roots support. The queue outside his tent tells the story.

Being a Ford man helps. Ford fans are rabid. They stick like dogshit to a Florsheim. Good times, bad times — Ford supporters don't fade away. Queenslanders love a successful Queenslander too. Per capita, more people follow motor racing in Queensland than in any other state. It's hard to determine whether the sport is taking a ride along with Johnson or if Johnson is capitalising on its appeal. Whatever the case, the northerners don't want their boy's success to stop. Only a Queenslander could have written a letter to the editor of a Brisbane daily complaining because Johnson and the shadowing Bowe beat the rest of the field by "only" half a lap in one of the touring car title races this year.

This, when most fans have been hanging out for a challenger — any challenger — to emerge from the shadows to give the Shell Sierras some real competition. A measure of the team's turnaround this year is that the Dick and John Show had secured the championship and runner-up spot well before the last race in the nine-round series. Daylight was third.

> "He is not a good loser. His conversation rarely strays far from motor sport."

Johnson plainly enjoyed grinding his rivals into the tarmac. There was no hint of easing up, even with the title in his helmet bag. No sympathy. There was no concern that his utter dominance could affect the popularity of touring car racing, perhaps threatening its — and his own — future.

Stiff cheddar. "Was Brock worried when he was winning everything in the early 1980s? Did Moffat lose sleep when he steamrolled everyone in 1977? No, I'm not a bit worried, except about winning the next race."

Dick Johnson's racing career dates back to 1964. He was a nobody for the first few seasons, and then gradually did enough to be regarded as a local hero around Brissie.

Hitting that rock at Mount Panorama during the '80 Bathurst 1000 catapulted the bloke from Daisy Hill into the concrete wall, and thence into the consciousness of millions of Australians watching the live Seven telecast. Suddenly, Johnson was an item. This experienced though hardly stellar Queenslander had been leading Australia's Great Race in his self-built Ford Falcon. Luck dealt him out of play after 18 of 163 laps.

Then came the emotional television interview, offers of money from sympathetic viewers, and Ford boss Edsel Ford's guarantee to match contributions dollar for dollar. The take was $74,324 — a handy windfall back when the buck was worth something. As important as the money was the publicity. From being a minor name in little Brissie, DJ became a national figure. The Rock Star.

He took the money and built himself a newer and better Falcon. And one year later he came back to that damned mountain and won the race. Fairytale ending.

Something jars though. That '81 race didn't run 163 laps. A multi-car stack on lap 121 logjammed the narrow circuit at McPhillamy Park. Out came the red flags. Johnson was leading. Your race, your Bathurst 740.64-km victory, Dick.

Today, carping critics love pointing out that Johnson hasn't yet won a 1000km contest. He is aching to redress that situation, and he's ready. The Bathurst countdown began in the Johnson enclave back in January. The 15-strong team has been "lifing" components (the process of determining how long parts last so that they can be replaced before they break or wear out). Johnson believes his cars can run hard and fast for 2000 kilometres, or twice the race distance.

The romp to the touring car championship this year gives him no shortage of confidence for Bathurst. He fears no-one except Lady Luck. "It's an unpredictable race, but I feel we have the wood on everyone. I don't think the new Commodore will be a big threat though Tom Walkinshaw and Larry Perkins always put together a strong act. Andrew Midecke could be there for a while, maybe. Colin Bond has a lot of work to do. Tony Longhurst . . . he's sort of there, but I don't reckon he has the pace of our cars. The Bee Ems are too slow, though they'll be there at the end of the day."

Johnson is delighted that the driver he respects most, Jim Richards, is not aboard a truly competitive car. "Jim can't carry that M3 around Bathurst." And the Nissan Skylines, says Johnson, won't be quick enough yet, although in time they might extend the Shell Fords.

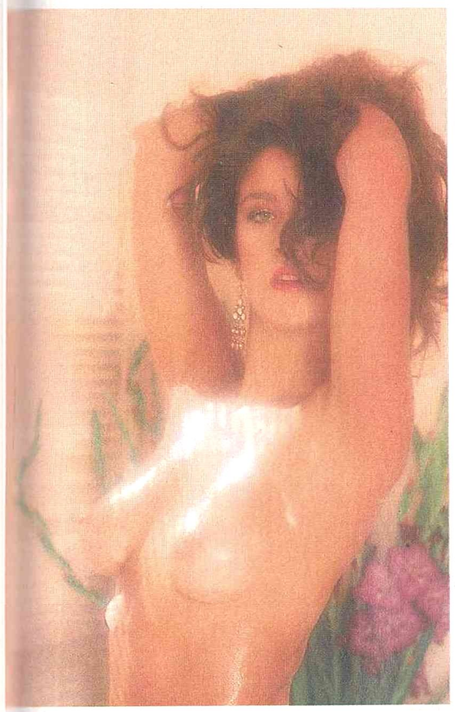
So now Dick Johnson is heading back to the mountain that has in turn given him his best and worst moments in motor racing. The worst was clouting the wayward rock, "though '83 didn't feel too flash either." That was the time on-the-limit Dick clipped the wall and turned right into the trees at Forrest Elbow during his balls-out Hardie's Heroes run. Scrap one Falcon.

The best? That's easy: the win in '81. Johnson senses he's about to get that winning feeling all over again.

"Believe it or not," confesses 18-year-old Lisa Davies, "I'm still a virgin." The reason? "Because I simply haven't met the right man yet." However, Lisa is not without a few clues in this regard. "I have my eyes on a particular guy who fits the bill."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

SWEET INNOCENCE



The name of the lucky Mr Right? "Prince!" Lisa answers impishly. "He's so talented and sexy. Every night I dream of making love with him on a private jet as we head for a desert island all our own."

Not surprisingly, Lisa says her ideal lover will be "dark, handsome, and absolutely rolling in money." Is Lisa then a budding groupie? On the contrary, Lisa says she wants to sing in her own band. "Then I'd have all the groupies flocking around *me*."

Between modelling assignments, Lisa loves horseback riding, dancing and racy novels. An admitted junk food addict, she thrives on typical teenage fare — but weight training takes care of that figure.

PENTHOUSE Competition

WIN TWO $3500 RECARO SUPER SEATS

Any motoring buff worth his driver's licence knows the Recaro name and knows that this German company produces the world's finest and most sought-after car seats. Discerning Recaro fans may know too that the company markets its state-of-the-art wares around the world under the catchy motto: "Don't sit for anything else."

On that note, this month we're asking the style|and|safety conscious|revheads|among *Australian Penthouse* readers to stand up and be counted for a chance to win one of these exclusive, hi-tech and orthopaedically designed super seats. We have two to give away and each is valued at $3500.

Entry is simple. Just turn the page for details of these superb Recaro seats, then fill in the coupon and post it to *Penthouse*. Alternatively, you can deliver your entry personally to the gorgeous *Penthouse* Pets on hand at the Recaro stand at the Sydney Motor Show at Darling Harbor from October 14 to 23. Come on, let *Penthouse* and Recaro put you in the driver's seat.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY QUENTIN BACON

WIN TWO $3500 RECARO SUPER SEATS

When you buy a standard car the mass-produced seat you get with the package can never be more than a compromise based on the average dimensions of the "statistical user" and limited by the demands of production economy. A specialty car seat manufacturer, on the other hand, is not subject to any such dictates and is much more likely to offer the perfect seat for your shape, your needs, your particular tastes — and a seat that pays attention to the primary objective of relaxed and posturally supported driving comfort.

Recaro is no small-time or run-of-the-mill car seat manufacturer. They are the world's largest manufacturer of complete special seats and they are well recognised on five continents as the best. At the two Recaro plants in southern Germany more than a thousand employees work in the research, development, manufacture and quality control of precision automotive and aeronautical seating.

Recaro's design brief is to constantly seek and fine-tune the best solution to mobile seating. That solution is the one that's developed the most intensively. The one that takes the most effort. A solution that may require a somewhat higher investment but one that's not over-expensive given its safety, style and benefits. Recaro knows that we drive the way we sit and they're about constantly improving the relationship between the driver and the comfort of his driving environment. For reference and a guarantee of the success of their efforts, Recaro can point to more than a million Recaro owners world-wide who've shown a willingness to invest in healthy, safe driving posture, racing style and an assurance of superior, relaxed driving.

The two Recaro seats we're giving away this month represent the top of the line of the Recaro range. The $3500 Recaro *idealseat*-C has set international standards for the ultimate in personalised seating. In the *idealseat*-C the concepts of relaxation, orthopaedic posture and inimitably eye-catching style are combined and realised superbly.

Innovation is a keynote in the appeal of these super seats. Take the Recaro "Airmatic" system for example. Three variable air cushions are integrated into the *idealseat*-C backrest to form a system that allows the driver to automatically add or subtract to the air volume of these sections — even while driving — to give optimum comfort and finely balanced support. The four lateral restraints on the seat are individually adjustable inwards or outwards to provide personalised pelvis and back support for any driver and to allow greater comfort and safety while negotiating curves.

For the shoulders, the upper backrest of the *idealseat*-C can also be adjusted for orthopaedically correct shoulder support in every backrest position. The head restraint swivels along with the upper backrest section, thereby keeping it always the safest, ie shortest, distance from the driver's head.

Upholstery is color co-ordinated as shown in our photos, combining elegant distinction with a visible, unmistakeable symbol of your exclusive taste. Recaro styling doesn't chase after fashion trends but is determined by functionalism. The result is hard-wearing and timeless good design.

So how do you get a look-in for a Recaro *idealseat*-C? Just complete the coupon on this page and mail it to *Penthouse* or drop it in the special entry barrel at the Recaro stand at the Sydney Motor Show, October 14 to 23. The *Penthouse* Pets will be there to demonstrate and decorate the Recaro seats on display and to sign magazines. You'd be a mug to miss out! The closing date for postal entries in the *Penthouse*/Recaro Super Seat Competition is last mail Friday, November 4.

Send completed coupon to *Penthouse*/Recaro Super Seat Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray, 2062 or place in the special entries barrel at the Recaro stand during the Sydney Motor Show, October 14 to 23.

1. Where are Recaro's two factories located?

_____

2. Name the innovative comfort system integrated into the backrest of the *idealseat*-C.

_____

3. What determines the styling of Recaro upholstery?

_____

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ **Telephone:** _____

Permit no: TC88-1894

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official coupon or a facsimile of that coupon. Only one coupon per person is allowed and no cash alternative is offered for the prize.

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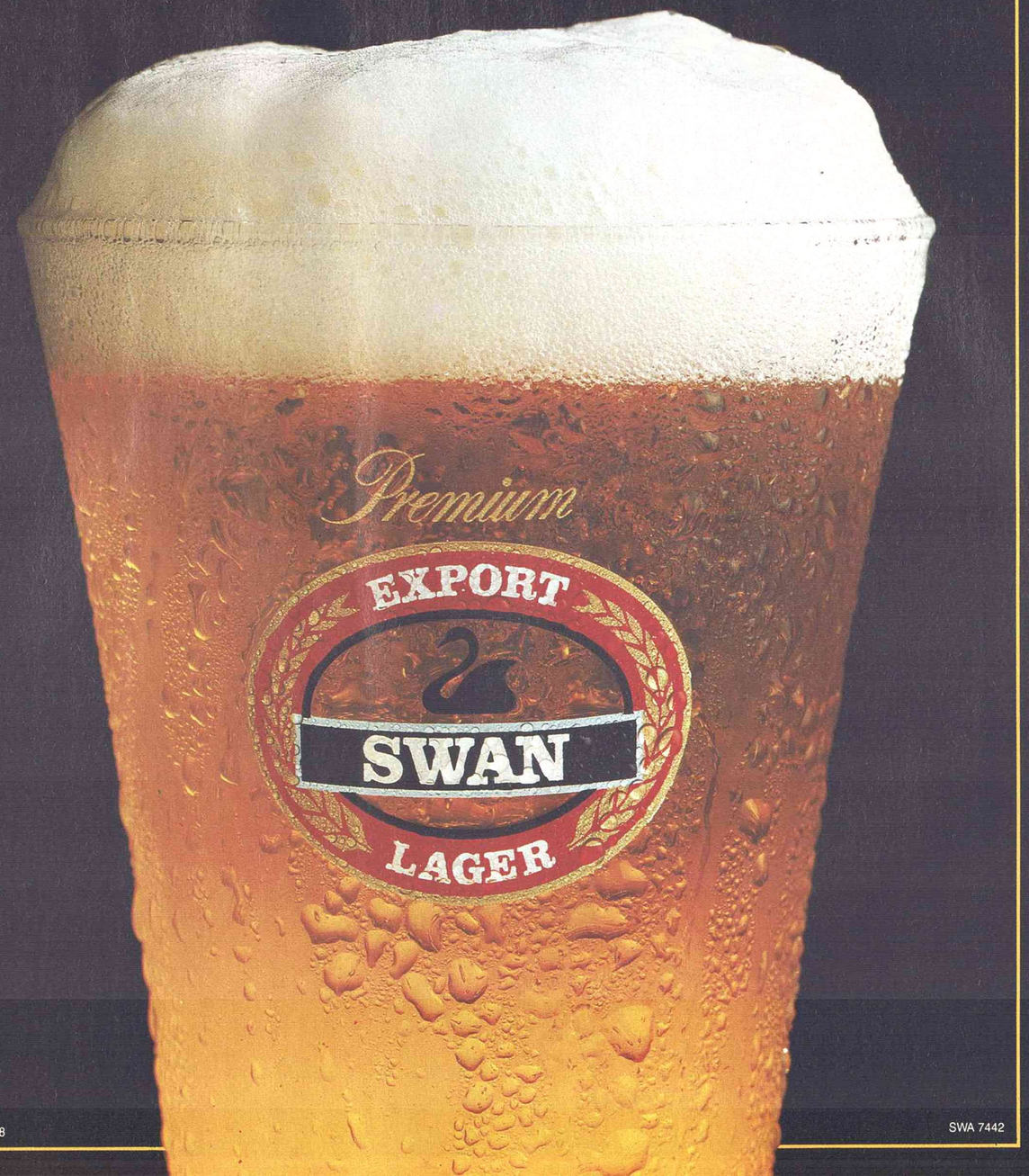

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GOING FOR BROKE

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though some are yet to be promulgated and all are yet to be tested in the courts.

You see, one of the leading petitioning creditors (that is, the creditor who makes you bankrupt) is none other than the Federal Government itself, in the form of the Taxation Department. Ian G, mentioned at the start of this story, was made bankrupt on his own petition, owing some $240,000, of which $170,000 was due to the taxman.

Contrary to popular belief your own individual tax bill is just another debt and ranks no higher than the milkman's or the bank's. So after watching case after case of defaulting tax debtors living in expensive comfort in Peppermint Grove or Vaucluse and driving late-model Mercedes while pleading bankruptcy, the government moved to "lift the corporate veil" and widen the net cast by trustees in bankruptcy to include as assets various "associated entities"; these include trusts, companies, close relatives and so on.

Dennis Cougle, a Melbourne accountant and leading Australian authority on insolvency practice, believes the amendments are likely to work. "Definitely the powers of the trustees to investigate the debtor's corporate and family trust structures are greatly expanded," Cougle says approvingly.

Armed with such information the trustee will then be able to apply to the court for the inclusion of discovered assets in the estate for distribution to creditors. The trustee may also want to apply for a slice of the bankrupt's income.

Normally, a bankrupt is allowed to keep his earnings from his own exertion — that is, his income. That's an essential corollary of the philosophy of the law: not to ruin the bloke for good but to let him get on with his life. However, trustees usually like to see at least an attempt made by the bankrupt to meet his obligations. Most bankrupts do, according to the trustees spoken to by *Penthouse*.

So most bankrupts will usually agree to set aside some of their income — if they have any — to pay into their estate. If they don't, and have an income big enough to make it worth the trustee's while, the trustee can apply to court to get some of that income. Then the bankrupt is forced to prove his basic family needs and the court can order the balance be paid to the estate.

(An interesting carryover from the days of more rigorous class distinctions is the requirement for the court to take into account the "occupation and station of the bankrupt." Presumably, your high-class bankrupt could claim his silk shirts as basic necessities in keeping with his station in life while you or I may be stuck with King Gees.)

However, there has been a proliferation of discretionary family trusts and service companies — usually set up for tax reasons, not to avoid the reach of trustees in bankruptcy; the example of a bankrupted doctor earning $5000 a week through the trust but being paid an income of only say $300 by the service company has been by no means rare. Under the previous law the doctor's high earnings were protected from the reach of the trustee.

Under the new amendments it will be possible for the trustees to investigate whether such is happening and to apply for access to those earnings. "Of course there are safeguards," says Dennis Cougle. "And I agree with that. We can't have trustees running all round the country grabbing assets and attacking incomes — there has to be some limit."

Another target of the reforms has been Part X of the Bankruptcy Law. Part X provides for certain arrangements to be made by insolvent debtors short of going all the way and becoming bankrupt. Part X lays down certain procedures whereby meetings can be called of the debtor and his creditors to work out a suitable arrangement for the payment of at least some of the debts.

> What good is there if the bloke goes bankrupt if he's got no money? The creditor gets nothing.

The advantage of this is the debtor is spared the stigma and other problems of bankruptcy and can continue in business, which is usually also of benefit to the creditors. What good is there if the bloke goes bankrupt if he's got no money? The creditor gets nothing. If he instead promises to pay a little bit and the rest when and if he can, then the creditor should prefer an arrangement.

Trouble was some smarties began to exploit the Part X provisions. One syndicate of accountants and solicitors, based in Sydney but operating in other states as well (bankruptcy is Federal law), used to hang off the defaulting Debtors' Court lists looking for likely customers. They'd approach the poor devils with a smart solution to their problems.

They would propose the debtor seek a composition with his creditors. A meeting of creditors would be called. Usually such meetings are attended by a couple of the biggest creditors and that's about it. But the syndicate would stack the meeting with a couple of new creditors and in the statement of affairs include some massive intra-family loans. The creditors, not usually fully *au fait* with the workings of the law, would be bamboozled into believing that the only way they could get any money at all, the debtor being, apparently, as poor as a churchmouse, would be to agree with the composition suggested by clever Mr Whatsit, the man who's kindly consented to solve everyone's problems for them (Mr Whatsit, of course, being a syndicate member to be paid off after the suckers have agreed to his plan).

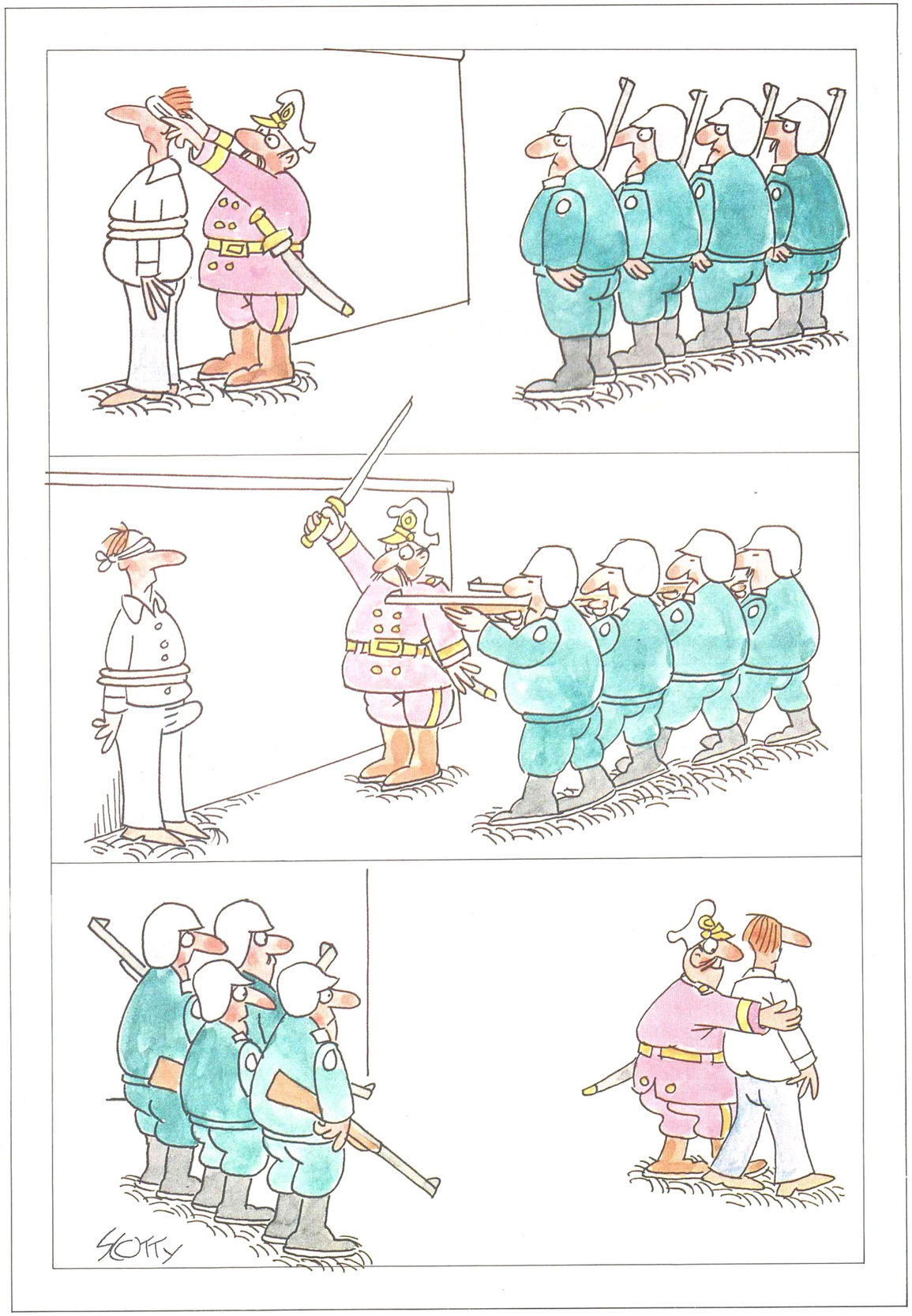
Mr Whatsit's plan would be something like this: the debtor's very sorry but because of the unions and devaluation and the moon being in Jupiter and so on he's lost nearly all his money; however, he is willing to sell his caravan and pay everybody ten cents in the dollar (no mention being made of the weekender at Mt Martha that just a few months before the debtor kindly gave over to his wife), this ten cents in the dollar to be payable in two weeks in settlement of all debts.

Or if, asks Mr Whatsit, you (the creditors) want to hound poor Mr Debtor to bankruptcy, you can; but it'll take months and months and in the end you'll still only have the same lousy assets to share up, less of course all the legal and associated fees of full bankruptcy.

Flimflammed, railroaded and lied to, the creditors often accepted these compositions and just wrote off the debt in return for their modest dividend. Because Part X was designed with honest, if not totally competent, people in mind there were few provisions in the law for creditors to dig deeper into the affairs of the debtor. The new amendments are supposed to redress these inadequacies, although Cougle fears the drafting of the amendments has been done with the rorts too much in mind and will cause possibly insuperable problems for fair dinkum debtors seeking fair arrangements.

However, if you ever do get so trammelled with debt that a Part X arrangement seems the only way, remember to meet the obligations agreed to under the arrangement, for breach is usually followed swiftly by bankruptcy. But if that happens it is not the end of the world — not at all. L.J. Hooker, the real estate whiz, went bust twice before he finally made the grade; and Sir Garfield Barwick was bankrupted as a young man and went on to become a Federal Cabinet Minister and finally Chief Justice of Australia — the nation's top legal big-wig. For that matter, Walt Disney created Mickey Mouse while an undischarged bankrupt.

So if you go bust, don't take the big jump. There's always another day. ○—



FORUM

Continued from page 16

the come spurting out. Then I close my eyes and direct the remaining spurts all over my face.

Sometimes after I come back to earth I get up to look in the mirror to see what sort of coverage I achieved. I do not swallow the come immediately. I like to swirl it around in my mouth with my tongue to savor the taste. Semen is an acquired taste just like avocado and once you come to enjoy the taste you do not mind drinking lots of it. So all you ladies out there who do not like the taste of come, let me say "persevere", and as your man is coming in your mouth think of the intense pleasure that you are able to give him. And if you love your man you will do what you can to please him. And he you, of course. It also helps to keep reminding yourself that semen tastes delicious. If you have a closed mind about it and believe that it tastes horrible then you will never get to like it.

I hope the reader does not think that I prefer my right hand to the cunt, arse, mouth or hands of a lovely lady. That is not true. My ladyfriend, Natalie, can attest to that. Natalie is tall with small tits but a gorgeous figure. She has short brown hair, a lovely soft round bum and beautiful long legs. And most importantly she is sexually responsive and reciprocating. She also has the sweetest pussy it has ever been my pleasure to drown in. I cannot think of a more pleasant way of spending an hour than with my head buried between her legs. She particularly enjoys being finger-fucked and she experiences such strong orgasms as I ram my fingers in and out of her cunt that her pussy gushes out streams of opaque liquid which I immediately drink as it is truly an elixir.

One night I had been reading and masturbating for about an hour. I had already brought myself to the brink of orgasm at least ten times. Masturbation is never a quick affair for me. I find that the more I bring myself to the verge of coming then the more body-thrashing, convulsive and ecstatic my orgasm finally is when I allow myself to come.

As I was masturbating a new fantasy entered my mind. I had often masturbated in front of my girlfriend, who gets very turned on by this. And I had even performed the feat of coming in my mouth and over my face for her. But now I fantasised about masturbating in front of a group of ladies. I could see myself standing naked in front of a number of enthralled and excited women as I furiously fucked my fist. Then I could see myself sagging slightly as my knees turned to jelly with the onset of orgasm. I could see myself squeezing my cock repeatedly to maximise the ejaculation and prolong the orgasm. I could see the come shoot out in a high arc and splatter on the floor about eight feet away (I really can shoot that far). As I was absorbed in this fantasy I vigorously rubbed my cock and came convulsively.

I was so turned on by this fantasy that I resolved to turn it into reality. I related this fantasy to my girlfriend at the next opportunity and she encouragingly assured me that she would try to help me fulfil it.

About a week ago Natalie informed me that two of her girlfriends were definitely interested in watching the show that I was willing to perform. So we arranged for the performance to take place last night. I admit that I was extremely nervous and had butterflies in my stomach during the week before my performance. But at the same time I was totally turned on in anticipation of the fulfilment of this fantasy. I decided not to masturbate during that week to allow the reservoir of spunk in my balls to reach its peak.

Well the night finally came, four women were present: my girlfriend Natalie, her friends Susan and Janet, and Janet's friend Christine. Christine found out about the show only two days before. She sensed that Janet was in a state of excitement and made her reveal the reason for her excitement. When she was told about my show she adamantly asked to attend. Being biased I must say that my girlfriend was the most beautiful lady there but Christine was definitely a stunner. A brunette with long hair, blue eyes and a tantalising figure. Susan had short brown hair, was a little plumpish, but with a beautiful face. Janet had blonde hair, big tits and also a very attractive figure.

There I was, nervously making small talk with these women for whom I would soon reveal my naked body and hard cock. But the atmosphere soon relaxed and became sex-charged as Natalie began to flirt, tease and rub my cock through my shorts. The conversation became filled with sex talk and innuendos. Christine said she could not wait to see my cock so the ladies decided that the show must start.

Natalie put on some soft hip grinding music and I slowly started to move and sway. The night was quite warm so I only had three articles of clothing on: T-shirt, shorts and jocks. My girlfriend and I have occasionally performed stripteases for each other so I knew that the sexual thrill does not come from how little one has on but from the sexually suggestive movements of body and hands. I started to gyrate and move to the music. I pinched my nipples through my T-shirt and reached into my shorts to stroke my cock, which had for some time been rock hard.

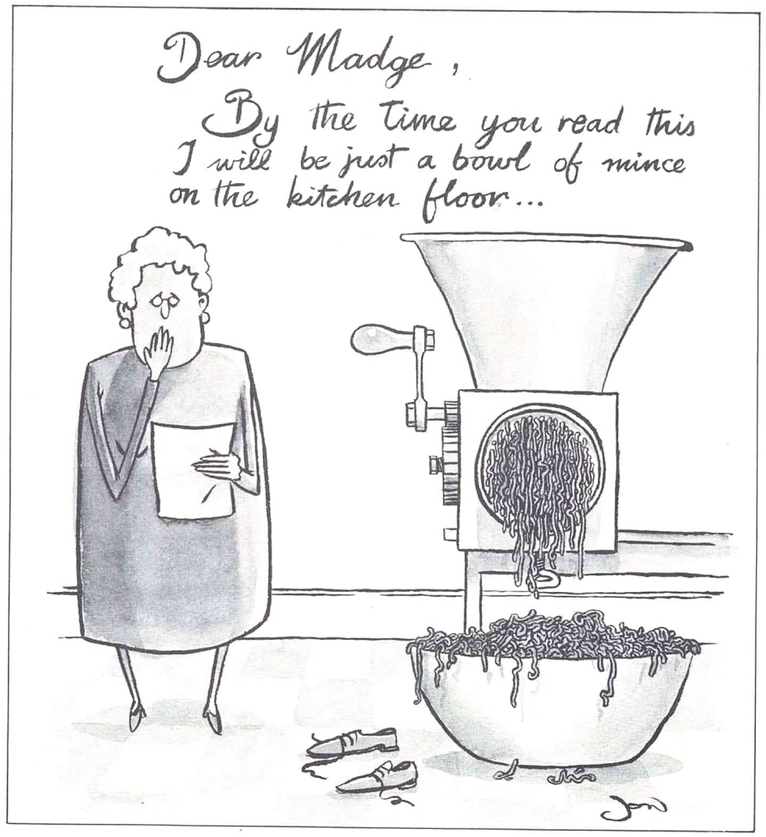
I soon stood before these ladies in my naked splendor. Natalie was visibly turned on. Even when I still had my jocks on I heard little moans escape from her lips whenever she glimpsed the head of my cock peeking out the top. Then when I took my jocks off, flung them aside and thrust my cock forward to the ravishing gaze of the women present, Natalie could hold back no longer. She quickly reached under her skirt into her panties and started fingering herself.

For the next 45 minutes I thrilled and delighted these women by masturbating for them. The reader might think that it could become somewhat boring to watch someone jerk off for nearly an hour. But you have not seen me masturbate. I masturbated in a variety of poses: standing up, on the floor, on the table and sitting in the arm chair. With great dexterity I used all the techniques that I had mastered in my experience in self-gratification during the last 20 years. I brought my cock to the brink of coming at least a dozen times. I held myself on a plateau of ecstasy just below the threshold of orgasm. With the muscles at the base of my cock I could make it twitch and bounce up and down. I stood and masturbated in front of each lady just inches from their faces. I allowed them all to caress and rub my cock. As I masturbated in front of Natalie she licked her lips. I squeezed my balls and allowed some droplets of seminal fluid to ooze out the eye of my cock. Natalie stuck out her tongue and licked the head clean. Then I thrust my hips forward and my cock slipped between her lips into her hot mouth. I fucked her mouth for a couple of minutes then asked whether anybody else would like to suck my cock. Both Janet and Christine eagerly volunteered so I let them each take turns on my cock. Susan seemed reticent but I could see she was turned on because she had her hand down her panties and was surreptitiously stroking herself.

Then Natalie kicked off all her clothes and sat there pinching her nipples and frantically rubbing her clit. Janet and Christine both took off their tops, unzipped their jeans, pulled them down around their ankles and also started playing with themselves. After nearly an hour I was ready to come and I sensed the ladies were ready too.

"Where do you want me to come?" I asked. "On your face," Natalie gasped in reply. "I want to see you come all over your face," she said. The other ladies nodded in agreement. "Yes, on your face," moaned Chris.

I thought I was dreaming as I masturbated in front of these four gorgeous women, watching them rubbing their pussies, desperate to bring themselves off. "Let's all come together," I suggested. I heard moans of assent. I lay down and brought my legs over so that my knees were resting on the floor with my head between them. "Is everybody ready? I'm going to come soon," I groaned. I looked over and saw Christine plunging three fingers in and out of her cunt with her thumb rubbing her clit at the same time. I could hear the squishing sound every time she thrust her fingers in. The smell of sex was heavy. I looked up at my cock. A few more vigorous strokes and I was over the edge. Waves of ecstasy rolled over my body as my cock pumped out great spurts of come. I closed my eyes and directed my cock to squirt that delicious spunk all over my face: on my forehead, nose, cheeks, lips and chin. Some even landed on my neck and in my hair. My orgasm was monumental. I could feel the hot come splash on my face with great force. Eventually my orgasms subsided. I brought my legs back on to the floor and lay there exhausted. I heard shrieks and groans and muffled screams as the ladies all brought themselves off.



"He doesn't smoke."

FORUM

Gradually I came back to earth, as did the ladies. Some of them were breathing heavily, sighing in satisfaction with every breath.

I got up into a kneeling position and I could feel the come running down my face to form great drips on my chin. "Who wants to kiss me?" I asked. I crawled over to my girlfriend. Her mouth was open, waiting. I kissed her deeply and rubbed my face all over her face. Then we proceeded to lick each other clean and share my love juice.

Afterwards I cradled her face in the palms of my hands, looked deeply and lovingly into her eyes and said, "Thank you, sweetie." — *Name and address withheld*

Island girl

My name is Gary, and until recently I didn't have much of a sex life. Oh sure, I had a girlfriend, but I never had a good sex life. Fortunately, that all changed when I recently took a trip to a Pacific island. My girlfriend was dead set against it, since she wasn't invited. I told her that I needed some time to myself, and that I was going with my sister and some close friends.

The flight to the island was pretty uneventful, and I was relieved when we landed. I unpacked and scouted around the island. After what seemed like hours of walking, I came across this deserted stretch of beach. I was kind of hesitant about walking any farther due to the No Trespassing signs, but something persuaded me to continue on, and I was glad I did!

I noticed an open beach umbrella with an incredible pair of legs sticking out from under it. I went over, planning to introduce myself as a tourist who had gotten lost. When I finally reached the umbrella my eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. Under the umbrella was the luscious body of a nude woman. I was speechless when I saw her, yet she wasn't even taken aback when she looked up and saw me. Her only remark was, "Is there something you particularly like, or is this the way you always act when you see a woman?"

She offered me a seat next to her in the sand. It must have been more than five minutes before she informed me that the beach was an all-nude beach, and that if I wished to remain there I would have to remove all my clothes. I was kind of hesitant about stripping nude because by now I had a raging hard-on. I decided to go for it since I didn't know any of these people and we were all alone on the beach. I watched her face as I removed my clothes. Her expression didn't change much until I pulled off my swim trunks and exposed my eight-inch rock-hard dick. A big smile erupted on her beautiful face. I decided to play it cool, and lay back in the sand.

A few minutes later she said that it would be a shame to let me sunburn, and she offered to apply suntan lotion to my body. It all seemed innocent enough in the beginning when I felt the warm oil being smeared over my chest, but then it took a turn to the wild side when I felt the oil being poured over my already enlarged dick. Before I could say anything I felt her hads running up and down my rod. I was powerless to try to stop her. The next thing I knew, this beautiful woman had mounted me and was sliding up and down on my full eight inches.

She was an expert at every movement she used. Here we were, two naked glistening bodies under the hot sun, enjoying each other's company. Her skin had a deep exotic tan, and I knew I was in paradise. She was pumping away at a furious pace and was reaching orgasm. I'm surprised that no-one had called the police, because her moans seemed to echo throughout the beach. At that instant, I felt what would be my best orgasm ever building deep inside me. I couldn't hold back, and I exploded with intensity inside my island girl.

Time flew by, and suddenly I realised the sun was setting. This tropical delight finally collapsed on top of me, and we held each other until dark. I spent the rest of my holiday with her, and every year since then I take a trip to that very same island, telling my girlfriend that I need some time to myself. — *Name and address withheld*

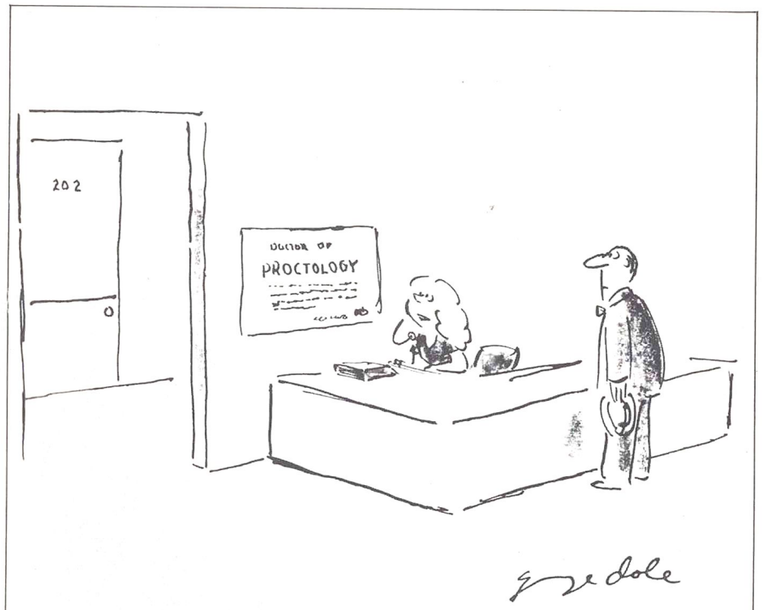
House warming

I live in an old house that's been divided into flats in a fashionable neighborhood. One night, as I was coming back from another predictable night of TV at my girlfriend's house, I met my new neighbor. She and a friend were standing next to her heavily loaded car, contemplating the piles of boxes and clothes, when I pulled up.

A little buzzed and feeling friendly, I introduced myself and made the comment that moving's a bitch. Going one step further, I offered to help. They happily accepted and I kicked myself for being such a nice guy.

During the next hour of toting stuff up and down the steep staircase, I got a good look at both girls. The view was definitely worth my time. Yolanda, the one moving in, had long, curly blonde hair, smiling green eyes, and the tightest arse God ever created. Rachel, her friend, had short black hair and nearly perfect, champagne-glass tits. Both were wearing jeans and T-shirts, but they could have been wearing grocery sacks and still looked good.

We brought in the last load and, exhausted, all flopped down on whatever there was to sit on. Rachel sprawled on the double bed and looked ready to pass out, but Yolanda had a little more energy and said that a house-warming celebration was in order. She dug out a bottle of vodka .



"He doesn't have an appointment, doctor, but do you have time to see one more arsehole before lunch?"

from one of the boxes. I got some ice and some orange juice from my place. Pretty soon, we were all getting hammered on screwdrivers. Even Rachel woke up for that.

After a couple of drinks, Yolanda decided she wanted to dance. We cleared a space on the floor and started jamming to Prince, Howard Jones, and Peter Gabriel. The dancing was getting wild and suggestive, and when one of the albums stopped, no-one made a move to change it. We all stared at one another hungrily. There was a sweaty electricity in the air.

Yolanda announced that she was going to take a shower. Rachel said she'd join her and went into the bathroom. Yolanda pulled off her T-shirt and stood in the doorway. Her blonde hair spilling over her tanned back seemed to highlight her buttocks. She slid her jeans down and, looking over her shoulder at me, asked if I wanted to join in. I didn't have to be asked twice!

I stripped down and went into the bathroom, only to find the two of them already exploring each other's exquisite bodies. Rachel was on her knees, flicking her tongue in and out of Yolanda's beautiful pussy. Yolanda locked her fingers around the back of Rachel's head and guided her face deep into her muff. Water poured over them both, causing their bodies to glisten intensely.

Eager to get in on the action, I came in behind Yolanda and began stroking her breasts while running my tongue along her spine. She threw back her head and said she needed me inside her. Rachel leaned back against the back of the tub and spread her long brown legs, while Yolanda bent over her and began sucking her clit. Her round arse, waving in the air, was a target too tempting to resist. I took hold of her quivering buns and drove my throbbing rod deep into her pink pleasure tunnel. I pumped Yolanda hard, each time driving her face deeper into Rachel's dripping mound. Just as I was about to explode, I pulled out and slumped over Yolanda's back, showering her with my come.

We finally decided the bedroom might be a more comfortable place for us to continue our escapade. We fell together on the bed in a tangled ball of intense lust, still dripping with water, sweat, and a steady flow of warm pussy juices. Yolanda rolled me over on to my back and deep-throated my pulsing thruster till it reached its most rigid point. She straddled my raging saddle horn and urged me to buck like a bronco. Rachel lowered herself on to my face and squeezed my head with her muscular thighs. She was facing Yolanda, and the two began to tease each other's nipples and kiss passionately. Pretty soon, Rachel's hot box was pumping more than I could swallow. With a groan barely muffled by Rachel's luscious love canal, I shot my wad with enough force to send a shuttle into orbit. I felt Yolanda's body go rigid with a tremendous orgasm.

That was our first and only meeting, but every time I see Yolanda, she flashes me a knowing smile that seems to promise we'll get together again sometime for something more than just a drink. — *Name and address withheld*

Lady of the evening

I am 23 years old, and one of my favorite fantasies has long been to spend the night as a wanton woman. Last week, my dream came true. My lover was having a reunion, and he thought I might be able to fulfil my fantasy if I met his mates. Excited about this opportunity, I quickly accepted the invitation. I went to work on my wardrobe and came up with the perfect outfit. Dressed in a short, strapless gown, black nylons, and high-heeled pumps, I knew that I would be a big hit.

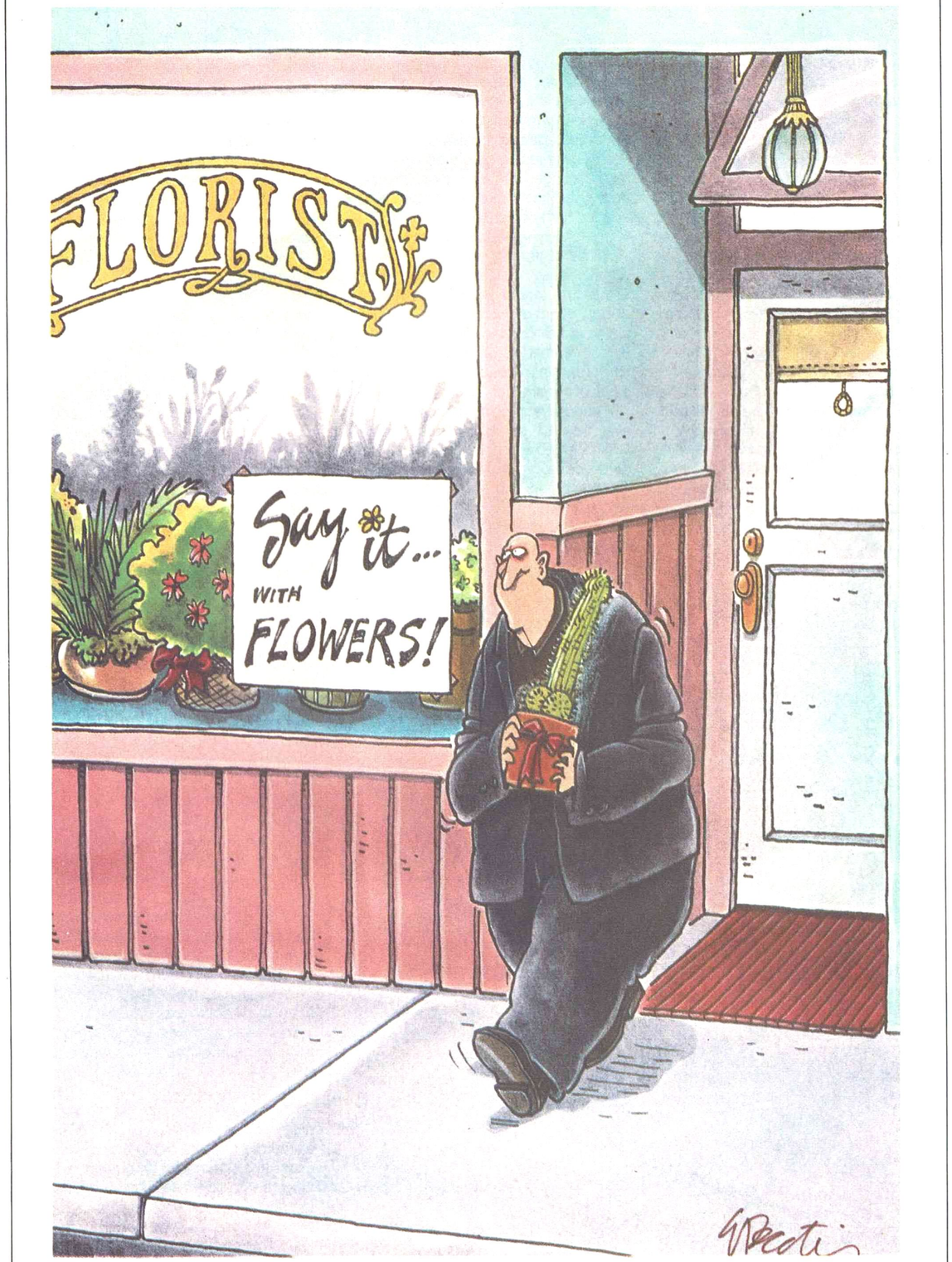
Once at the restaurant, I was introduced and sat down in the booth with the other gents. When we were seated, Nicky slid his hand slowly up my thigh and caressed my vulva and clit. He worked a hole through my nylons and continued to massage my cunt until my juices began to flow. I started breathing faster and shifted my hips to allow him better access to my hidden treasure. I also made sure to allow his three friends frequent glimpses of my thighs and Nicky's active fingers.

Eventually I rose to go to the bathroom, knowing that Nicky would use this opportunity to tell his buddies that I was up for "grabs" if they so desired. While I was in the ladies' room, in stepped one of Nicky's friends and kissed me. His tongue dipped all the way down my throat. He lifted the hem of my skirt, peeled down my nylons, and drove his erect pole into my waiting cunt.

After he came inside me, we both rearranged our clothes and re-entered the restaurant, grinning.

There was a live band playing, and a few people got up to dance. Another one of Nicky's friends asked me to join him on the dance floor. We swayed together closely, and I felt the bulk of his erect dick pressing against my thighs. I could feel my juice spilling out, dampening my nylons. He slipped his hand underneath my skirt and pulled me closer. Dizzy from our body heat, we returned to our table. I sat on my dance partner's lap, undid his zipper, and released his pole. I bunched my skirt up above my waist and tore a bigger hole in my nylons. I closed my eyes and leaned back against him as I felt his pole slide up into my wet snatch. Working my thighs back and forth, I gave and got as much pleasure as I could. The excitement slowly built as we tried to conceal our passion from the other restaurant patrons. A slow tremor went through my body, resulting in an overflowing orgasm.

I got up once more to freshen up, as my dance man's come had dripped all over my thighs. Once in the bathroom, I toyed with my own nipples and masturbated until I reached orgasm again. I was insatiable and horny beyond any point imaginable. When we decided to leave, we made our way through the parking lot. Nicky lifted me on to the hood of his car, lifted my skirt once more, and asked the last of our party to avail himself of my treats. The cool air against my wet nylons drove me to an even greater level of excite-



ment as yet another hard cock pushed itself through the hole in my wet hose and deep into my cunt. I reached into the top of my dress and pulled out my tits as Nicky leaned against the car.

While I ground my hips against bachelor No. 3, Nicky joined me on top of the car, freed his dick from his pants, and lowered himself into my waiting mouth. Right before he released his load, he pulled out and spurted his load over my prominent tits. Six hands stroked my full jugs and rubbed his come into my flesh. I groaned as the last cock in the evening unloaded its come into my dripping cunt. I'll never forget that night, and I'm sure these fellows now have an unforgettable memory, too! — *Name and address withheld*

Late for class

While staying behind after class to copy down blackboard work that I had missed, I was disturbed by the noise of a closing door. Looking up I was greeted by the smiling face of fellow Year 12 student Prue, a quiet, good-looking girl, who although we were in a few classes together, I had rarely spoken with.

After exchanging pleasantries for a short time, I was surprised when Prue's expression suddenly changed, and taking a few steps backwards she said, "You just stay where you are. I've got something I've been aching to show you for a long time."

With that, Prue undid several of the buttons on her school blouse, and slipping the garment from her shoulders, let the uniform fall to her waist, revealing a pair of the most perfect breasts I have ever seen. Braless as they were, they swelled from Prue's richly tanned body like great, heavy teardrops; gazing deeply into my eyes Prue slowly took a nipple between thumb and forefinger and lovingly rolled it back and forth. Prue's mouth fell open with the sudden rush of pleasure.

She slowly raised her short skirt to her waist, and forcing her small, feminine panties down her long, shapely thighs revealed the tender pinkness of her sweet pussy. A light brown covering of pubic hair adorned her curving mons, carefully and neatly trimmed to allow a high bikini line. Her outer lips already glistened with the signs of her arousal.

A hand sweeping smoothly, unhurriedly, over her flat stomach, Prue gently yet firmly slipped a finger into her cunt, a sudden escape of breath as her exploring finger found the nub of her aching clitoris. Working her hand in and out Prue masturbated herself, sometimes stimulating herself with her juicy twat held wide open, at other times with her hand working deep within her cunt.

As the soft massaging continued, Prue's eyes closed dreamily, her head fell gently backwards and a gentle, almost indiscernible working of the throat muscles became apparent. The slow contortions of Prue's brow described the ebbing pleasure that slowly built deep within the recesses of her yearning cunt. Becoming completely enveloped by lust, Prue's pelvis began to thrust provocatively forward. The small of her back arching severely, Prue finally collapsed against a nearby desk, those superb breasts being driven upwards, the nipples pert and erect at their crests. As the natural lubricant of vaginal juices spread over her burning groin, a sliding noise could be made out above the sound of breath coming in short, irregular gasps.

Nearing orgasm, Prue's straining body was tense with pent up sexual energy; with growing speed and dedication, each stroke became firmer and deeper. Bucking wildly, fucking herself with both hands, Prue finally came. With a short cry her body tensed to breaking point, and then collapsed, exhausted in a puffing, groaning heap.

Prue and I then went on to fuck each other right there in the classroom, and then at her nearby house. Together we shared a long, lust-filled session of showering, massaging, as well as some good old pump and grind, during which I received three of the most memorable head jobs I have ever had. But to me the most important part of the whole occurrence was Prue's initial solo performance. Opening herself to my view, Prue revealed to me her most secret, her most private pleasures. To me that was a most precious gift. — *Name and address withheld*

"Just browsing, thanks."

Love stories

My husband has always been the jealous type. My breasts have very large nipples and areolae the size of dollars. These vital statistics have a tendency to drive my husband wild and make him very leery of other men. But as crazy as it sounds, he finds it a turn-on when I tell him stories of my torrid love affairs with others. One of his favorite stories has always been about the time I made it with his best man. This hunk had the largest cock I'd ever seen, and I got to experience it firsthand.

Everyone was drinking that night and getting friendly. The theme was a love-in party, and we all lost our inhibitions kissing and hugging various people. When the hunk grabbed me, his hands rode up under my loose-fitting top. I was on fire. He asked me to come out to his car with him, and I knew I shouldn't, but did anyway. Once out the door, he began to fondle my big tits, squeeze my arse, and rub my cunt. As soon as I stepped into the car, I lost all resistance. I was his. I knew my husband would be furious, but this hunk was making me feel so good that I decided to deal with my husband later.

Before I realised it, we were in the

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Nicole

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FORUM

back seat and my top and bra were off. My control of the situation dwindled to nothing. His lips drew my nipples into his mouth, and his tongue made them stiffen and ache with pleasure. Asking him to slow down only sent his hands to my burning sex. I helped him pull my jeans and panties down. His fingers probed my dripping clit and caused me to grab his rock-hard bulge. The first feel of his manhood made me realise that this was no tool of ordinary size. I quickly tugged at his jeans, and my mouth went straight to his cockhead. The taste of a strange cock made me cream even more, and I marvelled at its size. He picked me up and placed me on his lap. I straddled his legs and looked into his eyes.

He lifted me up until I could feel the knob of his dick pressing against me as it sought out my cunt lips. It was slow going — I was used to my husband's dick that fitted easily inside of me; this one was a challenge. Little by little, he pushed himself deeper inside of me. I could feel every muscle and every vein as his cock fully entered me. Before long, I had greased his pole and we were rocking. He shot his load into me and I was hit with a breathtaking orgasm.

We returned to the party and I returned to my husband. My legs felt bowed and my cunt ached. The crotch of my jeans was soaked and I had the smell of desire on me. My husband whispered to me, "I know where you've been and I want to hear everything when we get back home." He looked so stern, and he did not talk to his mate for the rest of the evening. But when we got home, his interest in all the horny details of the evening seemed to heighten. He refused to let me shower, and went down on me so that he could taste the evidence of my quickie in the car. He told me that he never wanted to see me look at another man in his presence, but if I found myself in another compromising situation I was to come home and share the experience with him.

Recently I had a sexual encounter with my boss. He was leaving the company and I went into his office to say good-bye to him. I gave him a kiss, but it didn't stop there. He shut the door and undid my blouse. He was quick to go for my heavy tits. With one of my swollen nipples in his mouth, he used his free hand to push up my skirt and finger my very wet snatch. I unzipped his pants and withdrew his gorgeous cock. I dropped down and began to give him a good-bye blowjob. My boss held my head and began to moan that he was coming. I stood up, pulled off the rest of my clothes, and got on his mahogany desk. His fat cock drove deep into my wet hole. I came fast and he just kept pumping away. His balls slapped against me and I lifted my legs higher to give him more room. One more moan and I knew that he would be sending jets of hot come into my willing vagina. He came as expected, and I had one more orgasm after that.

We got dressed when we heard that there were other people waiting outside the office to give him warm wishes and fond good-byes. I doubt if any would be as memorable as the treat I gave him. Driving home, I couldn't keep my hands out of my flooded box. I ran my fingers between my cunt lips and continued to toy with my love knob. Bringing my boss's juice to my mouth and reliving the moment was one of the most erotic things I've ever done. When I arrived home, I pulled up my skirt and allowed my husband to inspect my cunt. I can't remember him being that aroused in a long time. I just hope that I'll be able to share more of these experiences with him soon. — *Name and address withheld*

Highway to heaven

While driving back home after a week away, my lover and I were getting increasingly horny. We couldn't bear the thought of having to wait six and a half hours to relieve our hungry bodies. I decided to make the most of the situation and stripped down to my lace panties. Neil's fingers got my juices flowing as he massaged my aching cunt. Sensing my rising excitement, he went to work rubbing my clit. I knew I had to have him.

I wasn't alone in my sexual mode, as I could tell Neil's dick was begging for attention, too. A wet spot began to form on his shorts and we knew we'd have to make a pitstop along the road. My cunt engulfed his fingers and he urged me on to two heavenly orgasms. We pulled off at the next exit and parked under a tree. My love tube trickled down my legs as Neil sucked and fondled my erect nipples.

His tongue traced circles down my belly and stopped to lap up my steaming love juices. I knew that if he didn't stick his dick into me soon, he would shoot his jism right into his shorts. Our bodies were ready to connect. He climbed over his seat and climbed on top of me. I spread my legs, and my twat invited his throbbing manhood inside. I slid down the seat to meet his erection, and he entered me with one hard thrust. Neil was close to orgasm and asked whether I wanted him to come inside me. I rubbed my tits and motioned to him that I wanted him to come on my breasts.

He peaked and exploded, sending come flying all over my swollen breasts and sweaty face. After a moment, he pumped the remaining few drops into my mouth. I held his come on my tongue so that we could share its taste over a long, deep kiss. Sexually satisfied, we resumed our journey. Who needs the scenic route? I'd rather take the highway to heaven! — *Name and address withheld*

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The INSTRUCTRESS

Continued from page 60

front this time because she'll be watching — but, hell, she knows you've got that bad back and all.

After the class, approach her again on the pretense of thanking her for the exercise suggestions, saying that you felt like a million dollars on those bloody flights — adding, with a world-weary chuckle, that it was pretty ironic, because that's just about how much the trip cost you. When she asks (and she will) how it went or what happened, go all philosophical, shrug and say: "It was only a little beachfront villa, not important enough to fight over, really. It's not as if we'd had kids or anything, thank Christ. This way she's happy, we part friends and, heck, I've still got the lodge and the yacht if I want to get away . . . (look all wistful) Cynthia never did share my interests in the more *active* things."

Here you have further emphasised your net worth, underlined that there will be no pesky anklebiters hanging around underfoot on alternate weekends and, most importantly, you've implied that you're a pretty nice guy who can be pushed around and taken for a soft touch by a calculating woman. Gym instructresses, while being neither complete dunces nor Rhodes scholars, are physically confident women who are used to ordering people around and achieving their goals. You, sir, with your money and your malleability, are the perfect goal.

Now that you have her in the palm of your hot little hand, bid her a sort of preoccupied farewell and go change. Then, on the way out, seek her out and shyly and nervously ask her if she would like to have a drink with you some time. What was she doing after work, anyway?

The sting. Whether your pretty aerobics instructress succumbs then and there, or whether she suggests the following night or whenever she can cook up some credible lie to get out of watching her handsome but not very well-off boyfriend at footy practice, *she will succumb.*

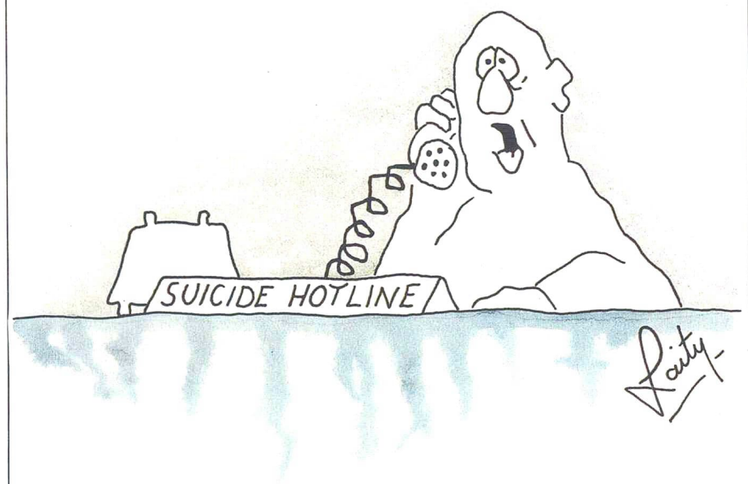
Let her suggest the watering hole, gently steering her away from restaurants. Arrange to meet her there and be prepared to fork over for a minimum of paper parasol-encrusted cocktails. At this crucial encounter your demeanor is to be quietly reflective and semi-apologetic — you haven't been out with a woman for such a long time that you've almost forgotten what to say and do (this puts the onus on her to be gentle with you and not ask too many difficult questions). But wasn't it funny, you admit, that while your business was booming (why, just today you took an order for *another* 50 windsurfers to the Riviera) your personal life was going down the toilet. And it never rains but it pours, doesn't it? This afternoon the diff went on the Jag and your ex-wife has decided to claim the house at Vaucluse. So you're shacking up at a mate's place and feeling sort of sorry for yourself. Here apologise for talking so much about yourself, but somehow she (your wide-eyed and *genuinely concerned* instructress) seems *so* easy to talk to. Why doesn't she talk about herself and, sorry you're a bit distracted, your back's killing you and does she know a decent masseur?

The hook is hovering between her rosebud lips and there's a 75 percent chance that she'll gobble the bait and proudly announce that she's the best masseuse she knows and why don't you both go back to her place (or your conveniently out-of-town "mate's") and she'll show you how a *real* massage is performed? If, however, she's a bit slow in extending the offer, up your chances by offhandedly slipping into the conversation an "innocent" question about one of her colleagues. ("You know, that rather attractive dark-haired girl who wears that midriff thing.") This is guaranteed to inflame her jealousy and spur her into immediate action.

Next thing you know, you're in the passenger seat of her Honda Civic on the way to a night of drinking her cask wine and experiencing the sexual feats and finesse that only a superfit minx who's out to impress can provide. She doesn't care if you're ugly or fat; all you have to do is lie there and provide the dick, the size or shape of which she'll remark favorably upon no matter how undistinguished your member. You may wish to employ occasional encouraging flatteries like: "Your body is superb"; and "I didn't know this position was humanly possible!" In her shameless endeavor to prove to you that she would be an indispensible erotic requirement in your life, your lodge and your yacht, she will go all-out to be the best root in Christendom.

And so that's how you bed an aerobics instructress. Perhaps you'd prefer to use the above ploy as simply a framework upon which to hang your own bullshit. When making your personal embellishments and amendments, however, it pays to remain shy and mysterious. Tantalise her with understatement and let her imagination do the rest. Let your modesty bring out the mother in her and your money the conniving greed. And keep those expenses down. The foregoing exercise involved the expenditure of less than $40, and, of course, a little matter of selling your soul But, in the cold grey light of dawn, when she pokes her pretty, tousled head out from under the doona and begs you to let her do it to you just one more time, "but different and *better*", you'll know in your wicked, wicked heart that it was worth it.

Next month: the Modern Girl.

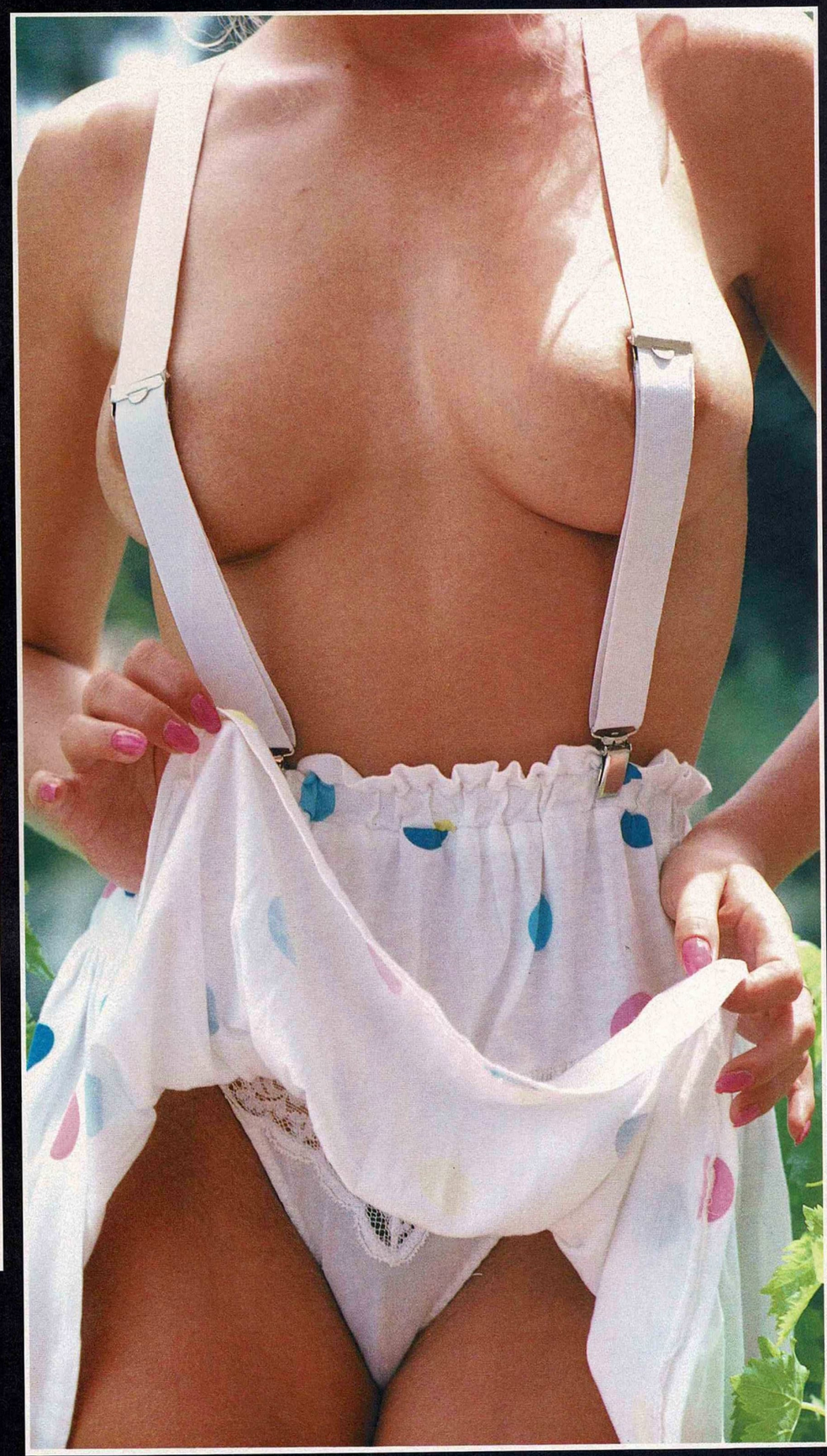


"And if that method fails, you could try hopping in the bath with your bar heater."

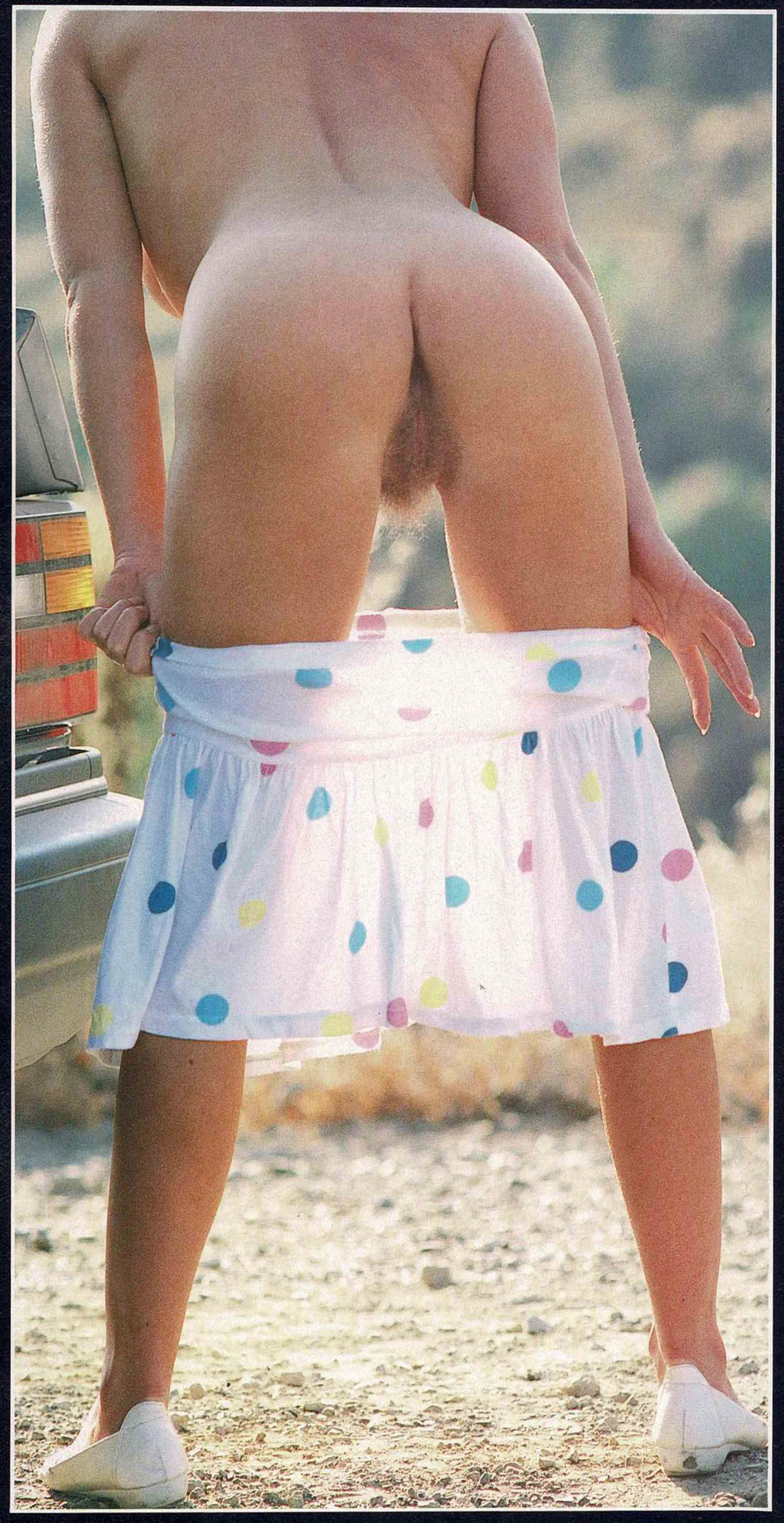
What with the millions of words written on the subject of the Bermuda Triangle, it might be refreshing to reveal a few insights into a triangle wherein men really *do* get lost. This pictorial celebrates what is known in the popular vernacular as "the little white triangle" — the sweet, teasing peek of panty that draws men's eyes with a magnetism surer than that of Bermuda's legendary hot spot. It was a brief this photographer, for one, warmed to . . .

white heat

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE



Are women, as a rule, even aware of the effect of their casual breaches of dress etiquette? To find an answer the distinction must be made between a lucky glimpse afforded by a playful breeze and the sublime torture of a calculated flash . . .



When it comes to erotica, it's often noted that it's not the absence of clothing that excites, but the presence. You be the judge.

SHRINKING MAN

Continued from page 57

almost choked on his staple meal of brown rice when learning that he had been charged with not allowing Sound Horizon to race on its merits in the Great Western. And then, to the bewilderment of much of the racing fraternity, he was disqualified for 12 months.

Olsen, a cheery, outgoing and popular character, was almost in tears when told of his fate. It meant he could not step on to a racecourse anywhere in the world. It meant, in effect, that his career as a jockey was kaput after the astonishing fortitude he had shown in shedding more than 20 kilos in order to be able to do his thing.

If a week is a long time in politics, as they keep reminding us in Canberra, then a year is an eternity for a rubbed-out jockey, particularly one with a severe weight problem. Olsen decided that if necessary he would appeal to the highest court to keep riding.

In the period between the hearing of his sentence and the launch of his appeal, Olsen had this to say: "It is a catastrophe. I am innocent of any dishonesty. I will fight to the bitter end. The decision is totally unfair. The stewards refused to listen to my explanation. His [Gerald Ryan's mount, Captain Palice] was zig-zagging all over the place. I really thought Ryan was going to fall. That's how it looked, and it had me worried for his safety. To try to pass him on the inside or outside I would have been endangering my life and that of Sound Horizon. I tried to explain that to the stewards several times. I think my ride on Kensei in winning the Melbourne Cup, taking every run along the inside, answers the question about me having nerves. I feel that is sufficient evidence on that question." Amen.

The interest created in the Olsen saga was tremendous. Turfites throughout the land were discussing his prospects of appealing successfully, and voicing sympathy for the cause of the Melbourne Cup hero. After all, wasn't he the game little fighter who had chewed several hundred yards of brown rice to triumph over severe adversity — the natural weight of his body — only to be robbed of his livelihood despite his performance on Sound Horizon having been supported by the connections of the horse?

Olsen lodged an appeal, enabling him to continue riding while awaiting a hearing, and returned, grimly, to Sydney. And guess what? With such an enormous cloud hanging over his future, he tootled off to the heats at Canterbury and copped a five-meeting suspension for careless riding. The darkness was all around.

Finally, in mid-December, Olsen's appeal was heard and upheld by the Victorian Racing Appeals Tribunal. The appeal chairman, Judge Nixon, quashed the disqualification on a charge of improperly riding Sound Horizon and found that the jockey had been a victim of circumstances.

Plenty of racing people believed that such a charge should never have been brought in the first place, given all the known contributing factors.

Father Christmas arrived and departed, and Larry Olsen kept riding his share of winners while sticking to the diet but not exactly loving it. His comeback from the cow paddocks had been unparalleled in terms of financial reward through victories in three Group One races — which included a riding fee in excess of $100,000 for winning the Melbourne Cup. He was on splendid terms with everyone, particularly his bank manager.

Even if the story had ended at this point, Olsen's feats would have been the triumph of the turf season (apart perhaps from the marvellous runs of Beau Zam), but the born-again jockey just had to come back for more sultanas.

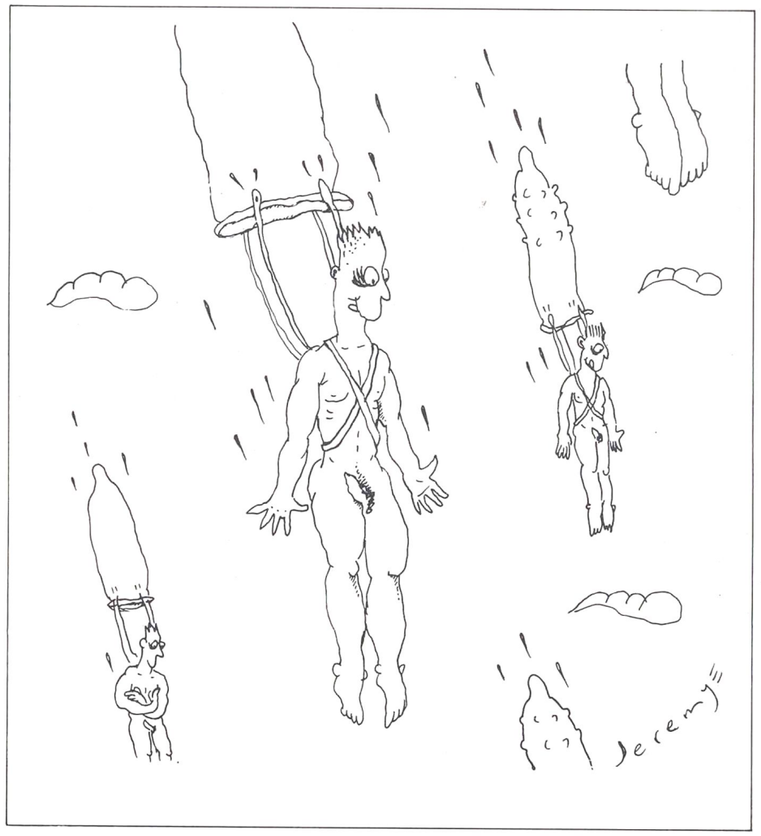
Rosehill in the autumn. With the million-dollar Golden Slipper Stakes about to be decided, Olsen was without a mount. Then Mick Dittman, booked for Star Watch in the big race, was suspended and lost his appeal, and to Olsen's delight Tom Smith, the trainer, engaged him for the colt. This was on the Thursday, and with the Golden Slipper due to be decided on the Saturday, Olsen began gearing himself mentally for a big effort.

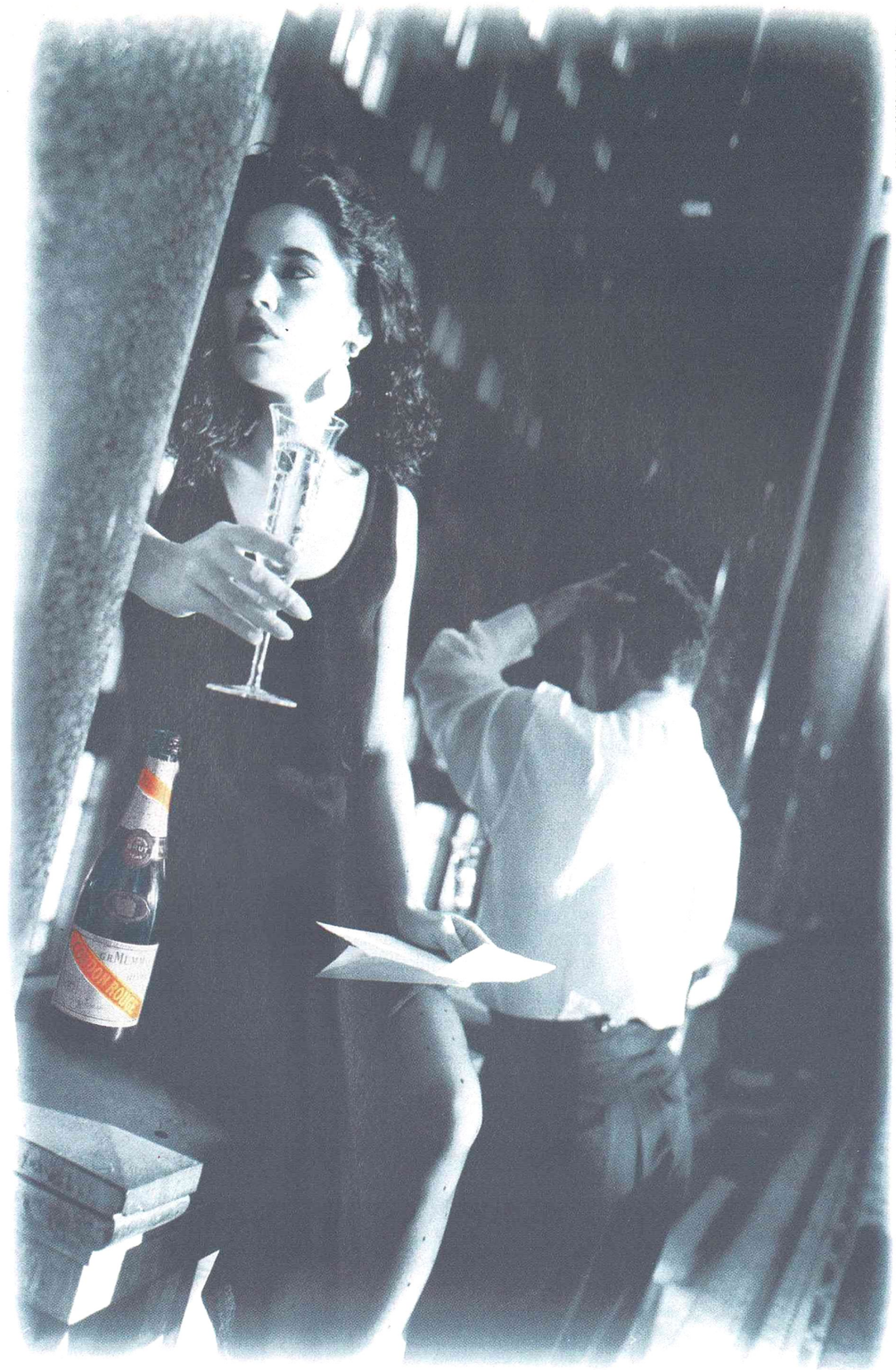
There was also the physical routine: like most jockeys he was virtually starving himself immediately before race meetings in order to take mounts with light handicaps, and by Slipper day Olsen was barely casting a shadow. As he walked into the racecourse a bystander was overheard saying to a trainer: "There's Larry Olsen. Gee, he looks pretty grim. He looks as happy as the boy who shot his father."

Three hours later the gnawing in his stomach had been replaced by a pleasure so strong it almost made him weep. Olsen had won the Slipper on Star Watch. "It didn't dawn on me that I had won Australia's richest race until about 50 or 60 metres after the winning post," Olsen told his friend, *Daily Telegraph* turf editor Keith Robbins. "When I realised what I had done I thought to myself: 'Gee, Larry, you've cracked it again.'"

The father of three has a grand plan for the finish of his career in silks. As a cool, professional, big-occasion operator he thrives at venues where the stakes are highest. Olsen's ambition is to ride for a powerful yard in France, hopefully to emulate the success of former compatriots there such as Togo Johnstone and Billy Pyers, and the current French premiership jockey, Garry Moore.

Rumor has it that a key phrase is already being solidly rehearsed: "*Je veux un kilo de riz brun.*" ⊙⊢





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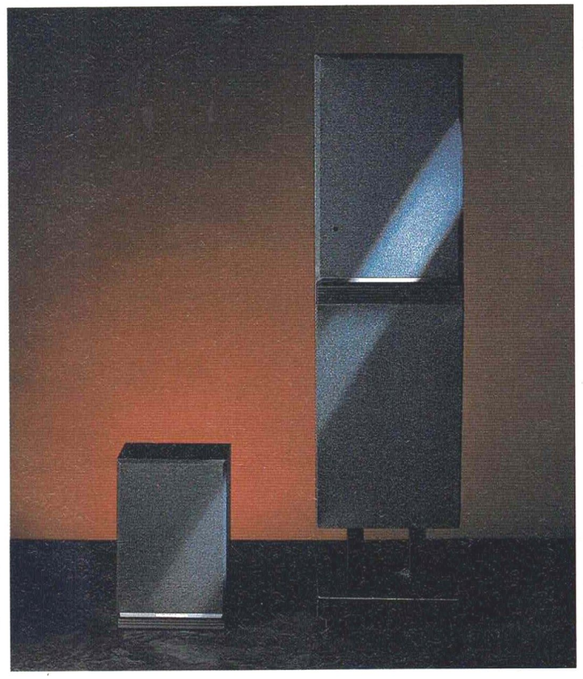

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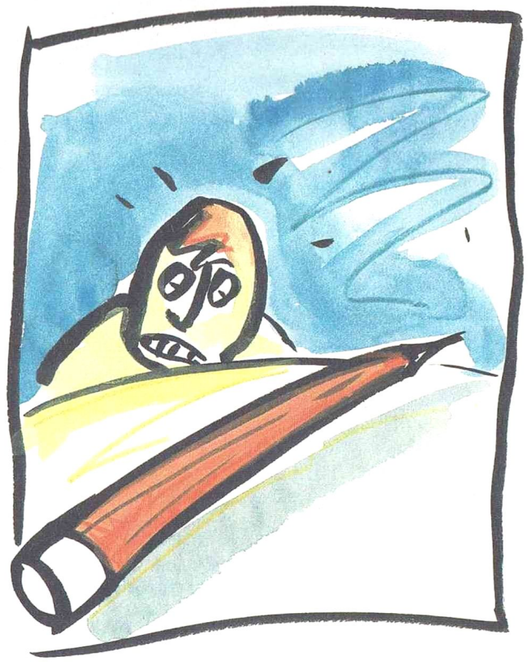


Illustration by Christine Haberstock

Sometimes I wonder if anyone realises how difficult it is to think up something to write about to fill a column each month. I don't like to whinge — okay, heck, I like to whinge as much as the next bugger — but I'd wager that there are very few sensitive, thoughtful individuals out there who spare a thought for the creative hurdles faced by the columnist. Take me, for example. My working hours are chockablock with the irksome tasks of looking at pictures of naked women and correcting spelling mistakes in Forum letters (goodness gracious, doesn't anyone out there know how to spell fellatio? What are they *teaching* in schools these days?). In my busy work schedule there's nary a moment to sit and reflect on what to write pissy little columns about.

I'm talking about subjects of substance. Not too heavy, not too light. Crunchy golden flakes of subjects. Where do you get 'em? I know of some columnists who, when faced with the regular predicament I now describe, resort to schmaltzy homespun word pictures of the time Uncle Kevin's cat got ringworm and what night the garbage goes out. I mean, who gives a fuck? I personally regard such columns as lower than a snake's arsehole and far be it from me to ever stoop to that level. The human arsehole — ah, now that's a different story and one I have stooped to inspect, though I don't go to dinner parties and boast about it. When I did devote a column last year to the male fundamental orifice, you should have seen the fan letters! All these cheery little notes slapping me on the back and eagerly sharing with me their own arsehole anecdotes. It really touched me, deep down. Unfortunately, subjects as meaty and universal as arseholes don't just spring out of thin air every month. And anyway, I ask myself, would I really get job satisfaction writing stories about arseholes month in, month out? I may as well be working for *Business Review Weekly*.

Occasionally, when it's really getting to me, I find myself wondering out loud. Why, just this morning I caught myself saying to the two guys who work with me: "You know, sometimes I wonder if anyone realises how difficult it is to think of something to write about to fill a column every month."

They regarded me with those seen-it-all eyes of theirs and one said, "Maybe they do, CJ. Maybe when they ruminate on human suffering and women facing insurmountable difficulties they think of you. You and Mother Theresa."

"Maybe they don't," said the other, trying to break it to me gently. "There are only a certain number of hours in every day to contemplate the world's hardships, and people tend to proportion their sympathies on a sliding scale. You know, half an hour thinking about the threat of nuclear war, 25 minutes pondering the starving masses in Africa, 20 minutes worrying about AIDS, and so on. Your problem slots in somewhere under the time they spend thinking about the crack menace in Nauru."

His honesty was refreshing, and yet still inspiration was unforthcoming. "Boys, I'm stumped," I bleated.

"Stump sex!" they cried in joyous unison. "How long has it been since you polished off a couple of old yarns about monopedomaniacs getting it on at stump-humping orgies?"

"Here's your opening sentence," said one of my esteemed colleagues. "Today, unbeknownst to thousands of Australians, a small but intrepid band of adventurers can proudly proclaim that they gave an arm and a leg for a good root . . ."

"Nah," I said after chewing it over, "amputee sex is a sore point. Queensland wouldn't like it and it's more than my job's worth to go out on a limb."

We thought some more until someone suggested the subject of frotteurism. We tossed it around before deciding that we didn't want to rub anyone up the wrong way. It was the same with impotence. We thought the readership wouldn't come at it. And a column all about oral sex? Just too hard to swallow.

"How about dicks, CJ?" said one. "There's a subject for you to get your teeth into."

I shook my head dejectedly. "The reader is sick to death of me carrying on about dongers. I've gone into dicks often and at length."

"And vice versa," someone said, but I'm not sure what he meant by it.

We were getting desperate. As quickly as the subjects were suggested, they were shot down. "Sadomasochism?" "Necrophilia?" "Bestiality?"

"Flogging a dead horse," I whimpered.

"Flogging a dead joke," they countered, before nicking off to play pool at the pub. "What was that about the crack menace in Nauru?" I called after them pathetically.

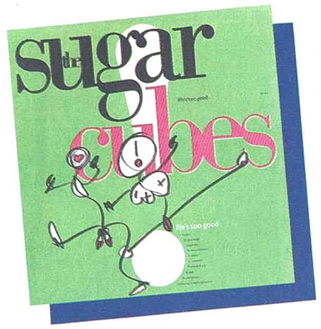
That was when I gave up. Cried uncle. Spat the dummy and threw the towel in. I wandered over to a window and was half thinking of going for the big dive when something in the sky caught my attention. It was unlike anything I'd ever seen before and it was horrible — ugly, scaly and puckered. If someone asked me to describe that thing I saw in the sky today I'd have to tell them that whatever it was, it bore an uncanny resemblance to the anus of a snake. — *C.J. Mackay*

SOUNDS

HOT LICKS FROM ICELAND

Clockwise from the top: Strong stuff from Mr Dolby; Serious dude dialogue from Grand Master Flash; Ted Hawkins' heartfelt vocals; Nothing safe from Sugarcubes.

Red hot from Reykjavik, Bjork, Bragi, Einar, Siggi and Thor, collectively known as the **Sugarcubes**, have vinylly made it to these shores with the notion that *Life's Too Good* (One Little Indian). After an initial splash in London they enticed numerous record company executives to their icy homeland to wage a cheque book war. This proved to be merely a perverse entertainment for the band since they've only distributed their independent production through a major to maintain their desired artistic control. These sugarcubes



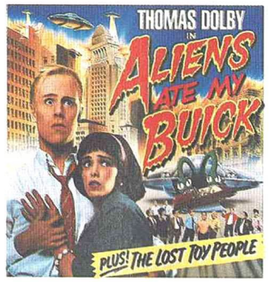
are laced with bitter drops of sarcasm and a surrealist sense of imagery — their bass player was after all a poet big in Iceland literary circles till he cheapened his reputation by becoming a pop star. The band sports a potential sex symbol in vocalist Bjork. As she swoops and growls she sounds like a guttural Elizabeth Fraser (Cocteau Twins) and conjures up all sorts of wild associations as she wails, "Give me a big mother, soft and wet one that would caress me in all those special places." But the band aren't content to totally pander to safe pop role-playing as her husband Einar also lunges at the vocal mike, often sounding like airport lounge voiceovers in heavily accented English. Behind and around this duo the band play anything but soulful, laid back funk grooves. They thrash, rail and coax like Public Image and the Banshees except for one presumably joke track ("Sick For Toys") where the near rockabilly boogie stands out like the proverbial canine gonads. Exciting music from a land where you probably need to get drunk and dance wildly to avoid death by tedium or cold.

Big Pig first started their way round the local circuit early in 1986. Instantly distinctive with their lineup of three drummers, vocals, harmonica, keyboards and apron uniforms, they've taken two years to generate their debut album. Now they have ten tracks to *Bonk* the listener into submission. Tunes off their earlier EP are included, though "Devil's Song" has been slowed to more of a gospel ballad almost as a respite to the rest of the album. At times the band sounds like a collective of ex-panel beaters practising their favorite football chants with the soulful vocals of Sherrine goading them on to more frenetic heights. Still, call it a racket, new age industrial primitive or simply great modern pop, Big Pig make it almost impossible not to listen.

A new release by **Thomas Dolby** should always be cause for hopeful interest and potential celebration by lovers of wit, strong tunes and intelligent production. Mr Dolby and his Lost Toy People kick start their latest release with a maniacally paced jazz detective show theme. A tale of lust and obsession, its subject is a girlfriend's red Ferrari — 'cos *Aliens Ate My Buick* (EMI). Dolby can't resist a pun, from character names like Ms Dora Jarre to turning hard funkmaster George Clinton's "Hot Sauce" into a suitable topping for a spaghetti western starring the Shadows. The concept of "Budapest By Blimp" becomes a gorgeous aural wash that Donald Fagen would be proud of — an arrangement reminiscent of his production work for Prefab Sprout. The Lost Toy People feature suitable funky spice and musical pastiche to feed Dolby's sense of eclectic musical humor — hilarious without being a joke.

Meanwhile, on the dance floor of today, **New Order** have again remixed *Blue Monday 1988* (Factory) to no radical new effect. Quincy Jones at the controls has just removed some of its brooding mood.

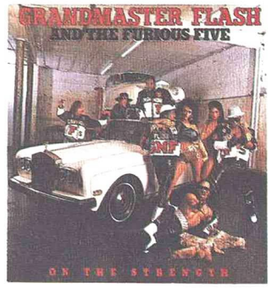
Vanessa Paradis shows remarkable Gallic sensuality for her 15 years on the successful but



unremarkable *Joe Le Taxi* (Polydor). **Grand Master Flash And The Furious Five** have released another album relying *On The Strength* (Elektra) of Mr Flash's expertise with drum machine and turntables. What sets them apart from other hard-core rappers is that they do lapse into tunes, which has garnished them world wide airplay in the past. Most of the disc is serious dude dialogue canvassing topics from racial equality ("The King") to "Fly Girl" ("sex sexy ladies, look so fine in my Mercedes"). Parents, God, and several car manufacturers get heartfelt thanks from these cool poseurs whose trump card here is turning the Steppenwolf classic from the Sixties "Magic Carpet Ride" into an astral rap with Sly Stone references.

With less sense of theatre but some added reggae twang and no lack of personal bravado is the English duo **Hurby's Machine** on the self-explanatory *The House That Rap Built* (Sound Check): "Non-stop is its full effect."

The tireless wee troubador **Eric Bogle** has produced *Something Of Value* (Larrikin) for his latest disc — despite the clumsy, message-drenched cover art. No less tireless is 50-year-old country soul crooner **Ted Hawkins** who has on occasion been momentarily dragged from his preferred busking spot at Venice Beach, California into the studio. *Happy Hour* (Rounder) is mostly his lone, heartfelt vocals, songs and guitar, though his wife and the appropriately named Angry Old Men join him on three tracks.
— *Jeremy Cook*



FILM

BLOOD ON THE STREETS

If the Yanks saw fit to dub *Mad Max* for release over there as *The Road Warrior* all those years back, perhaps we should have asked that the Sean Penn/Robert Duvall street gang flick **Colors** be released here dubbed in a language we dumb Aussies could understand. Well, with subtitles at least, to give some clue as to what the machine gun-paced Negro/Chicano street rap of the teen gangs in this film actually means.

Ah, but the language of violence is universal and there's more than enough of that to go around in this above-average take on the "wise old cop teaches brash young cop" formula set among the crack wars in the barrios of East LA. Duvall is characteristically faultless as veteran copper Bob Hodges and Sean Penn is almost likeable as his cocky, wet-behind-the-ears partner Danny McGavin. There's a bit of sex interest in there somewhere too, courtesy of the appealing Maria Conchita Alonso, but the film's lustiest thrusts concern loyalty, delinquence, drugs and firepower.

Directed by the legendary Dennis Hopper from a story by Michael Schiffer and Richard Dilello, *Colors* caused a big stir in the States where decent law-abiding citizenry saw it as only inflaming the gang wars that claimed 387 American lives last year alone. It should cause a bit of a splash here, too, but for reasons of its cast, quality, direction and more violence than you can shake a Uzi at. If they'd only hand out glossaries with the tickets . . .

Hot on the heels of the mawkish rash of rugrat flicks (*For Keeps, She's Having A Tin Lid, Three Men And An Anklebiter*, etc) comes the equally tiresome and surpassingly silly plethora of films in which the two central characters miraculously switch personalities.

In the latest of these, **Like Father, Like Son**, middle-aged, uptight, workaholic surgeon Dudley Moore switches brains with his fun-loving, track star, wild and free, girl-crazy teenage son Kirk Cameron. Nothing as mundane as a bump on the head or a near-fatal accident here. In this one the metamorphosis is facilitated by a mystical Indian potion which Moore mistakes for Tabasco and sprinkles in his Bloody Mary. Predictable mixed-up mayhem ensues before touching father/son understanding is reached courtesy of the role reversal.

Screenplay by Lorne Cameron and Steven Bloom, directed by Rod O'Brien. Also stars Margaret Colin, Sean Astin and Patrick O'Neil. A creditable performance by Cameron is one of the few things going for this lukewarm, formulaic pap. Comedy as emetic.

The opening sequences of murder-with-a-twist flick **D.O.A.** promise great things. We get grainy, seedy, rainswept images that evoke the perfect mood for murder most foul. There's a definite Forties feel to the cinematography as a haggard figure staggers into a grimy police station to report a murder. Here is where we get the twist — this guy is reporting *his own murder*.

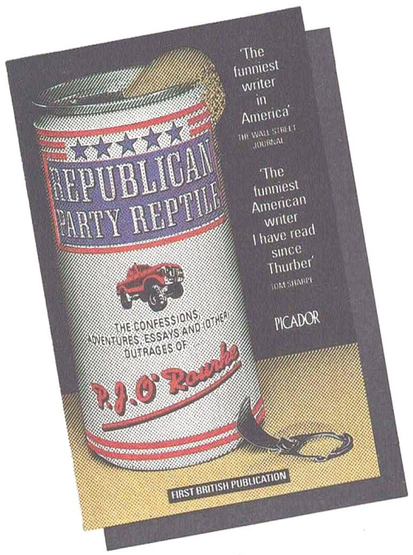
The remainder of the film is told in flashback as college professor Dexter Cornell (Dennis Quaid) recounts how, after being slipped a drink laced with slow-acting radioactive poison, he spends the last 24 hours of his life on the trail of his murderer. Unfortunately, the great promise of those spine-tingling opening scenes is not fulfilled in the confusing intrigue that follows. Oh, there's action aplenty, a few gallows giggles besides and more dead bodies than a Jonestown reunion, but the proverbial roller-coaster of a plot is far from subtle and the film's overly melodramatic climax is a nice shade of ridiculous.

D.O.A. was directed by new kids in Tinseltown Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel (the British team responsible for *Max Headroom*) from a screenplay by Charles Edward Pogue. A few rather stylish tricks, including changing camera effects to mirror the deterioration of Cornell, indicate the directors' fresh slant and hopefully point to successes in future. *D.O.A.* also stars Meg Ryan, Daniel Stern and Charlotte Rampling. If you don't go along expecting Hitchcock, this one won't let you down too badly.

Talking of let-downs brings us nicely to **Vibes**, a sort of half-arsed cross between *Ghostbusters* and *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* starring Cyndi Lauper, Jeff Goldblum and Peter Falk. Under-directed by Ken Kwapis from an under-edited script by Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandell (*Night Shift*), Vibes takes us on a "wild and whacky" — correction, "mild and tacky" romantic adventure as two zany psychics go to Equador on a mystery mission and end up falling in love. Cyndi Lauper's performance makes Madonna's in *Who's That Girl* look almost good. Should you be tempted to waste your money on this, be advised to take a dowsing rod along with you. You'll need it to locate the laughs.

From the top: Shaking down some hoods in director Dennis Hopper's Colors, a take on the teen gang wars in LA; Cyndi Lauper attempts to emulate Madonna in romantic comedy Vibes.

More eminently avoidable cinematic fare comes in the form of **Hawks**, a hugely awful story about two chaps stricken with a fatal bone disease who check themselves out of the hospital terminal ward to take off on an adventure in Europe. Much ranting and railing about death, a theatrical feeling of claustrophobia even in the outdoor scenes and much over-acting on the part of Timothy Dalton. Also stars Anthony Edwards. Though it's difficult to imagine long queues for *Hawks* at the box office, be warned anyway, just in case you find yourself attracted by the title when *Rambo III* is showing the "House Full" sign. — *C.J. Mackay*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P.J. O'Rourke
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FIRST BRITISH PUBLICATION

ALCOHOLIC AMNESIA

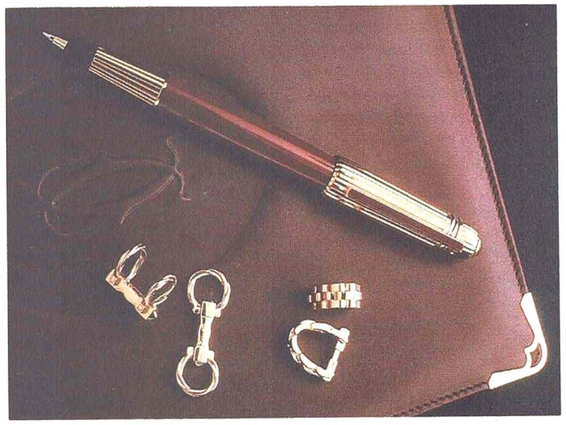
In July *Penthouse* we featured an ideologically unsound story called The Fast Lane by American humorist P.J. O'Rourke, in which he described how to drive fast on drugs while getting your dork squeezed and not spill your drink. Well, maybe we were too busy following his instructions to remember to tell readers that the story was extracted from O'Rourke's hilarious new book *Republican Party Reptile* (Pan Books, rrp $12.95). *Republican Party Reptile* is a collection of 21 "essays and outrages" by the chap who has been variously described as "the funniest man in America", "the successor to Hunter S. Thompson" and "one crazy asshole." It's one of the funniest books currently available in Australia.

HOT PRODUCT

Athletes are only too well aware of the value of the warm-up and stretch before working out if mysterious things like ligaments and muscles are to stay in one piece. A new device offers a warm-up heat treatment and massage in one; with its multiple attachments, the pressures and textures of the massage can be varied to suit, but one thing that's constant is the heat generated to penetrate and loosen knotted muscles, tight tendons and the like. It also feels good. The attachments can serve purposes from deep kneading to gentle facial toner to scalp massager. The Thrive 'N' Massage kit is available through Sun Medical products for $249. Contact them on (02) 818 1533 to find out how to get hold of one.

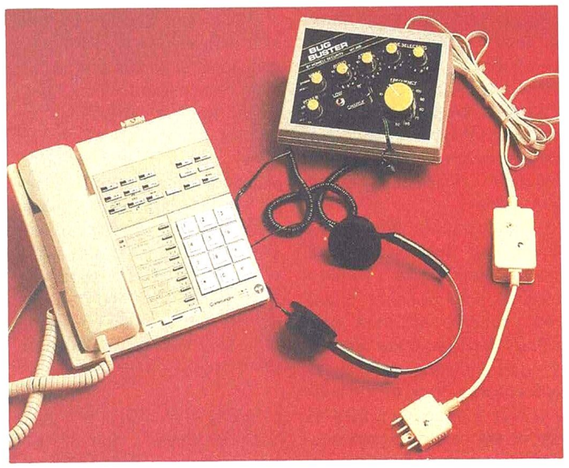
THAT'S RICH

Just to show you what you probably won't be getting for Christmas and, just for fun, to throw into sharp focus the amount of money some people will spend on things they'll probably lose anyway, here's a glimpse at a selection from Cartier's luxury gift range. The gold and lacquer Pasha de Cartier pen is available in fountain or ballpoint versions. The lacquer (in black or bordeaux) is applied by hand in 40 separate coats. The top is gold-plated and features a sapphire cabachon. The nib is 18-carat gold. The price? For you, $1200. The three-gold design cufflinks crafted in yellow, white and rose gold will set you back $3688 and the Panthere design, also in gold, is a snip at $2998.



GET THE BUG

If the sleuths are to be believed, the installation of listening devices, or bugs, is becoming fashionable to gain that competitive edge — be it in commerce, industry or blackmail. The desire to be the proverbial fly on the wall has been realised through some staggeringly sophisticated electronics. Fighting fire with fire — swatting the fly on the wall — is now possible through the Bug Buster. It's portable, easy to use, and superior to other methods, so that the travelling businessman can check wiring in offices and hotel rooms. Simple to use, it has an international adaptor for overseas travel. The inventor's credentials are impeccable: Edward Howell has been head of security for Australia's Federal Parliament and Foreign Affairs department. Ring Howell Security on (03) 663 3984 for more details.



FASTLANE

How's this for mouthwatering hype? "The Fastlane 40 is built with one thing in mind — to give the most exciting experience possible on water. The nerve-tingling exhilaration and thrilling sense of power can't be expressed in words — you have to feel it for yourself. The moment you feel the massive surge of power from the twin Mercruiser sterndrives, every other boat you have ever driven will be forgotten." To experience this orgasmic thrill you're looking at paying about $197,500, but what's money when it gets you a sports boat that scorches the water, offers standard inclusions of a TV/video, AM/FM stereo radio with four speakers, microwave, marine radio and generator? Below deck there's more than six feet of headroom, a double berth with fitted doona, hexagonal lounge/dinette that converts to a double berth, private shower, electric toilet, cocktail cabinet, lots of storage. It's getting boring, isn't it? Ask Alan Jones Marine for a brochure. And dribble.

THE BIG SCREEN

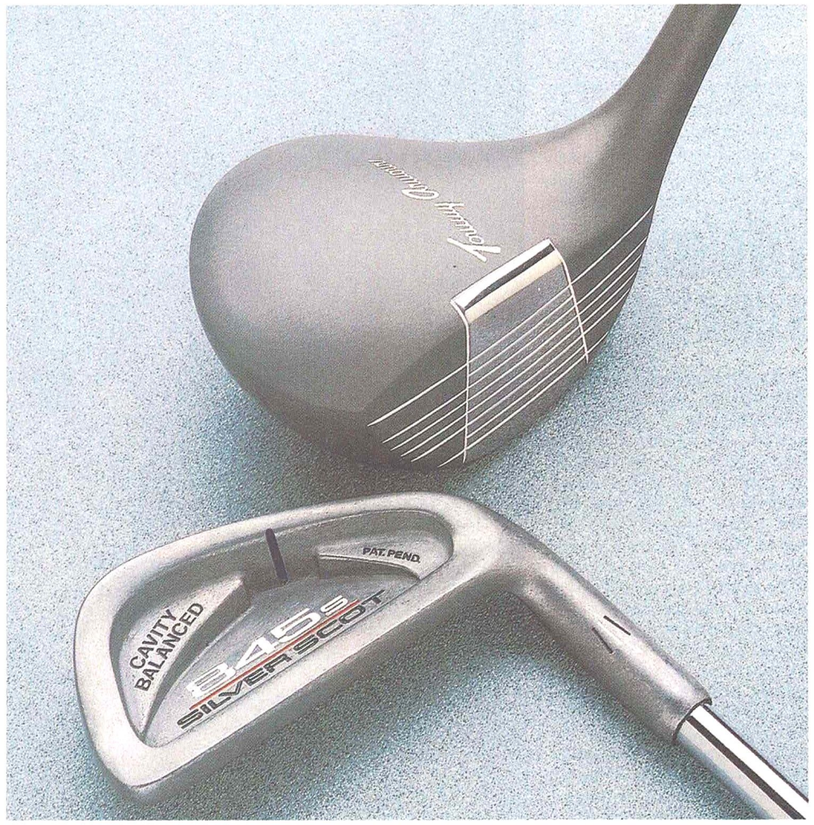
Nordmende, Europe's number one name in television, has released its new flagship model on to the Australian market with appropriate fanfare — the Prestige 72. The picture quality of its Super Planar tube sets new standards — one of the flattest large screen picture tubes in the world. A non-reflecting surface visibly reduces surface reflections; 70 percent of incidental light is absorbed to ensure an unadulterated picture. It's also designed as a modular unit for the complete multi-media centre of the next decade. Selected stockists can steer you in.

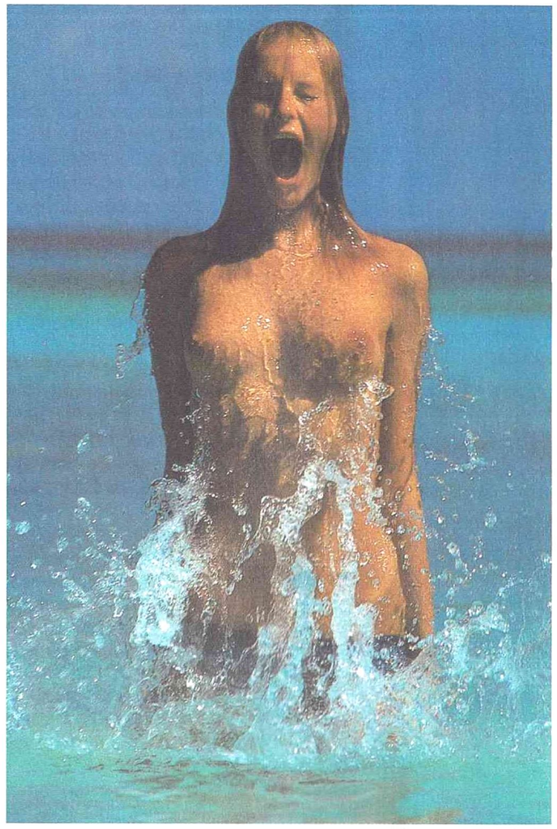
SALES PITCH HITTING

A bit odd that in this country baseball bats seem to have more of an association with hit men than hitting pills. But any standover man worth his contract knows that being seen with the right implement is just as important as how it is wielded, and no mafioso worth his code of silence would be seen dead with anything less than the brilliant range from the number one name, Louisville Slugger. Rolls off the tongue, don't it? *Shlugger*. Pictured is the range of aluminium and wooden bats that you can expect will make most difficult your decision.

WAGING GOLF

If golf is war then this is the armory you'll need to kill it. The new Silver Scot 845s irons and 835s woods from the immaculate Tommy Armour stable have been selling up a storm since their arrival on our shores. And for very good reason. The detail in the design of these clubs has set a new standard. Even though it might take a *better* player to fully appreciate certain aspects, the average player will find himself with everything he needs. One particular feature is the cavity balancing. Each 845s has its sweet spot engineered to the precise centre of the club face. You'll feel and see the power of these perimeter-weighted irons, even when hit off centre. Mind you, if we went into all the design details, you might think you were reading some secret NASA proposal for a new shuttle. Suffice to say your Silver Scot clubs will be custom-fitted by Tommy Armour's unique method which fits the clubs to your swing instead of your stance — a breakthrough in itself. As they say, do yourself a favor.





WHAT YEAR IS IT?

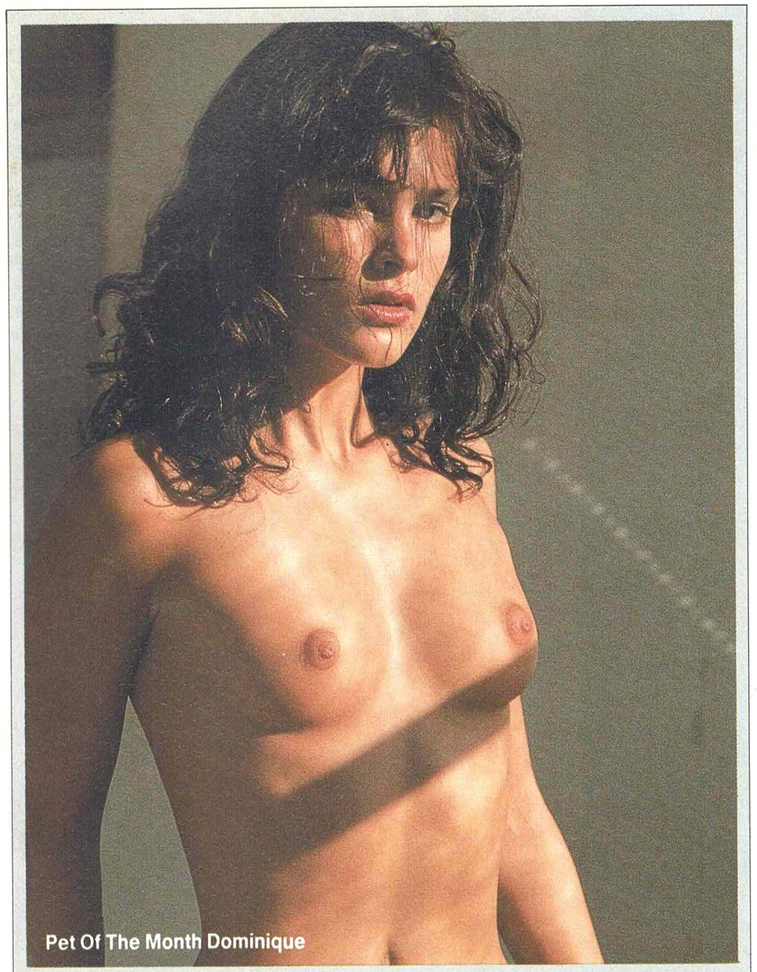
Fans of dazzlingly sensual photographic imagery will be well-acquainted with the legendary Pirelli nude calendars. Over a period of 25 years these sought-after calendars have showcased photographic audacity, innovation and spectacular sensuality. The idea for the calendars was born in London smack in the cultural revolution of the Sixties which inspired a new sensuality and a tidal wave of creative, taboo-smashing energy. This quarter-century of erotic fantasy photography has now been collected in the *Pirelli Calendar Album* (Penguin Books Australia, rrp $50). The book contains over 500 pictures, showcasing some of the most famous and sensual photographs ever taken, and the text describes the history of the calendar and details some of the business and design strategies that created the international Pirelli renown.

FINE LINES

Connoisseurs of dainty feminine under-apparel (and we know you're out there) should get to know the Fine Lines name. Designed by talented Aussie Jenny-Jane Carpenter, this ever-changing and ever-sexy lingerie range represents the epitome of stylish smalls at prices that so far undercut the imports that it's not funny. Cottons, silks, satins, laces — there's so much to choose from when choosing romantic gifts for lovers. The model here wears "Beau" in Nottingham lace. Available with red or pink or blue satin bows, the bra sells for around $28, the suspender for around $22 and the bikini for around $15. G-strings, bustieres, tap pants, camisoles and teddies in this style are also available at department stores, better boutiques and lingerie shops.

GOING DOWN

Down has always been regarded as the only filling for *real* sleeping bags: compactable, light weight, and movable within the bag for temperature adjustment. However it does have some disadvantages: it loses insulation when wet; it takes ages to dry; it's pricey; allergy sufferers can't use it. Synthetics are less expensive, non-allergenic, dry quickly, work when wet — but they're bulky and aren't as warm. That was until the invention of Dacron Comforel. It has the advantages of both — a real first. Roman Sleeping Bags, Australian made, utilise this substance. First-class manufacture ensures you won't be turning blue next time you camp out. Check them out.



Pet Of The Month Dominique

COMING IN NOVEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The New Wave — Most surfers are contemptuous of jet skis, but that attitude will change when they come to see the incredible wave-riding potential of these new-fangled machines. One of the world's foremost exponents of jet ski surfing, Richard Payne, put on a spectacular exhibition in big surf for photographer Peter Crawford. Check out the results in next month's *Penthouse*.

Secrets of Seduction — The latest instalment in this helpful and humorous how-to guide to women sets about snaring that waif-like denizen of hip-hop clubs and appalling poetry readings, the Post-Feminist Modern Girl. No mushy tips on being a Sensitive New Male here — this proliferating breed in black stockings and funny haircuts responds to the basics. Treat 'em mean, keep 'em keen.

Phil Dickie Interview — Hardly a day passes without further astonishing revelations of corruption from the Fitzgerald Inquiry in Queensland. It was one journalist's persistence, eye for detail and sheer balls that were instrumental in that inquiry's inception. In a frank and personal interview, the winner of Australian journalism's highest award, Phil Dickie, gives *Penthouse* the inside story on the investigative trail which led to the highest offices in the Sunshine State.

State Of The Art — Behind its aristocratic facade, the international art market is a jungle in which predators thrive. Next month *Penthouse* documents the most outrageous scams perpetrated by those rogues, forgers and conmen who've fooled the world's experts time and time again.

Pet Of The Month — Opening the centre pages next month is like stepping on a rollercoaster with the appearance of the sensational Dominique. Just 17 and from Sydney, this livewire knows just one way to go — and it's full tilt all the way. Not to be missed.

The Spider's Web

Continued from page 79

people think. One American study found that one in four girls is sexually abused by adult men. So looking at the broad outline, there is a vast difference of experience between boys and girls because boys are rarely raped and girls are often raped, and such abuse usually occurs in families . . . and it is usually hushed up."

Leahy continues in his attempt to justify his theories, using all the old shibboleths about men being predatory sexual monsters ravaging women, all men being potential rapists, all men regarding women as sexual property, and men getting away with abuse of their wives and children. He finally concludes that "there are quite a lot of situations where adults have some kind of sexual encounter with a child and where the adult is not abusing their power. Most gay pedophiles are not abusive in their relationships with boys. Basically it seems to me wrong to issue a blanket condemnation of all cases of child-adult sex . . . It would be better to look at what was happening in a particular case and make every effort to prevent abusive interactions."

One has to wonder how much Mr Leahy really knows about the seamy world of child abuse. Perhaps some of the sociology students who have to listen to him will even adopt his views until they become parents themselves and have their own kids' well-being to think about.

The very few police who have some specialist knowledge about the spread of pedophile groups in Australia and overseas say there is reason to think that the movement has grown since the failure of the Delta Task Force. One said: "If you're asking us how many active pedophiles are operating we'd have to say we just don't have any idea, but we'd have to estimate that the number of pedophiles abusing boys and girls would run into the thousands, if not tens of thousands.

"We're sure the organisations are in place, with international links, and when you see places like The Wall at Darlinghurst, where the young boys sell themselves, you'd have to admit that our society has some extremely nasty undertones. With the present laws, and the present community and legal attitudes and obstacles, the police have no chance of working against pedophile groups with any real hope of success. Unless the community begins to realise how well-organised they are, and how they are using other groups to build up support, then they'll keep forging ahead."

Without turning back the clock on "progress" and civil liberties, surely it's time government authorities looked seriously at some determined Australia-wide inquiry into the spread of the pedophile network since the Delta Task Force was prematurely closed down.

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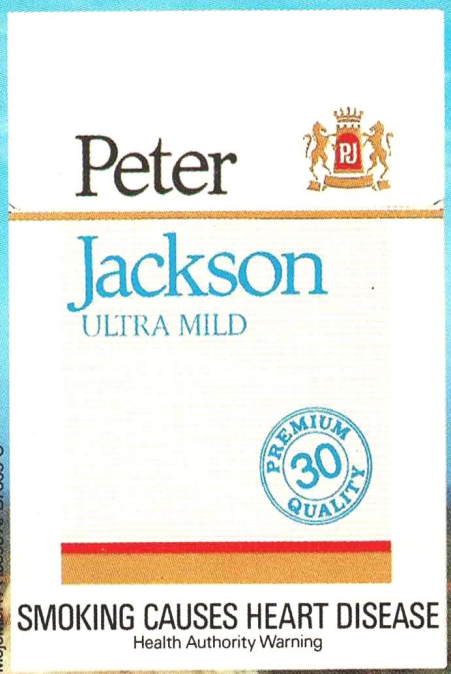

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